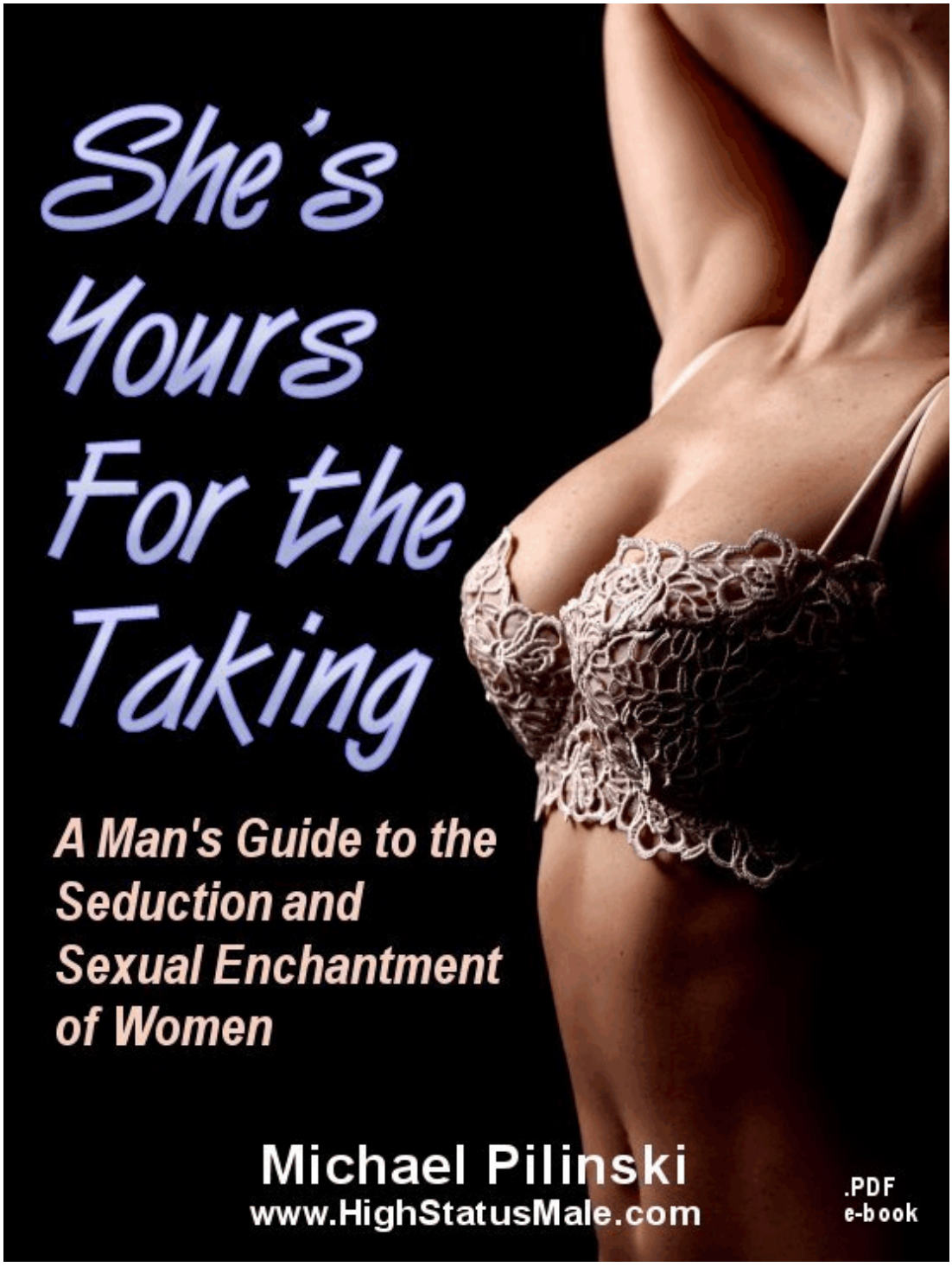
She's Yours For the Taking
A Man's Guide to the Seduction and Sexual Enchantment of Women
Michael Pilinski
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She's Yours For The Taking

A Man's Guide to the Seduction and Sexual Enchantment of Women

by Michael Pilinski

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Dedicated to all the girls who probably still hate me
(I forgot all your names, sorry)

She's Yours For The Taking

A Man's Guide to the Seduction and Sexual Enchantment of Women

by Michael Pilinski

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Introduction

"Alright Romeo, why don't you give it a rest for a couple minutes? That's enough for now..."

The man's voice pushed its way through the metallic din of rock music blasting away no less than 30 feet away from me in all its' garage-band glory. He sounded like an older guy, maybe ten years older than me. Mid-twenties. At the moment I didn't care – I was buried tongue-deep in some girls' face who I'd only met a few minutes earlier... kissing her as if I needed to steal the air from her lungs in order to survive. How long were we going at it? We'd been making out on the bleachers for so long now that I had lost track of time. Long enough to piss this guy off I guess. Whoever the hell he was.

I ignored him, hoping that if I just lingered inside the delicious mouth of this girl who's name I didn't yet know, he would eventually disappear... a figment of my psychedelic love-high. My girl smelled so wonderful, a mix of B.O. and hippy teen perfume that enhanced the dreamlike quality of our shared trance. Then I felt a hand rudely clasp my shoulder and shake me back and forth against her tight little freshman breasts.

"Comon Romeo," the voice said again, more sternly this time, "knock it off!"

I drew away from my woman and watched the flickering colors of the school gymnasium melt back into focus all around me. My eyes zoomed in on the guy looming over me dressed in solid black. I stared at him for a second and wondered what his problem was, then the stiff white collar impacted my fogged brain like a punch in the gut and I understood immediately... priest. Presumably, Father had just about had enough of watching me make out with a girl who probably sat in the front of his English class here at Bishop Carroll High School.

"Whadya say we take a break there for awhile, okay?" He looked to be fresh out of the seminary. Young Father could've been a prick and made a scene, but he didn't and that was cool. So I did what he asked and leaned away from my girl. What's-her-name looked scared like she was about to puke or something, so I untangled myself nonchalantly and slid far enough away so that

her hurl would miss me. She pretended to become busy fluffing her hair and wouldn't even look at Father Dude, who'd kindly backed off a few feet but was apparently going to continue to monitor the situation for awhile. Nameless mumbled something about her friends or that she would see me later and then high-tailed it out of there fast, totally embarrassed. No problem. I would catch up with her later on, if I wanted to – if something *better* didn't come sliding along. This was all just shooting fish in a barrel for me, you see.

I never did see her again that evening, but that's okay. I was soon face-to-face with another schoolgirl that I knew from the neighborhood later on that evening, Marsha whats-her-name. She wanted me too, I could tell, but Marsha could remain in a holding pattern until I was good and ready to 'take her'. She, along with several girls from my circle of friends, were all currently serving as fantasy fodder for a kid who was wacking off 3 times a day (and couldn't scare up a shred of porn to save his life back in '68!) But so what?... she was *mine*... anytime I wanted her. Mine for the taking.

Reality could wait for now. I was having too much fun living out this adventure... *mostly inside my own head, unfortunately.*

* * *

A few weeks later, I received a letter in the mail addressed to me. A *hand-addressed* letter. Hmmm? What could this be I thought, as I opened it under the suspicious eye of my mom. The letter turned out to be a mysterious, unsigned note from a girl who claimed that she lived on the next block where I delivered newspapers, and that she thought I was cute, and etc. *Hey, she had a crush on the paperboy!* What would you expect? She told me in this letter that if I was interested in knowing more about who she was, that I should wear a ***blue shirt*** or something else blue next Monday while doing my route. She would be watching, and if I produced this positive signal then another letter would be forthcoming with *more clues* as to her identity. Too cute or what? *Ha!...* yet another helpless fish in the barrel looking for my attention!

My nosey mom was curious about the letter, but I wouldn't let her know that the message was from a girl. I told her it was just some stupid shit from my dumb ass buddy down the street, that he was just messing around. You see, mom certainly would've seized on the opportunity to make fun of me in her uniquely shame-instilling way had I *dared* to tell her that some girl was expressing an interest in me romantically. This part of my life had to remain top secret. Little

did I know at the time that mom was slowly but surely poisoning my spirit by causing me to feel *ashamed* of these types of perfectly normal feelings – but that was something I would not yet understand for another 25 years.

I wracked my brain thinking about all the people who lived up and down both sides of that long street (I had a huge, *80 house* paper route!) in order to puzzle out who this girl could possibly be. By process of elimination I was eventually able to narrow it down to one particular girl who lived right near the start of the route near Walden avenue. I think her name was Sue or something? I could remember her giving me the classic little shy smile once when I was collecting at her house. Big disappointment – she wasn't really "my type" (whatever the hell *that* means at such a young age), and so I decided not to play her game.

And so I made sure ***not*** to wear anything blue that day, and apparently she made note of this unfortunate fact because I never received another letter from her. Too bad.

Years later I would run across "Sue" in a nearly passed-out drunken state at a nightclub that myself and my buddies frequented. I heard that she was an easy slut. And to think that she could've been my first *real* girlfriend if only I'd worn a blue shirt that day. Now 19, I was still a virgin but, eh... so what? With my luck I would've probably just knocked her up and been stuck with her anyway.

Then what would mom have thought?

The important thing was she ***could've*** been mine for the taking, ***if*** I had actually wanted her. But I passed her up for other more tempting fish in the barrel... fish that I never actually landed, but hey, so what? No big deal, right?

***** ***** *****

Sometimes a single defining moment can crystallize everything for you all at once, but not necessarily steer you off in a good direction. I had such a reverse-gear moment at another high school dance later that year. Remember, this was a time when you usually didn't bring a date along to a function like this – you were expected to somehow know how to "pick one up" once you got to the event. At fifteen years of age. Yeah right... pass that bottle of Cherry Mist wine this way, wouldja?

Anyway at some point during the evening, I found myself out on the dance floor with this girl who I'd barely been able to say a word to because the music was so loud. I'm talking about non-contact 60's style fast dancing here of course, so we never actually touched each other. When the song ended, a pivotal moment in my life occurred. As the noise subsided for a moment and I moved in closer to introduce myself with a nice big smile, her reaction to me could only be described as *stunning*. When this girl saw me take a step in her direction, her eyes bugged-out with a horrified look as if I were some kind of headless creature... and then she quickly darted away in a panic and vanished into the crowd... ***In a panic!***

I have no recollection of what this girl actually looked like because the moment was so filled with disbelief, but I will never, *ever* forget that look in her eyes. ***It was a look of sheer terror!*** I realize now of course, years later, that she was probably just responding to her own anxiety as a boy was about to "hit" on her, but that's not how it impacted my young mind at the time. To me, it seemed as though my very appearance was *frightening* to her in some way. I wasn't merely geeky or awkward as teenagers generally are in social situations, I was a *monster* of some sort. I was horrible to her… *horrifying to all women!* Girls were staggering back from me in terror when they saw me lurching in their direction...

I was Frankenstein!

Sullen, I left the dance early and walked home very alone that night, utterly shaken to the core by this experience. Hey, I knew I was no handsome star quarterback or anything, but it never occurred to me that I was actually *repulsive* to women. What a shocking slap of cold reality! For the first and fortunately only time in my life, I actually thought about killing myself… *that's* how hideous and inhuman I felt at that moment. It was a feeling that I would continue to carry with me in some form or another for years. And all because of a single, surprise reaction from a girl that I'd mistakenly interpreted as being ***an accurate assessment of my un-worthiness as a man!***

I was making a very dangerous, generalized assumption about my self-worth based on a very small sample of data, but I truly believed that if **one** female selected at random regarded me in this terribly unflattering manner then they must ***all*** think this way, right? ***This was a very critical thinking error that would haunt me for a very long time.***

What I didn't fully understand at the time was that in that instant of frivolous rejection, whatever little self-assurance in my fledgling romantic abilities I may've fooled myself into thinking I possessed had been completely obliterated… not to return again in any real sense for another 12 years. Good thing I couldn't see that far into the future, or maybe I would've chugged the hemlock that night.

* * *

Horrible as it may've been for my social development which was by now firmly on a Woody Allen-like path to non-existence, none of the preceding bullshit really mattered in the big picture of my life. That's because the *real* fish that I was after were these two girls from my neighborhood who were absolutely drop-dead gorgeous. The kind of girls that older guys get themselves in trouble even *looking* at. Let's call them Laura and Mandy. They were both the younger sisters of my two close buddies, and I still felt like I had a corner on them. I'd always assumed they were mine for the taking whenever I decided to get around to it of course. Actually, there was a *third* girl in the mix too, but she was almost like a sister to me and although I pounded out buckets of wasted jizz thinking about these three girls almost every day of my teenage life, my designs were on either Laura or Mandy.

As they were each a bit younger than me I continued to toy with them for now however, waiting... waiting until the time was right for me to decide on which one I would take as my Girlfriend. There was plenty of time you see... they were money in the bank – maybe still a little too immature yet. I would tease them along and allow them to both season a bit before making my choice. I was having so much fun just anticipating all the thrills that would follow once I laid my claim to one of them and finally (you guessed it...) *made her mine!*

Then one day the unthinkable happened. Two guys showed up out of nowhere (actually, from an adjacent neighborhood) and stole *both* of my girls! Ned and Danny were their names, and they'd apparently met Laura and Mandy at the local public swimming pool and swept them away with a display of boyish charm or whatever. Before long, the four of them were an item around the hood, hanging around and double-dating as boyfriends and girlfriends... *right under my nose!*

Up until this time remember, I'd been flirting around with both these girls like I owned them. It was intoxicating at my young age to have this sort of

attention from these flowering beauties constantly being directed my way, and now suddenly they were gone.

Intoxicating is a good word to describe the high of those indescribable rushes of passion that happen when the hormones of adolescence first begin to make themselves known. *It is literally a chemical high.* But when you rip away the source of that high you come face to face with the sinister flip side of intoxication: **withdrawal**. For me, just knowing that these girls were more fish in the barrel provided a sense of anticipation that was as good as the real thing (okay, which I had yet to experience, but still, perception *can be* reality if you have no reference in reality). Now in an instant it'd been swiped away by these two pricks from the other side of the tracks!

And the *attitude change* in my two girls was startling to me as well. Whereas before I could flirt with them and expect a delightful return volley, I suddenly found they'd turned cold to me. Refusing to make eye contact, moving away whenever I got too close to them physically. Laura even became somewhat contemptuous at one point, telling me once that I should "be a man and go find my own girlfriend". You know, just like her little Danny had found her. Little bitch! This state of affairs was unacceptable to the 15 year old me, and the jealously and rage boiled like hot lava.

I had a big problem though... I couldn't fully express what I was feeling without seeming like a complete fool because my "claim" on them had always been strictly within my own head – it was apparent now that there'd never been any true reciprocal desire. All my flirting around had been viewed far differently by Laura and Mandy. They were just practicing I guess, marking time until the right guys came along to sweep them away like fairy princesses.

My suppressed rage began to make me irrational. Dan and Ned became frequent faces around the neighborhood and I couldn't help but encounter them a lot. Ned actually split up with Mandy and began dating a different girl after a few weeks, but Danny continued on with Laura (who naturally became the focus of my unrequited "love") and his annoying personality soon began to grate on me. He was a big time bullshitter... weaving all sorts of ridiculous stories about every stupid little experience that he ever had, blowing everything out of proportion, etc. And he sort of took delight in the fact that he was fucking a chick that I dug. That was it, this kid had to die. Plain and simple.

Well of course, I wasn't really going to kill him or anything, but he definitely needed a good ass-whipping. And of course with my flair for the dramatic, this wasn't going to go down with me just getting up in his grill the next time I saw him or anything like that. *I was going to hunt him down and make him pay for his transgressions...* James Bond style!

That's right, it was time to prepare for a mission.

So one night when I was sure that he could probably be found hanging out somewhere around the hood with "my" girl, I saddled up for my mission. I'd already taken the liberty of buying a bottle of liquid courage at a nearby liquor store and stashing it in the fields near my house. Back in the 60's, it was laughably easy to get fake proof and misrepresent your way into bars or even buy beer at the corner store. By age 15 I already had long hair, sideburns and a moustache and could easily pass for 18, which was legal drinking age. No one checked like they do today because no one gave a shit what the fuck kids were out there doing as long as they didn't burn the house down (which I almost did anyway trying to make my own model rocket fuel, but that's another story ;-).

Dressed from head to toe in Special Ops black (except for my dirty sneakers of course) I left the house about 9 PM at nightfall and headed for the fields. At my secret spot near an open trestle I dug out the fifth of Ol' Granddad I'd hidden and began doing shots. It was sometime near the start of July, but I remember it was past the Fourth already. Fifteen years old, 1969. Men would walk the moon in just a few weeks for the first time ever, but for this private moon mission I felt I needed to get a little juiced because normally I wasn't the sort of guy to pick a fight. I had to make sure my righteous rage super-powered me above and beyond any rational misgivings that I might encounter when the moment of truth arrived and I was finally locked-up with this punk Dan. So the booze was necessary I thought. Hey, teenage logic at work.

I moved stealthily through the neighborhood for what must've been close to an hour, pacing out a grid of streets. Searching. None of my friends seemed to be out this evening – the corners where we all usually hung around were empty. No Danny boy, no nothing. Undissuaded, I continued stalking my human prey, Ninja-like... moving like a tipsy black ghost up and down the side streets. By now I'd consumed about a fourth of the fifth, and let me tell you that things were beginning to get a bit wobbly.

Then suddenly when I peeked through a couple of adjoining yards, I thought I spotted someone familiar walking down another street parallel to the one I was presently stumbling along. It was just a fleeting glimpse before I lost sight of him, but the kid seemed about Dan's built and it would likely be him because this was close to where Laura lived. He must've been at her house, and now was headed home!

Now was my chance! But there was a problem... there wouldn't be time for me to catch him even by running the full length of the street I was on and then over to the nearest crossroad. The only way I could get him would be to cut across through the yards and head him off before he could escape. Ha... *perfect!*

James Bond style!

Missile-locked on my target now, I slipped into the yard and went up and over the fence at a point I knew would be clear landings on the opposite side. You see, for kicks myself and several of my friends used to go fence-hopping throughout our neighborhood. We were so skilled that at one point I timed us for fun and discovered we could go the entire length of our street – 54 houses – in about 8 minutes. This yard was part of that familiar chain and so I cruised through it like an old friend and was right up behind Dan in a few seconds. I walked up, dropped a hand on his shoulder and spun him around. I wanted to see the startled look in his eyes just before I slugged him. He was startled all right, but goddamn... *it wasn't him.* I didn't know who this dude was.

"Oh sorry man, I thought you were one of my buddies". I offered up this lame excuse and the guy was on his way. Shit. Now suddenly, drunken me became convinced that it wasn't going to be in the cards for tonight... that Dan simply wasn't anywhere to be found. Disheartened, I ducked into someone's driveway and started hopping the fences back to my house. About halfway home some guy was in his yard tossing out the garbage and he sicced his fucking dog on me. I just barely made it over the fence with a German Shepard or some other beast snapping away hungrily at my ass. I cut back onto the regular sidewalk and lurched the rest of the way back home, then Ninjaed myself back into the house silently so as not to wake my parents.

Upstairs, sprawled out on my bed, the room whirled like a top. I felt a little trickle of what I would later discover to be *blood* running down the inside of my left forearm where I'd probably cut myself on one of the many fences I'd jumped.

Or maybe the dog had gotten a chunk of me – there would be no way to know until I died of rabies I suppose.

I turned in my licence to kill. Mission un-accomplished.

* * *

The preceding time-skip down ol' memory lane was brought to you courtesy of my clueless and confused adolescence – and, thirty-five years later, I'm still trying to recover from fundamental mistakes made and then *hard-wired into me* during that time of gaiety and wonderment. I offer up these funny stories from my misguided "yoot" in order to demonstrate my humble roots to you. I believe it's important for you to understand that the book you are about to read is not the work of some highly-degreed research psychologist or the fruit of some grad-school dissertation. It comes straight from the heart of a guy who needed to learn this stuff in order to save his own life, and it carries a good chunk of my soul along with it.

You therefore won't find a lot of footnotes, statistical charts outlining the results of double-blind studies, or even an extensive bibliography to back up every little claim that I make. Nor am I going to blow a lot of sunshine up your ass and tell you that my eclectic knowledge of women is drawn from my vast experience as a world-hopping playboy. As you just comically witnessed, I lost about ten years of valuable social activity due to my delusional, misguided and dreadful ***late start.*** I ended up doing things with women at 26 that I *should've* been doing at 16, having experiences at 35 that I should've had at 25. That sort of busted social life required a powerful amount of thinking to straighten out, and that's mainly what I'll be looking to pass along all throughout the book to you, the reader.

So what can you expect to learn from this hard-boiled spilling-of-the-guts that you're poised to read? My earlier book dealt with the psychological problem of rejection fear, the concept of toxic shame, and it introduced the idea of male status and dominant behavior as primary markers of male attractiveness. This book will also have its share of theorizing, especially in the first two segments, but it will always seek to present ***practical solutions*** for you to use at every turn. In that sense it's more of a *workbook* than a textbook.

With ***She's Yours for the Taking,*** I will be making an attempt to go beyond the notion of picking up women as an end in itself, and instead will address the entire scope of seduction from 'hello there' to screaming orgasm.

What I've tried to do is construct a concise Romantic Plan that will allow you to take a woman with which you share some mutual desire and ***bond her soul to your own*** within only a few weeks... or perhaps even *days*. This is a big chunk of meat I've torn off for myself, I'm sure you'll let me know if it was more than I can chew.

Before we go boring full speed into this thing though, I have to make sure you grasp both the significance and the limitations suggested by the ***title*** of this book.

Am I making the ultimate bold assertion here or what? Am I saying that you can read this book and then nail *any* girl that you want?... that you can just point to some random chick and say, *"she's mine"?* No, that's crazy and impossible. I would have to be a total huckster to make such a ridiculous assertion, and you would have to be a complete dunce to believe it. There's no accounting for every single little quirk of cognition in the human mind – we are all as different as snowflakes and it will continue to be so until they start turning us out in clone factories like Twinkies. Your odds of scoring any *particular* woman are always something less than absolute simply because there are too many variables in the game of attraction to ever have them reduced to a simple formula that can be run like some automated device. Humans don't work that way, and I'm sure you understand this.

The things I will show you in this book are designed to *improve your odds* tremendously at every step along the way from the moment of first seeing some girl who catches your fancy, to actually turning her into a robust sex partner. But of course there can be no concrete guarantees. Too many guys get fixated on a certain girl and their mission becomes to land *her alone* to the exclusion of all other possibilities, and this is a pathetic way to approach this grand adventure. You already saw how such warped thinking facilitated my own adolescent ruination – I lost out on a lot of great sex and many good times because of my woefully misguided beliefs that people had to somehow be bent to my Will, or they were just another worthless part of the problem.

I know that some of you guys may've bought this book because you feel you absolutely *have to* score that raven-haired chick in the third last row of your poli-sci class ***and nothing else will do!*** But I'm here to tell you there's no way to force such a thing to happen with absolute certainty. And anyone who tells you so is full of shit.

By sheer lousy luck, for instance, you could bear a striking resemblance to "Raven's" dear old uncle Fester whom she fondly remembers as having yellow teeth, booze breath and was always making her sit on his lap so he could running his greasy hands all over her little 8 year old behind. How are you going to fight such a deeply-ingrained creepy memory like that which could be stuck way down in her subconscious mind like hardened glue? A disturbing old memory that ***your face*** happens to trigger? How you gonna do it?

You'll do it by unlocking your narrowed focus and waking up to a world of romantic possibility that extends far beyond that one girl, that's how. By learning when it's best to take a shot and when it's best to move on and preserve your confidence to fight another day. By learning to see the universe of females as a *playground* to be savored during all the various phases that you will eventually experience throughout the grand sweep of your own life. Your's for the taking? In the end, probably more than you can handle.

Hell, if I can just convince you to go ahead and wear the goddamn blue shirt when you finally have a chance to, maybe I'll have succeeded!

Alright then, let's get ready to rock your world...

"What is the worth of a Man,
if not a glimpse of a god in him?"

Your 7 Necessary Skills as a Man

I have a confession. When I wrote my first book a few years ago, I was working with a half a tank of gas. Sure, I had figured out several critical aspects about women based mainly on all the many good and bad experiences that I'd *personally* had with them. I admit now though that my presentation may've been somewhat limited because I had only a **single** case to draw from... namely, my own. A sample of *one* can never span the full range of possibilities regardless of the subject, and certainly not one as complex and wide-ranging as the human emotional life, can it? I knew what problems I had experienced in my *own* life that had held me back, but that hardly comprised a clinical trial. Regardless, I wrote that book anyway.

Well that situation has changed during the intervening years... *to say the least!* You see, as part of the package of bonuses that I offered along with that first e-book I invited readers to send in their questions and concerns about women... how best to deal with crazy female behaviors, strategies to mend a broken heart, how to let a girl down easy that you just didn't dig, etc. I have since been honored with stories shared by men from all over the world on this fascinating yet maddening subject. The results were a never-ending source of amazement to me...extraordinarily revealing, an education in their own right.

And I would think that the *manner* in which I came to know of these things was far more effective than any staged clinical trial could ever be... because the information was not pulled from some questionnaire that had been passed out to a controlled cross-section of men from all various socio-economic classes and cultures... it was all ***self-volunteered***.

Ask and ye shall receive. *Man, did ye ever!*

Representing a detached virtual voice on the other end of an e-mail address meant that guys were willing to spill out their guts to me in a way I'm sure they would've never dreamed of doing in the presence of a friend – or perhaps even a live therapist. In this sense I guess they certainly were acting "without embarrassment"... with *me* anyway!

I got mail on topics that were completely *off topic* as much as they concerned romantic issues regarding women. Lots of meaning-of-life kind of stuff that I tried my best to answer whenever possible. Questions about rage and projecting imagined feelings onto others who didn't deserve it, about standing down bullies at school *and* dealing with middle management punks in the corporate world. About breaking a lifelong pattern of sweeping general failure – even about sexual addictions and suffocating phobias. Many of these exchanges are posted on my website in the *Author's Forum*. Go have a peek if you haven't seen some of them yet: www.HighStatusMale.com/forum_01.htm

The point is, this wide range of concerns from men all over the world gradually crystalized into a pattern that began to communicate to me what it was that troubled them most. Not just about women, but about life in general. *Now* I had feedback that finally went beyond just my own personal experience base! This feedback proved to be an incredible education for me, and so I began to take notes... notes that were *peppered* with question marks. After many months I went back through these notes in an attempt to simplify and distill out only the most vitally important issues – things that were really preventing guys from grabbing life by the balls and living it to the max. After a while, I was able to boil this list down to **seven major areas** where guys seemed to be having the most difficulty with their lives. Here they are:

Self Reliance
Emotional Balance
Realistic Self Image
Fear and Pain Control
Sexual Confidence
Financial Sanity
A Standard Mate-hunting Routine

This is by no means an exhaustive list of every conceivable mens' issue of course – although further examination may become possible *in your own life* as a result of your finally being forced to confront them. You see, as these 7

necessary skills are tended to and the anxieties they produce begin to disappear, you may become inspired to explore more personal issues like *philosophy and spirituality*, focus your efforts on wherever your dreams may lead you. Things of this nature.

Bottom line: I think the trouble many guys have hooking up with women stems from the fact that a lot of their mental house needs to be put in order. If you can get a handle on the most troublesome areas of your life, who's to say what romantic adventures are awaiting the new & improved *you*? Suspend disbelief for a few minutes now and put your thinking cap on. How much of the following is relevant in your own life?

Self Reliance

The concept of your personal level of self-reliance is closely linked with your feelings about yourself as a man. The more self-reliant you are in a general sense, the more confident you will feel about most everything else in your world, including your ability to deal with women. You might be able to sweet talk your *conscious* mind into believing that being 32 years old and still living in your parents basement is no big deal because you haven't had "your break" yet, but there's no fooling your unconscious mind. It understands your dependancy and the fears that drive it, and since this is where your basic self-image is rooted you can be certain that it will effect the vibe that you put out around women.

And P.S. it will **not** be a good vibe. And Double P.S. you won't be able to hide behind a phoney front.

Guys who are overdue to have flown the coop think they can fool women into overlooking their sub-standard lifestyle by sinking their entire fortune into a hot set of 4x4 wheels with a nice concrete-cracking boombox laying out a sonic vapor trail behind them. This is known as "driving around in your net worth". It doesn't take a mathematical genius to figure out that the only way a guy who sweeps floors for $6 bucks an hour can afford such a great ride is if his rent, utilities, groceries, etc. are still being paid for by mom and dad.

This notion of self-reliance is closely tied to your age as well of course. If you're still in high school, no one expects you to be living in your own apartment yet. Or if you're working your way through college I suppose it's alright too. But 42 and still double-bunking in the trailer with mom?

This issue isn't entirely about how you're being perceived by others (although that is a big factor) – it's also about how you view ***yourself***. Namely, as a *child.* For a man especially, allowing yourself to remain dependant on someone else for your basic support and survival is insidiously destructive to your sense of male power and authority. Always in the background lurks this uncomfortable feeling that you are somehow not *quite* a man yet – no matter how gruff you try to act or how much body art you ink on. The bad thing is that this sense takes root in your unconscious mind where it leaks out unrealized through your general attitude. And women have highly sensitive antenna when it comes to sizing you up – as we'll see in the next section.

Beyond the corrosive effect that living under someone else's wing has on your self-confidence are the mundane logistical problems that it also presents when trying to seduce women. In the segment on Dating that we'll tackle later on in this book, I'll show you how the third date (the "get laid" date) hinges on your being able to set things up environmentally so that you have the necessary *privacy* that it requires to nail her. When I was 22 years old and still living under the watchful hawk-eye of my mom, the only privacy I had available for trying to make out with chicks (and/or feel them up) was the back of my shitbucket '67 Ford Econoline van!... *Hippies arise!*

Talk about doing it ***WITH embarrassment!*** This hulk was little more than rolling humiliation spray-painted in K-Mart blue... and directly from fuckin' *spray cans!* We're talking Third World paint job here. Tooling around in that bucket it's little wonder why, at that phase of my life, I considered myself little more than a fucking *worm* with my self-esteem buried down in the negative numbers somewhere.

Now 22 would still be okay to be hanging around at home if I were grinding my way through college or just starting out on a career track or something – but I'd blown all that off in favor of a string of minimum wage jobs that might as well have paid off in ***bags of salt*** for all they were worth to me in terms of generating any self-respect.

I tell you this pathetic tale of woe only because I get letters from guys all over the world who claim to have this and that problem with women – but I can tell from the background info they give me on themselves that their ***real*** problem stems from *the way in which they live.* Dependant on others – parents, older siblings, roommates... the kindness of O.J. Simpson, whatever. You simply can't

regard yourself as a Man when you're under someone else's economic thumb, no matter what other benefits you may use to justify it. You basically can focus all your time *and money* on playing around and buying all sorts of fun junk for yourself, instead of paying for stupid shit like, you know... rent and electricity. The inertia of any given lifestyle that you've settled into can be tough to overcome because it has numerous addictive factors. Why kill the golden goose?

> *Embracing the idea of self-reliance could mean trading in your toys for some responsibility, maybe for the first time in your life.*

And yes... there's bad news as well. Living on your own means spending a significant amount of your time on mundane crap like shopping and cleaning and doing the occasional load of shitty laundry – while wasting your valuable Playstation 3 money on things like rent, cable-gas-electric bills and groceries... stuff that you're pretty much already getting for next to nothing. It therefore feels like a major step *backwards* to have to suddenly work hard in order to continue to have most of what you already currently own for free.

But we're not talking about convenience here... we're talking about the emotional effect this lifestyle has on your **consciousness**. On your *confidence* – your sense of pride and maturity that goes along with demonstrating the ability to fend for yourself. It may not seem like a big deal at first, but the attitudinal shift born of striking out on your own will be evident in the ***sparkle*** it puts in your eye and the spring in your step. And the women will take notice.

How to go about setting up your home or apartment so it becomes the ultimate chick-trap is something that I detailed in my first book, so I won't repeat everything here. Suffice to say that until you are actually in your own place paying your own bills, you won't have an opportunity to design your own playpen anyway. So time's a wastin'!

I myself stayed at home too long because I felt it was more important for me to preserve the ability to tell my boss to go fuck himself than be free and independent – and there was no way I could do that with a fat mortgage or rent

payment hanging over my head like an axe ready to fall. They would've known I was trapped, that I was their virtual slave, and that I would have to kiss their ass *or else*. Don't be an asshole like I was back then – don't let your pride and your false arrogance (disabled Will) paint you into a corner and rob you of your male honor. It's more important cut the cord and begin your solo adventure through life *as your own man* no matter the sacrifices. The positive change it will have on your self-worth and attitude are as good as gold– and can be hard to imagine if you haven't stepped off this cliff yet.

But the women sure will notice.

Emotional Balance

Balance is a concept that I hammer on constantly because I believe that walking the midpoint stripe between fanatical extremes in any area of human interest is the best way to go, whether you're talking about how often you allow yourself to get wrapped up in work or a hobby (like golf), or how much time you spend being serious vs. playful and humorous. Going too much in either direction in any area of your life is troublesome. People can only take so much of our bullshit. If you let yourself become known as "Mr. _____" because you're so obsessed with some kind of nutty behavior, it won't be long before most everyone is avoiding you like the plague. Or they mock you behind your back, or fear you, or... whatever.

None of this is beneficial to the promotion of a vigorous social life. Any over-expressed personality imbalance can drive people far enough from your orbit that it makes whatever opportunities you *do* get all but useless. For instance, if you typically stumble into **one chance** to hook up with a girl once every two years or something like that, it does you no good because your skills are so atrophied from non-use that you're almost certain to fuck it up anyway. It's from others who find your personality attractive in some way that your *best opportunities* with women will tend to pop up – either directly or via a fortunate fix-up, etc. ***You need to keep yourself interesting to other people all the time.*** That's why it's important to clean out your crazy character habits. Change up, do something out of your normal disposition once in a while. *Surprise people!*

Balance is all about finding a happy medium between emotional quandaries like *anger and boredom* or independence and loneliness. Between being "Mr. Non-stop Joke-a-Minute" or some miserable, humorless prick. If

you're the kind of guy who is constantly judging everyone around you for instance, it's only a matter of time before you find yourself becoming excessively concerned that strangers everywhere *are doing the same thing to you.* It won't be long before you're fretting over the consequence of every little action that you take or word you speak until complete social paralysis sets in.

The way to avoid this trap is to become more responsible to your desires, and less a slave to your fears.

Guys who have ongoing difficulties with women can also have something of an *isolationist personality* holding them back. They typically have highly active minds capable of easily entertaining themselves with technical or academic pursuits. Guys like this know how to have too much fun inside their own heads (like me!). While a classic introvert-type mentality is quite normal, many times it doesn't provide you with a very rich pallette to support ordinary conversation. Especially when it comes to seduction. Most of the stuff you spend your time thinking about is boring to most women – and because you probably spend more time *thinking* rather than doing, you don't have an experience base of adventures to talk about either. See how the loop closes in on itself, keeping you trapped in the same old repeating behaviors that get you nowhere?

I know there can be a lot of mental inertia to deal with. If we allow ourselves to become heavily over-invested in the way in which we behave, and these habits are closely linked to our ***sense of self,*** then it becomes unnerving to contemplate making radical changes that would threaten to "snuff us out" (our precious Ego, I mean).

If you've spun a web of weird behaviors and close-minded world views, it will ultimately become impossible to escape from them without great distress *when the time ultimately comes to move on to the next phase of your life.*

Remember, life is a series of phases that pass away with time whether we like it or not! People get into trouble because they cling to some phase of their life they've fallen in love with long after the time when it should've been chucked. This was a major stumbling block in my own life for decades. I seemed like I was always 10 years behind where I should've been in terms of my emotional, social and financial development. *Ten years!*

I was making mistakes with women at 26 I should've already made at 16 if I would've been living my life correctly back then... making career inroads at 40 that should've been accomplished at 30, and so on. How humiliating, how childish! And this was mainly because I would get stuck in a particular phase but fail to do the work to **complete it** and move on. My problem was mostly one of *fear of change*, but you can just as easily become enamored with some comfy phase of your life and refuse to give it up. It's like the dude who peaks out in high school and never wants to grow up and graduate because then he goes back to being a nobody. But you can't act like a high-schooler forever, and the longer you try the more of a walking embarrassment you become to yourself. The Iron-clad Rule of Living sets a ***time limit*** on each and every phase your life – including those that you cling to beyond the point where you should've already moved on. This inertia, no matter its cause, ensures that you will eventually be regarded as a gentile fool to be pitied or patronized.

And the women will take note. And they will *reject* accordingly!

This fight for balance by appropriately heeding the call of Time will involve an internal struggle that might well be tougher than any seduction you could ever attempt. Mental reframing is a lot like overthrowing a government in terms of difficulty, and for much the same reason – there are a lot of people deeply invested in perpetuation of the status quo and they plan to ***fight you to the death*** to keep things just the way they are! In a similar fashion, your brain has fabricated a level of ease with your current emotional/comfort status quo and it will fight any effort of yours to change anything significant about your world.

This battle is a critical confrontation that you **must** have with yourself however, no matter the pain involved. As I mentioned earlier, it may involve trading-in the monster truck for a used Altima or putting the X-Box on E-Bay if that's what it takes to pay the bills piling up in your new apartment, but you will emerge phoenix-like from this battle a better man. Hell, perhaps a ***Man*** for the first time in your life!

Your first step forward into any new phase of life often feels like a big step backwards... at least at first.

Much of the parental / societal brainwashing that gives us grief later on in life first begins to creep into our heads when youth places us at a vulnerable stage in our development – at a time when we have few mental defenses available to protect ourselves, and we are ignorant of the dangers posed by these external thought crimes. The "solutions" we develop to mitigate resulting stressors soon become self-perpetuating and take root deep in our minds. After repeated exposure to enough put-downs and other assorted mental tortures for instance, a kind of "Stockholm Syndrome" takes over wherein we ***identify with our captors and take up their cause!*** What I mean is that, long after the original offender (parents, classmates, siblings, etc.) are gone and sometimes even *dead*, we continue to pay homage to their original fucked-up judgements of us. This is especially true if the source of the brainwashing was a ***parent***, because there's a kind of *if-I-prove-you-were-right-will-you-love-me-now?* sort of dynamic happening that can torment us for an entire goddamn lifetime.

> You've got to crush this kind of nonsense once and for all by making a fundamental choice about yourself that simply boils down to this... am I going to **design my consciousness** to produce a reality that gives me the best chance at living a happy and fulfilling life, ***or*** am I going to stay on this hopeless mission to authenticate the legitimacy of my abuser and *their* long-dead image of what my station in life was supposed to be?

Read that 100 times if you have to. You are a unique individual with talents and powers that were unimagined when you were young, and anyone who attempted to steal that from you or suppress it was nothing more than a common criminal, regardless of their relationship to you or what their "best" intentions might've been. It's no more complicated than that. Despite the mega-volumes of self-help psychology that you can piss all your time and money away studying endlessly. I'm talking about cleaning out the garbage and proudly stepping forward into the next phase of life like a man, *unencumbered by past disillusionments.*

There are times in our lives when we come out of a long dark tunnel and things finally start hitting on all cylinders for us. We get bigger and stronger, suddenly finding more athletic power at our fingertips after a youth spent kicked around as the scrawny weakling or the comical fat kid. We get a rockin' career path going or stumble on some kind of financial break for once.... and now we've finally got some money to throw around! Until you begin to feel good about

yourself as a man on a very intimate level like this, it's unlikely you'll reach a Master's Level gaming women no matter how many hypnotic tricks you learn.

By ***welcoming*** every new phase of your life instead of hiding from it, you can begin to turn this idea of meeting and seducing women into a **fun lifestyle** for yourself that you can embrace with enthusiasm and total clarity, rather than viewing it as some grueling chore. And *that's* ultimately how you'll make it work for yourself.

Shove All Your High-Minded Obsessions

And finally, a word about obsessions. The root of many weird-o personality traits can be traced to some manner of obsession that has pulled you deep into its own special brand of madness. I hate this shit. It's becoming a global problem. Here's the bottom line with any kind of personal obsession as far as I'm concerned – if you have come to believe in *anything* to the point that it dominates your mind so much you feel you have to run around talking about it incessantly, then somewhere along the way you've allowed yourself to become ***brainwashed***. Plain and simple. You have surrendered control of your consciousness to some idea, organization, cause, insane parent, religious ideal, charismatic individual or other manipulative force that now commands your thinking and rules your soul. Why you did this to yourself in the first place doesn't matter to me and shouldn't matter to you either. You just have to ***fucking stop it.*** Crush it. Fight back and reclaim your right to *own* your own mind. That's all. Real simple. Here's my own little personal creed for you when it comes to external entities ruling my Mind. Feel free to adopt it as your own:

Nobody, but NOBODY, ever does my thinking for me. Period!

I am the single, sole and *only* source of all my ideas, goals, dreams and personal philosophies on the Meaning of **My** Life. No one else can *dare* to tell me how to live my life, it just doesn't happen. On my planet, this isn't allowed. And if those who would enlist me into serving their interests at the expense of my own don't like it, they can board the next shuttle to Mars and get the fuck off my planet. Permanently. Got it?

Take a cue from me and ***snap out of it right now, today.*** Give whoever currently owns your mind the royal flying *fuck you*... and then stand back and laugh as they turn pink with rage. I don't care who the fuck they think they are, how much power they supposedly think they have (I got some sad news for them, they have **none** actually), or how compelling their arguments for your continued allegiance to their cause-idea-religion-philosophy might be. You're done. You're out. You're returning to the land of the living and embracing the popular culture so that you can fit in and become *normal*.

So you can begin to live on ***your*** terms, a.k.a., the *only* terms that should ever matter to you.

A Realistic Self Image

Another one of the mental house-cleaning tasks I would suggest you perform somewhere along the line is the cultivation of a realistic self-image. Problems based on how you *imagine* that the rest of the world sees you will manifest themselves into all sorts of odd behaviors and neurotic personality habits that will seriously limit your social effectiveness. As a general rule, guys are usually far too hard on themselves when it comes to assessing how they look physically or are presenting themselves to the world. They're the first ones to call themselves 'fat' or ugly or some other disparaging adjective, and it's possible to take this sort of humility *way* too far, and that would be the point where it ***negatively effects your projection of male power and status.***

Just as if it's probably not wise to have *too high* an opinion of yourself that can't be supported by reality, it's equally destructive to view yourself as permanently residing in the extreme lower end of the scale as well. Far worse, actually. At least you can fool yourself into taking a few social risks here and there if you're working with an *inflated* ego – but a deflated one gets you absolutely nowhere. With women, in the business world, or anywhere else for that matter.

Problems based on how you imagine that the rest of the world sees you will manifest themselves into all sorts of odd

behaviors and neurotic personality habits that will seriously limit your social effectiveness.

My own self-image sucked for a long time all throughout my 20's and early 30's, and it turned out to be a self-imposed handicap that was needlessly and tragically borne. I was too short, too ugly, losing my hair, blah-blah. You know the drill. The constant barrage of self-inflicted mental putdowns weighed down my confidence to the point of complete social inaction. That's the hellborn place where you *give up*... where you surrender all hope of success and *stop making any further effort* – because you've established an internal belief that no matter what you do, various indelible components of your physical / mental make-up will conspire to destroy your efforts anyway. So why even try? This is a bad place, a state of hopelessness. It lays down the framework for what psychologists call ISI, *Inadequate Self Image*. A fancy clinical way of describing a person who's view of himself is mis-matched negatively with the way others view him. Too hard on himself, too critical, too demanding of impossible performance standards, etc.

I personally believe this ISI is a manifestation of a more pervasive form of **self-hatred.** ISI contains a component of **arrogance** as well – this notion that I can hold such high performance standards for myself in terms of looks, accomplishments and social magnetism that no one, *not even myself,* can meet them. Followed to its logical conclusion, this would mean that a lot of other people also don't make the cut either, but they have the audacity to make something of themselves anyway – ***by cheating!...*** by believing themselves to be *better* than they actually are. By not allowing themselves to be handcuffed by the same ultra-high standards that are holding *you* back.

That's okay though, because thinking in this manner has the side benefit of providing a twisted justification for your own self-loathing and thus provides you with a feeling of ***false superiority!*** You're *better* than everyone else because you at least have the nobility to recognize and honor your own inadequacies. Now you get to hate yourself *and* every one else too... ***what a great deal!*** Isn't it cool how we can work some dinky little 5% payoff into whatever sort of mental prison that we create for ourselves? Ya gotta love the human mind... a work in progress we are indeed. Far from complete.

Anyway, I was able to eventually bootstrap myself out of this repeating loop of madness by deciding to substitute **self-acceptance for self-castigation.** That was the big mental leap for me – this overriding idea that it was okay just to be *me* rather than longing to be something I had no hope of ever becoming. I re-set my targets for personal accomplishment into the range of the possible rather than the impossible. I decided to open my mental prison cell and give myself parole.

And you can do it too. We're all the same basic arrangement of carbon atoms after all. I've identified **three steps** to make embracing this process for yourself a painless and straightforward deal, here they are:

1) Change what you can. Do a ruthlessly honest re-assessment of yourself. One thing you may discover is that your **look** is way overdue for a clean-up and style upgrade. I'm not going to harp on basics like taking a shower or figuring out how to unscrew the lid off a bottle of mouthwash... you can't possibly be that far gone. But if you are, then skate over to www.scrubmynuts.com and get a clue about personal hygiene, wouldja? To quote Dean Wormer from the movie *Animal House:* "Fat, drunk and stupid is no way to go through life, son." To which I would add "...or smelling like a farm animal."

What most guys will mostly need is an upgrade to their hairstyle and wardrobe. In a word, make it all current. Burn those shitty department store, middle-aged-man checkered shirts and get some stylish clothes. Pick up a few men's magazines like *GQ* and *Playboy* and *Maxim* or whatever and use them for some starting ideas. Take a woman shopping with you (even your sister if that's all you can scare up) and let her design a new look for you. Chicks love to blow an afternoon doing shit like this, their pupils begin to dilate as if they took a needleful of china white as soon as you pull into the mall parking lot for christsakes! Just be sure that whatever you end up buying fills these two requirements: 1) It's something you are **comfortable wearing** and won't feel like a fool walking around in (get a casual look and then something more dressy for going out), and 2) make sure that it's **age appropriate**. Turn that ballcap around you thirty-something yo-yo, you're not fooling anyone anymore. Liberate that fucking bald spot! ;-)

The other part of the equation is your *head*... hairstyle and facial hair primarily (and maybe also trade in those uncleanable, scratched-up glasses for a set of contacts or a lazik correction?). Still walking around with that Joe Dirt

mullet? Naughty naughty, silly boy. A shaved "Kojak" head will get you farther nowadays. And that thick black moustache reminds me of the second guy from the left in the Village People line-up... you know, the one with the chaps and the ass cutout? Naturally, whatever sort of hirsute surgery you end up doing to yourself, you'll have to take into account your own cultural specifics depending on what part of the world you happen to be living in. You know what to do. ***It's called letting go of the past and getting on with life.*** Think of it as a refreshing change of pace for your tired old self. And you'll love the sudden attention you'll be getting from ze chicks!

And finally, hit the gym and lose the spare tire. I did it and I'm an old fart. You can too. This makes you feel great along with boosting your testosterone and sex drive – which translates into an aggression with the ladies *that they dig seeing from guys!* You won't believe it until you try it. Even if you still have little stick-man arms and was the guy who spent his entire high school career being stuffed in lockers, you'll look more cut and it will improve the way you carry yourself. And, as an added benefit, you might not be so ***afraid*** to bust some prick in the chops next time you get in a pissing contest instead of backing down like a beta-male little girl! Male status is calibrated in such ways, gentlemen.

2) Mask what you can't. Things that really bother you about your personal appearance like your height, for instance, are physically impossible to change. So I developed a mental truce with my own limited stature that allowed me to mostly ignore it. This would be the same with something like the basic shape of your face or whatever. What else can you do? ***Realizing that you can't be everything to everyone is the key.*** It's like selling any product... this book for instance. As much as I would like to sell a copy to every human on earth, I know that it appeals only to a certain niche segment of the market... guys who are having romantic trouble with women which stems from their inability to either meet them or coerce them into intimacy beyond the early dating stage. To most people, this stuff is of no real interest because their romantic situation is either settled or they're too young or old to care anymore. Or they're *women* and this book is targeted at men, etc. So I can only write a book, *any* book, to appeal to a certain thin slice of humanity. One slice at a time.

What I'm trying to say is that nothing and no one has universal appeal, it just doesn't happen. And it's the same with *personal* appeal too – our charm only works on certain individuals no matter how hard we tap dance for them. ***We cannot be universally liked by everyone!*** It just isn't possible because there

are a wide range of body styles, and most people are only attracted to certain *types* of them. Some of you guys like your women short and busty for instance, others go for the tall flat-chested look. Well, women have a similar range of likes and dislikes in men's bodies as well – which means that *all* types have some appeal to somebody!

Your task is to dispense with the ***arrogance*** of striving for universal appeal – which is an *inhuman* requirement designed only to cement your feet to the ground socially as part of your program of self-hatred – and realize that you *do* appeal to some small (or large) niche of women... whatever you happen to look like.

Your job is to seek out these individuals... and present them with the opportunity to get to know you!

3) Develop a Theme for yourself and SELL it wherever you go. Use your new-found self-acceptance to model a ***theme*** for yourself that will appeal to some niche of women, regardless of who they happen to be. I go into this idea in more detail in the next section, so I'm not going to elaborate on it right now. Just know that your look ties together with your personality to create a theme for yourself that works quietly to either intrigue women, or turn them off.

* * *

As long as we're on this subject of self-image and getting real, allow me to dramatize the essentials of the whole *High Status Male* (HSM) vs. *Low Status Male* (LSM) thing for you with a quick theoretical example...

Silly Sally is checking out two guys across the room who *visually* appear pretty much the same to her, Alpha and Beta. There's no way she can tell who has the bigger bank account, the more grandiose accomplishments in life, the more rockin' career path or the better lifestyle to offer her. What Silly needs is a ***clue*** to make this assessment deep inside her little chick brain. Both guys check her out. Nice ta-ta's, they think. Alpha makes eye contact, fires off an easy smile, and then walks over and says hello and kids around with her a bit. No big deal... to ***Alpha***. But to Beta such an act is a huge deal. You see, Beta can't quite bring himself to go after what he desires the same way that Alpha does, so he loses out quite a bit. But there's more to this story.

Silly Sally still has no *factual* information about the qualities of either guy that I described above, but she now thinks Alpha's probably the "hotter" of the two, and here's why: the high status male is ***conditioned to victory*** in many aspects of his life – and therefore his actions and attitude signals an *easy confidence in* ***taking a risk.*** Easy confidence.

Since Beta typically has experienced far less success in his efforts, he's more likely to hang back in the weeds and wait for things to clearly break his way *before* taking action. But that doesn't always happen because life refuses to serve up the goods so easily sometimes. It makes you dig them out for yourself. That's just the way it is.

So Beta's "holding back" behavior creates a visible signal that suggests he's not been very successful at making his own breaks in the past.

But here's the kicker: the **reality** of Alpha and Beta's true situations could be exactly the opposite of what it appears. Since neither is likely to approach her open bank-book in hand, Silly has no way of knowing what the score is between these to *for a fact*. The only thing she has to go on is a read of Alpha & Beta ***based on their outward behavior towards her.*** Nothing else. That's why image and actions need to be managed carefully and not allowed to run wild. We'll get into this idea further in later sections

Innate talents which allow you to simulate Alpha-type behaviors that trigger attraction in women stem mostly from your own sense of what's possible for you to realistically accomplish. Women clue in on certain things about you in order to make a personal judgment of your "hotness". These clues take the form of behaviors in yourself – a willingness to make and maintain good clean eye-contact for instance, one dumb joke that you cringe at but she happened to think was actually funny, even just a desire to *play the game* and flirt with her can be enough to set her off... regardless of any clumsy effort on your part. Sometimes you float the ball up in the air trying to avoid a sack and you get picked off for a touchdown the other way. Hey, it happens.

But *sometimes*... one of your own receivers gets himself under it on the fly and catches all the defenders flat-footed. See ya in the end zone!

Women color their hair, lay on the makeup, pump up their tits with pure silicone and wear high heels that make their calves and asses pop out just the

way we like them. It's all an *illusion* designed to signal men of their desirability. We do the same thing, only differently. Guys develop a **style and theme** and wear an attitude or an "air" about them that suggests they are ***conquerors*** of life rather than its victims. See, it's all an *illusion*. Everything we do on both sides of the ball in this game of romance is a grand illusion. And you can play too!

All you have to do is pull your head out of your ass and get busy creating an ***illusion*** for yourself that most women will likely dig. Get busy.

Dealing With Severe Shyness

This may be a possible side-issue for you that can totally smash all your social hopes and dreams, so I'm going to take a few pages to address it now even if a major case of shyness is not your particular problem. I know this will be of help to many of you guys though.

I used to be painfully shy at one point early in my life, so I know what a crushing burden it can be. It's perfectly natural and normal to sometimes feel a little bit unsure of how our actions are being observed and possibly judged by others, but true shyness is a painfully self-focused sensation where you feel as if you are being exposed to the ***critical scrutiny and judgement*** of everyone else *all of the time*, relentlessly. Shyness is a cautionary mode we retreat into whenever we have insufficient data about the individuals surrounding us, or are overly concerned about how we are appearing to them. This is especially true when men find themselves in the presence of beautiful, intimidating women.

First, you should understand **why** you need to make every effort to avoid acting shy whenever you can, and I'm not just talking about trying to pick up women but everywhere and all the time. The reason why shyness is destructive to your chances for pursuing social opportunities may seem obvious, but the *true* reason may actually surprise you...

Most people simply **don't like** shy people. Why? Because they will usually begin to empathize with a shy person's visible discomfort... ***and then they will begin to unconsciously mirror it!***

See, when you act shy in front of another person your behavior has the effect of *drawing up* that person's own innate shyness and bringing it to the forefront of their consciousness. ***In effect, you are a walking, talking "shyness***

trigger" for other people! And because they get such an unpleasant feeling whenever they're around the painfully shy, they would simply rather avoid such individuals entirely. You may've thought that shyness was strictly your own internal problem – but this unintentional ability of yours to broadcast your shyness to others makes it really more like a ***case of emotional bad breath!*** It's causing you to be avoided.

Possibly because of your intense inward focus you never noticed this phenomenon before, but it is real and can actually be turned to your advantage. Here's an experiment to prove it: catch a person's eye and *immediately* do something such as smile, wink, point at them, salute... whatever. Nine times out of ten they will instantly -- *without even thinking about it* -- do the exact same thing right back at you! That's mirroring in action. Pretty cool, eh?

It's also possible to use this effect to distract yourself from your own shyness. Here's how: whenever you encounter someone, instead of being so self-conscious simply focus all your thoughts on **control**, but not on controlling yourself... on controlling *them*. You can compel someone's mood to be bright and outgoing by **modeling** that type of behavior for them – rather than nudging them towards discomfort by surrendering to your shyness. It's all up to you – ***you are in control!***

Look, you don't need years of therapy to uncover all the terrible causes of your shyness. Who cares about the reasons anyway? It's just a repeat behavior that you've learned to re-loop endlessly in social circumstances, and all you really need do is **replace** it with something better.

So why not this?... instead of focusing on your own discomfort, focus on being the "puppetmaster" instead!

Whenever you meet a girl who would normally intimidate you for instance, repeatedly think to yourself *"...don't let her go shy, don't let her go shy... keep her mood upbeat and extroverted..."* Concern yourself with what's going on in *her* head, not yours. **Model** the emotional states you want reflected back towards you. Concentrate your energies and actions on deliberately showing off the kind of easy-going behavior that you would like your puppet to display. One of the big obstacles to dealing naturally with others is focusing too much attention on how they are making ***you*** feel instead of worrying about how you are making ***them*** feel. Flip the equation around, do it today. Try it.

This ability – *this capacity to make others* ***feel good*** *about themselves* – is the very definition of **charisma.** Loved, powerful, important, smart, respected, valued... people are *starved* to feel in these ways! Be aware of the influence that you can have on others. If you can dole out the good vibes they crave in some small measure, they will follow you around like lost puppies!

The man who can make other people feel good about themselves, can literally have his way with them!

People will go off and gladly *die* for kings-queens-generals-dictators and so on, simply because these individuals have a keen understanding of the power born of creating good feelings in populations of people on a massive scale. Go read a history book if you don't believe me, it's full of examples. One great example of the power of charisma that comes to mind is former president Bill Clinton -- his personal charisma and good humor took him right through to the U.S. Presidency and kept him there for 8 years despite being despised by his political enemies even to the point of being *impeached*. Even the chubby interns couldn't keep their hands off him!

Mr. Charisma

Here's a quick story to help illustrate the power of a solid self-image. I had a close personal friend in high school who possessed natural charisma in spades. He was tall and handsome, played football and always had a girlfriend (the girls loved him!). This was the kind of guy who was in the top "clique" in high school and moved around essentially like royalty. He was also the kind of guy who *could have* easily busted on the surrounding nerds and no one would have thought it unusual.

But here's what makes this story cool... *he never once acted mean or demeaning towards anyone.* In fact, my friends' behavior was just the opposite of the typical prick who drew a genetic free lunch and cruised through his teen years. He seemed to make a special effort to reach out and befriend those "lower class citizens". I even saw him jump in and protect some of these nerds when dudes were ragging them out or trying to make them look like fools in front of girls. No one messed with my buddy -- he had a fairly advanced belt in Kung Fu

(hey, it was the big “in vogue” martial art to know back in the 70's!) and he wasn’t afraid to use it when pressed. The most amazing part is that he never expected anything in return from these beta males. It was just how he was brought up to be... a character guy, even as a kid.

Well let me tell you, by senior year this guy oversaw an entire *legion* of nerds who would’ve gladly laid down their life for him! Just a simple act of kindness here and there was enough to build goodwill that would last a lifetime (and who knows where all those connections might one day lead? Last I heard, he’d left a plum corporate job to partner up with a friend from high school who was running a multi-million dollar business. One of his “nerd” buddies you think?). It will be amazing to see how many people show up at my good friend’s funeral someday (hopefully far, far in the future). You’ll probably think the King of Siam himself died!

The point is that ***anyone*** can concoct a little bit of this magical stuff for himself even if you’re not star quarterback material. The projection of charisma is far more a psychological deal than it is dependent upon some physical quality that you may or may not possess (shit, Hitler was certainly no GQ model!). Just a little timely friendliness when needed, a sympathetic ear lent here or there – and before long you’ll have a little following of friends who dig hanging out with you. And who knows... some of them may even turn out to be mighty cute!

Fear and Pain Control

“Courage is doing what you are plain scared to do.
There is no courage without fear.”
Eddie Richenbacher, WW I American Ace fighting pilot
150 solo missions, 26 kills

What makes a man a man is not what’s between his legs but how he uses it, and I don’t mean sexually. I mean *balls*... courage. The degree to which you can become the master of fear and pain in your life will pretty much dictate your eventual level of social and financial achievement. There’s no easy way around the supremacy of fear in our lives. If there was, then no one would be afraid of anything and everyone would be a high achiever and storming along out there living the Hugh Hefner lifestyle. I’m not some wizard who holds the Great Grand Answer to such monumental questions either, but I *do* have a few ideas that

might help soothe some of your anxieties the next time you've got a shot at meeting a cute girl. It's all about learning to recognize **choice points,** *and* when it's in your best interest to take a punch in the face. I kid you not.

Fear... It's Always Inside Your Armor

There's an old saying among soldiers that no matter how much body armor you bolt on there's always one enemy who has the upper hand in any firefight. That's because this foe hides *inside* your armor. The enemy of which I speak of course, is *fear*. Fear. Ancient and pre-human... the most powerful of drives, hardwired directly into the marrow of the brain.

As men, our relationship with our own fear is what sets us apart from one another. Those who stand toe-to-toe with their fears and accept risks are almost always the ones that make it into the top 10% of the "high status male" scale that I slobber on about relentlessly. Just consider the panoply fears there are to overcome in life... fear of risking your ego by standing in front of an audience and speaking... of putting your life savings on the line to start a business... of going for a job interview or audition for something that's way over your head talent-wise... of betting all your money on a single stock pick... taking a swipe at a guy who's wronged you in some way, even though he's stronger and likely to win the fight. And of course, fear of going up to that foxy girl over there and asking her out for coffee!

These are the fears that shape our time on earth. To the degree that we either face them down or run away fashions the template upon which the story of our life is written.

As you know I get lots of letters from my readers and some of them incorporate important lessons that I feel should be shared. Here's one that I got recently from a guy who was rambling on about a particular situation he was having with a woman in his class at college. He went into elaborate detail about how he happened to smile at her one day in class, and how she initially returned his smile, but then seemed to quickly look away and ignore him. This guy became tormented over the "secret meaning" that he was convinced this single brief action on her part must've held. What sort of judgement had she placed on his status as a man? The letter went on and on, but there was nothing of note until I hit the part about *two pages* in where he mentioned his age. He was 63. *Sixty-three!*

A guy this old was getting all bent out of shape over the reaction of a girl that was young enough to be his *grand-daughter*? A two generation age gap? So I wrote back and asked him to clarify some things for me, and he sent back a long sad letter recounting numerous ***failings*** that he'd had with women all throughout his life. Here's a sampling of some of the things he wrote:

> In junior high, I took a girl to a movie, put my arm around her eventually, and she grabbed my hand and pulled it over her tit. I pulled back my hand like her tit was a hot potato! What a fool! I think it was several days later before I realized what a mistake I'd made.
>
> I was in a car with another girl a short time later, and we started getting cozy, but then I patted her rather roughly on the top of the head. That was the end of any more coziness with that girl!
>
> Later in my twenties, I shared a flat with a married couple. The man went out of town for a couple weeks, and before he left, he intimated that I should make myself at home with his wife. She intimated the same thing. I had been hornier than a hoot owl, but somehow it never occurred to me to take advantage of that situation. Maybe it's just as well, because I think those things generally do not work out in the long run. But that was not my reasoning at the time. I think I was just trying to keep myself miserable.

Just trying to keep myself miserable? Some more...

> In my thirties, I went into a sandwich shop where I saw one of the most beautiful women working behind the counter. I was feeling very self-confident that day, and no doubt it showed. She took my order and asked me, "What's your name?" "Richard," I answered. I thought of asking her name in return, but I stopped myself.
>
> I couldn't get her out of my head all that week. The next time I went in there, she held my gaze for an unusually long time. When I got to the front of the line though, I was too self-conscious to actually say anything to her, except for what kind of sandwich I wanted. The next time I saw her, she would not look at me any more.

Many of us would quickly forget this sort of nothing incident. Not so with a man who's trapped in a endless cycle of bum luck though. Obsession with a missed opportunity still continues to haunt him. It continues:

> To bring this issue more up to date, I had another opportunity not too long ago to flirt with the woman I told you about in my earlier letter. It would have been very simple and easy to speak to her as soon as I saw her, since I had something very simple and safe to say. But I guess I wanted to wait for the **perfect opportunity** or something. If I had just spoken to her I would have established myself as someone that talks to her, and everything would be more comfortable and I could have taken it from there. A factor is my age (63), of course. If I were younger, at least I could feel justified in inviting her to lunch or something. I am mostly interested in just flirting with her now-- I need some excitement in my life. But I need some justification, somehow.
>
> And finally, dismally, this observation:
>
> *Too bad I waited so many years to begin this journey. I feel that I am just about ready to make a change in my attitude and aspect, but how many years do I have left now? Maybe this is the meaning of the saying, youth is wasted on the young?...*

Is there anything more sad than a life of regrets? Really, is there? I excerpted this gentlemen's letter in order to extract the lesson we all need to have driven our skulls – *that we cannot remain on a treadmill of fear and expect our lives to improve significantly beyond the limited range of possibility defined by those fears.* What's the source of *your* fear?... Your body (height / weight), your face, lack of sexual experience, your voice? Maybe your lack of education or social sophistication? Whatever it is, fear hides out inside your armor where it's perfectly positioned to defeat whatever efforts you make to hide from it. It is the ***Master Controller Emotion,*** the great, silent destroyer of our dreams. In its service you will fashion a life-long catalogue of regrets that you can review on your deathbed.

It's disturbing to have such a pornographic spectacle of the power of fear laid out before us like this, but it's also a necessary first step in coming to terms with it. Trepidation doesn't grab hold of you over-night... it's skulking and

imperceptible, built layer-upon-layer over the course of years on the backs of accumulated minor and major apprehensions. Eventually it seals your thinking into a narrow track that keeps you stuck in an endless cycle that is bound to keep producing the same old results for you.

Self Defeating Behaviors

Fears that are manifest in commonly repeated patterns form part of a larger psychological phenomenon known as **Self Defeating Behaviors.** SDB's can range from something as mundane as stuffing your face with chocolate in response to some ordinary stress, all the way up to making major life mistakes such as proposing marriage while you're still starry-eyed "in love" and then ending up in divorce court a few years later. Then doing the same thing again sometimes *2 or 3 times* in your life until there's barely enough money left in your bank account to buy yourself a noose!

I once read a great book on SDB's that was rather complicated and filled with all sorts of diagrams and charts, but the key principle can be stated quite simply: an SDB runs in a loop from some triggering stimulus to the actual self-defeating behavior, and then repeats itself whenever that triggering stimulus appears again. The beginning of that process, however, always includes a hidden ***choice point*** that would allow the person to select a different behavior and break this loop... *if only they were **aware** that an option existed.* It's their lack of awareness (that word again...) of this choice point which keeps them running the same loop over and over again. There doesn't even have to be anything all that compelling about the behavior itself, the problem is in the damn ***thoughtless re-looping.***

Here's how a Self Defeating Behavior operates:

TRIGGERING STIMULUS (*CHOICE POINT*)
SAFE "ESCAPE" BEHAVIOR
REGRET -- DISGUST -- SADNESS
AWAIT THE REAPPEARANCE OF THE STIMULUS
RINSE & REPEAT ALL OVER AGAIN

Let's take a look at the #1 fear-producing event that most of you guys reading this will know all about, hitting on women.

Maybe the first time you tried to “pick up” a girl things didn’t go so well for whatever reason and so you learned to be a little bit afraid of it. *This is the seminal event that will now act as a* ***template*** *for all subsequent triggering of this particular stimulus.* The next time a similar opportunity occurred, you probably turtled-up and remained silent in order to protect your ego from having to endure the same kind of embarrassment that you first suffered (safe, escape behavior). But this inaction leads to failure... and so then you spend the rest of the day mentally berating yourself (sadness, regret), possibly to the point of having to drink or pop drugs in order to free yourself from the pain.

When future chances appear you learn to fire off the same ego-protective loop over again because it’s become comfortable and familiar. The problem is that you will run this pattern *without even thinking about it* (unconsciously) and that’s when it becomes locked-into your head. The SDB has created the false illusion that a different choice is **not** available to you. And it’s this illusion that is the source of the SDB’s long term, deadly power. Years later, you may find yourself running that same old “turtling-up” routine over and over again whenever you see any available-looking cute girl... without even considering any other available option! Once the SDB has masked your apparent options, you begin to feel helplessly trapped and you can quickly sink into a complete depression. At this point you will usually give up and just accept your fate.

There is a way out. The key moment of any SDB happens with the appearance of the triggering stimulus (stressor), announcing the start of another loop. It’s here that you need to be aware that a ***choice*** is available to you – that you’re looking at a fork in the road and not a closed track. ***All the power to break the SDB lies in your awareness that this choice point exists.*** The different path may turn out to be an improvement, or maybe not. Not important. It is the *act of selecting a new option* that will finally begin to destroy this repeating behavior. It’s like a movie on DVD where you can select an alternate ending if you don’t like the one you saw at the theater. The presentation of an ***option*** gets the wheels inside your head turning in a new fashion and this can quickly defeat an intractable fear that you’ve always been living with. *It’s time to select a new ending for yourself!*

You don’t have to tackle a major phobia right off the bat either... start small, get the hang of becoming aware of some minor SDB that’s been troubling you. The main thing is developing your *awareness*. In the heat of the moment, when you’re all frazzled at work and thoughtlessly reaching for that cream donut, you

have to recognize that a moment of **choice** is at hand... *stop* and contemplate a different choice. Chew a stick of gum instead. Go splash cold water on your face. The replacement behavior is unimportant as long as it leads to a different sort of result than usual "donut chomping" (although switching from cream to jelly wasn't exactly what I had in mind...) You get the idea..

Probably the most difficult thing to master is **cultivating an awareness** to change course when you're in the grip of whatever stressor usually triggers the robotic SDB in you. This is where you must learn to fight off bad emotions instead of submitting to them. Keep practicing, make a chart or something to help remind you of what to do *and keep a log of your results.* This will make you aware and keep you motivated as you review your progress and slowly begin to see the successes beginning to outnumber the failures.

This is how you massage an SDB into submission... a little at a time using **awareness and an open mind**. And since most SDB's have some component of fear working at their core, learning this technique is an effective way to wrestle down all your worst fears one by one. I know this can seem like a daunting task for some of you, but remember that knowing when it's better to just finally hang yourself out there and take a risk is one of the central challenges to being a man. It can even be transformational.

And Then There's Pain...

As far back as anthropologists have peered into human history, they've found one disturbingly universal behavior that transcends both society and race... *warfare*. War is often described in Darwinian terms as the inevitable consequence of male aggression. But who can blame us? Males have evolved to possess strong appetites for power, because extraordinary power has always gone hand-in-hand with *extraordinary reproductive success.*

Even today, studies of very primitive societies such as the *Yanomamo*, a tribe widely scattered across the Amazon, contain examples of these codes of corporal conduct in action. Yanomamo men from competing villages engage in protracted "Hatfield-and-McCoy"-type feuds that go on for years. And these are not just playful demonstrations either... these fights are characterized by murderous raids and counter raids.

Like many tribal societies, the Yanomamo are polygamous and take multiple wives. Researchers have noted that the most celebrated warriors among these people have *twice* as many wives and *three times* as many children as their lesser fellow non-fighters. Now *that's* reproductive success!

But now for the other *more interesting* half of the story... Historians estimate that while women have accounted for fewer than one percent of the people who have actually fought in wars, they have done their part to facilitate the carnage by ***favoring*** warriors as preferred mates, while shunning the cowards and losers. So if men have been brutes historically, women share equal blame for rewarding their combative behaviors. During World War 1 for instance, women in Britain and the United States were handing out white feathers on street corners to men not wearing a uniform – *actually* ***shaming*** *them for avoiding military service!* How are we *not* supposed to want to show off our fighting skills for them with this sort of punitive treatment as the price of failure?

Anyway, as a result of our pan-generational lust for combat and war, human societies have placed a high value on *pain-tolerance* in their young males. They understood that men who accepted physical pain could demonstrate fearsome courage in battle... and that these men were therefore likely to be great *protectors* of the women and children. Protection has always been one of the principle duties of men throughout the ages. In antiquated times, males submitted themselves to painful experiences such as ritual scarring and penis piercings (ouch!) to announce their bravery and entry into a fighting culture. Today, many organizations from college fraternities to the military still engage in hazing rituals that are little more than watered-down versions of the same concept.

The idea underlying any sort of ritual training that seeks to expose someone to incrementally greater levels of fear and pain is to make it routine for them. You have to *know* fear, you have to *know* pain, because it is from this knowledge that you learn how to manage it within your own mind. In egghead psychological terms this is called **desensitization**. Ducking pain and fear produces the opposite sort of guy, one who spends much of his mental energy worrying about how to zig-zag his way through life while experiencing as little of it as possible.

But it is into this crucible that boys march, and *men* emerge.

I spent a fair amount of my own youth ducking pain as well, and the day I finally decided to accept some was transformational for me. When I say I ducked pain this doesn't mean that I hid in my house and refused to ever come out and play. On the contrary, I was active in many different sports and took my share of licks and lumps. If you've ever been hit with a hockey puck twice in the same spot within a couple of minutes, then you my friend, *know pain!* I also nearly broke my foot playing basketball, and I can't even begin to remember all the sandlot football injuries incurred by playing with no equipment besides the football itself.

The point is, despite all this mayhem there was *one* kind of pain that I was sure I couldn't take, and that was a good ass-whipping in a fist fight. For some reason I was deadly scared of it, and because of that irrational fear, I backed down from several encounters with various pricks and bullies that I'd crossed paths with during my teen years. I was a big pussy.

Evading this kind of physical pain began to create a different sort of distress in me that I'd never imagined however... ***psychological anguish.*** Taking the form of what I called "post-pussy-out" *rage fantasies*.

It worked something like this: after every incident where I ended up fast-talking my ass out of trouble rather than fighting my way out like I should've, I would spend hours walking around in circles imagining all the elaborate ways that I would like to kill the bastard with a crowbar, or somehow humiliate the guy or whatever. And these revenge fantasies would go on and on, sometimes for *weeks* afterwards... popping up at night sometimes when I couldn't sleep. These rage fantasy's eventually grew into a genuine burden – stacking up from the very first time I'd backed down from a fight in 6th grade, right up through my sophomore year in high school... a span of about 5 years. And at this age, five years can be an eternity.

Finally, one day I said *fuck it* and decided that it would probably be less painful over the long haul to just take a goddamn punch in the face next time and be done with it!

My "chance" came a few weeks later outside the school locker room when this prick who'd crossed my path before started up with his bullshit. Somehow I kept reminding myself that it would just be easier to fight this guy now and take my beating rather than have to go through all that post rage crap again. I got in

his face and told him to fuck off and he was choking me against the wall a second later. I kneed him in the stomach to get him off me and in a blind fury traded a few wild punches with him before a teacher came out of nowhere and broke us up. He shoved us both off in opposite directions and told us to get back to our next class.

It wasn't until a half hour later that I noticed I had cut my hand somehow – I didn't realize that when you're jacked on adrenaline in a fight you don't even feel small amounts of pain like that. *Ha!* I had imagined it would be worse, *far* worse. Shit, playing street hockey was far more painful! The next day I was worried that this guy would jump me with some of his buddies, but that didn't happen. I actually saw him about a week later in the hall. We sort of just eyed each other up and said nothing, and that was it. Not only was it a relief, it was downright ***amazing*** that I felt no fear of this guy any longer! It was just... *gone*, like it never existed. I think I walked around in a daze for the rest of that afternoon, trying to make sense of everything.

And then something else occurred to me – not once since our altercation had I entertained a single rage fantasy about mutilating this guys' face! My "chicken-out" SDB episodes normally went: **challenge –> flee –> rage fantasies.** Now it was more like: **challenge –> *fight* –> peace!**

You've Got To Stake Out Your Spot on the Male Scale

As far as women see it, your status is mostly determined by your everyday relationships with other men, that's why they like to observe the behavior of guys in groups. Lots of clues in there as to who's hot or not. When you're young, male status is mainly defined by your **physical or sparring-type relationships with other guys...** as few of us have much of anything else going on in our lives yet. As you grow older status will have more to do with things like money, societal authority, life accomplishments and so forth – but I tend to believe that it all begins with these first attempts to express an innate urge to find at least *one guy* to lord it over somehow. How successfully you negotiate your status in a *physical sense* during your adolescence and early adult years will project out somehow into better things later on. Just my own theory.

These first baby steps amount to challenging your way into the pack, and they evolve into more sophisticated strategies to bolster your success as you progress through life. Not just with regards to women, but with everything that's

important to you. Again, I'm not telling you it's necessary to become some kind of bully or act like a prick, I'm saying that it's how you *respond* to these types of challenges **directed towards you** that make all the difference. It is within this crucible that the deepest sense of your birthright as a man takes shape. Once you grasp that, there's no going back.

Anyway, here's my big 'discovery'... not only is standing up for yourself and fighting (or even *posturing* to fight) less physically painful or dangerous than I'd imagined, ***it's essential to your well-being as a man!*** Believe it or not, you will experience a boost in your self-esteem *even when you lose a fight.* Any outcome short of death is better than the **wrenching dismemberment of spirit** that an act of cowardice produces. ***Backing down from a challenge to your manhood is the absolute worst thing you can ever do to yourself!*** These highly toxic memories stack up, linger a very long time, and will do lasting damage to your spirit. They make an indelible mark on your unconscious and will eventually put you in "your place" somewhere way down the status scale. If you're already in this hellish place right now, then get your head wrapped around this idea good and tight and use it as motivation to draw up a plan to pull yourself up a few notches.

Backing down from any challenge to your manhood is the absolute worst thing you can ever do to yourself. These highly toxic memories stack up, linger a very long time, and will do lasting damage to your spirit.

Make sure that these steps, whatever they may be, are realistic things that you can actually do – not stupid shit like "punch the boss in the face and quit". You're not going to do that. I used to think this way too, and here's the irony... when you actually get to a point in your life where you could really do this without any real economic consequence, you won't want to anymore. Experiencing male status at a level that you find personally satisfying will take the sword from your hand. All that **rage** is the burden of the *low status male* – while releasing yourself and finding peace is one of the great hidden rewards of any effort it takes to

elevate your standing in the eyes of women.

The benefits became obvious to me almost immediately in the form of the *respect* I sensed quietly coming from others, eventually including the bully himself! We became passable friends for the rest of my high school days, even joking about our fight now and then. More importantly, I was never picked on again from that moment on – probably because word spread that I would fight back. It was evident that bullies usually just follow the path of least resistance when choosing their targets. Why risk a black eye messing around with "Nerd A" (who's shown a willingness to fight back) when Nerd B will just run away crying? Bullies will relentlessly torment those fools who won't stand up for themselves, and they'll do it without mercy. Man, I saw this in action all throughout high school.

Your ability to "take a punch" might be one of the first stepping stones you'll need to negotiate as you begin your climb up the ladder of male status. ***It is from pain tolerance that you will learn to draw the courage to stand up and compete against other men.*** And don't discount the added benefit of trading in your rage fantasies for knowing that you've finally got some balls for a change. This stuff can't be measured, but it's real.
Joy
The things we spoke of earlier... self reliance, emotional balance and self image will flourish in the fertile soil that you lay down here.

Sexual Confidence

As far as men are concerned, sexual confidence is basically all about embracing your **birthright of pleasure** and allowing yourself the freedom to experience mucho good vibes with the female of the species to whatever degree suits you... unliberated joy that must be welcomed *without guilt, shame or inhibition.*

One of the biggest obstacles to achieving such a fulfilling sex life is being held back by a ***body image issue*** that you somehow have come to view with *shame*. Shame, as I discussed extensively in my first book, is a BIG killer of all things good in life. And a *lot* of people have a *lot* of shame attached to them, and especially to their sexuality. No mystery there... via the mechanisms of religion, popular culture and even codified law, society has historically used sexual shame to manipulate the behavior of people in ways that serve what they somehow

believe to be the greater good. This might be acceptable to some extent in order to control the really dark nature of some individuals, but remember that there is a price to pay for this kind of domestication. And sometimes the price can be the ability to enjoy your erotic ride here on earth to the extent that you should be able.

It can be an informative exercise to do a complete self assessment once in a while by standing naked before a mirror and confronting the reality of the physical impression you make on women. Try to remain objective and free of the ususal illusions. If you're feeling disgusted and ashamed by the grotesque thing looking back at you, then resolve to get real about fitness. Height is impossible to alter for instance, but a fat gut isn't. Hit the gym or start running, *and stick to it.*

A bad scar?... consider a tattoo to cover it. **Bad skin?...** see a dermatologist, mine got rid of my Rosacea and my Rudolph the red nose. They can also quickly freeze off moles and crap like that with a little liquid nitrogen. It's fun. **Gorilla boy?...** buy a body trimmer ($20 bucks) or get it lasered off. Do something about your *back and shoulders* especially because a lot of women are grossed out by too much fur in these particular spots. Think your friends are likely to consider you gay? So when's the last time they helped you get laid?

Teeth like grandpa McCoy?... hit the dentist (and it may cost you if you've neglected them for long). **Wardrobe** resembling something from an old episode of *Green Acres?*... upgrade! Looking like **Teddy Kazinski** right after they pulled him out of the woods?... get a real hairstyle. And lose the **wildman beard** while you're at it. Incidentally, beards are a form of *psychological mask* – guys who are ashamed to show their face tend to wear them (I wore one for 16 years throughout my 20's and 30's, and I know I'm nuts. So there.) Perhaps that's why many religions require them for male devotees as a sign of humility before God – flawed by sin, I am not worthy to have my face seen, etc.

The idea is to make these things into as much of a ***non-issue*** as you possibly can, then you'll be on your way to freedom from these various body image problems.

I believe that another little recognized aspect of sexual confidence is **humor**. Humor and eroticism are linked in many exciting ways. I'm talking about developing a lightheartedness in your style that spills over into your sex life creatively. Women love the light-hearted approach in bed! It draws them in a more relaxed state within which they find it easier to orgasm. Tickling and

teasing, making up kooky new positions, exploring sexy new fantasies, etc. And doing all this while being *talkative and expressive at all times!* Verbalization is a big deal, one that we'll explore completely in the final section of this book.

For now, especially if you've recently become lovers, you'll want to keep the titillating surprises coming in a steady stream. Thrill her with provocative e-mails, phone calls or text messages throughout the day, or a little nasty talk whispered in public places, etc. Mental foreplay gets the erotic wheels turning in her head and creates delightful anticipation. Become skilled at *teasing* the onset of sexual foreplay, and then break it off... *frustrate her a bit.* Never let her feel too sure of what you're about to do next. Go ahead and let the fantasies flow, express your desire for her often... make her feel as if she alone possesses a unique ability to please you. Women go crazy when they get this sense of a guy being so deeply hooked into them. But be sure to do everything in a playful manner, never with malice.

For me *boredom* is an absolute passion killer and the number one relationship crime. Once I get bored, I'm out of there... and it takes a woman who react's favorably to my active imagination to prevent that from happening. Set your own standards for what you require from a sexual relationship and only veer from them if you feel she's special in some strange way that you've simply got to experience.

We'll delve into all sorts of specifics and techniques in that last section on *Her Sexual Enchantment,* but for now I just wanted to plant the first seeds of my philosophy in your mind. Just remember that *anxiety* is the spawn of a humorless approach to life, and it makes Jack a dull boy in bed. Don't get stuck in this trap – lighten up and embrace the freedom to design your sex life the way that *you* want it to be.

Financial Sanity

You might wonder what the hell this topic has to do with meeting women, and I'll tell you that it has a *lot* because your financial situation establishes a platform from which you are either able to play this game at a high level and make it fun for yourself or not. How you manage the money in your life sets the thermostat position of your male status more than any other factor, with the possible exception of raw talent or celebrity (which usually translate into a high income anyway). While you certainly don't have to be a resplendent rich guy

lighting your cigars with $100 bills in order to score with women, you're not going to get very far taking them out on dates to McDonalds either.

There's no getting around the fact that money is important to a man and will affect all your relations with women one way or another. Problems with personal finances can often be traced to fundamental lifelong misconceptions. People get spoon-fed all sorts of weird ideas about money as they grow up... i.e. that money is **evil**, it must be **hoarded** because the source from which it flows can never be trusted, that too much of it brings you **bad luck,** etc.

These horseshit ideas can take root and become financially disabling for you because they tend to make you close-minded and thus prevent you from seizing opportunities or taking the reasonable risks necessary to get ahead. It's funny how making money is similar to meeting women in that *timing* can be everything – windows of opportunity can pop open suddenly and then slam shut just as fast. Believing non-sensical myths about money can put you so far behind the rest of the pack that you can spend an entire lifetime trying to catch up.

Making money is like meeting women... timing can be everything, windows of opportunity can pop open suddenly and then slam shut just as fast.

The best attitude to have about money is one that seeks a balance between being a no-life workaholic, and a penny-pinching cheapskate. Neither extreme will get it done for you in the long run. ***Having money takes the edge off your existence simply because you don't sweat the small stuff as much.*** You can relax and have a good time, and more importantly, show any woman that you're trying to impress a good time!

Having a bit of cash to throw around is especially important if you're an older guy who's trying to work down the age ladder into the 20's and 30's. Let's face it, you can't keep it as high and hard as Backward Baseball Cap Bobby can any more, so you need to have something else to tempt her away from him. I'm not advocating you toss the loot around obscenely, as that will only get you branded as an asshole as well, but you need to give her a sense that money just

simply isn't that big an issue with you. You're comfortable, the expense of things you'd like to do with her doesn't seem to matter, so let's have some fun baby! *A weekend in Vegas or Key West?... pack your bags sweetheart, we're outta here!* Like that. You can still be prudent, but money shouldn't be a factor that flat out *blocks* you from doing anything reasonable that you want to do with a woman.

Again, I realize that a lot of you guys who are reading this are young and still in college and totally broke and that's cool. But this should serve as a clear reminder of why you need to hold your nose firmly to the grindstone and keep chasing after that degree. Then to start *tearing it up* once you get yourself onto a decent career track after school. Take some time to ***really think*** about what you love to do, and then go after it hard.

Here's my sage advice for what it's worth: there's nothing worse than the slow death of dragging your ass up for a job **that you hate...** with the possible exception of not even having the career mobility to transfer *sideways* away from some prick boss who's making you crazy! I tell you this from brutal personal experience. Create a nest egg of some size and use it to support a risky career move that you may need to take in order to save your sanity at some point. Always keep a 401k – you can put it in a "suitcase" and take it with you when the bullshit runs too deep.

Save money? Why go through all this trouble? Because once management understands that you aren't enslaved to them their abuse has **limits** *which you can establish!* It's known as having "fuck you" money. Whatever you do, don't get yourself trapped into a situation where they know they have you by the balls because you can't afford to miss a single paycheck. This kind of virtual economic slavery is the bane of the poorly skilled and under-educated, ***so beware!***

If you're *already* trapped in a dead end job and too old to go back to school, then why not make some extra money on the internet? Lots of people dish out a living swapping junk on E-Bay nowadays. Why not you? I have a buddy who makes probably *twice* what I do selling these books by swapping around old computer motherboards and monitors and what not. Even my *brother* has made a few bucks for himself on E-Bay – and this low-tech Luddite still prefers to light the fireplace by sparking two flints together. (I can now state with confidence that hell has frozen solid.)

I think the biggest reason guys end up broke all throughout their lives is basically just ***lack of focus*** – they never put any real effort into setting themselves up to make serious money. They just get a job, work hard and then other things become more important. Usually a family or an obsessive hobby (watching tv, sports, etc.) or some other distraction. They simply don't put much thought into the big picture of their long term finances, but instead get caught up sliding by from one paycheck to the next. Run up some debt from a mortgage, car payments and credit cards... and before you know it you're a fat hamster on a treadmill to nowhere.

This is what I mean by not having any long term focus – failing to sit down at a young enough age before you get too **trapped by circumstances** and figure out how you're going to tackle the problem of making a comfortable living ***plus***. The "plus" involves creating that reserve in your bank account so you can drop some coin in big bursts at a moment's notice when something unexpected (like a hot chick that needs a good impressing!) suddenly pops into your life. I'm not saying that you're not working hard out there right now, most guys work damn hard – but here's a little secret I wish someone had told me when I was 21... you don't get anywhere in life by merely working hard, you have to work ***smart***.

When I talk about working smart, I mean getting involved in something that has potential to grow and move you upward as the years fly by. Many, many jobs and careers out there are just basically dead ends financially. You work your ass off, put in the years and then you just hit a plateau beyond which it's impossible to ascend. Usually it's the type of work that has a natural hard ceiling for whatever reason. I worked like a dog all my life and ended up with jack shit to show for it until I hit on this little internet / writing business. The problem was that I exchanged another factor, in my case a certain amount of autonomy, for the capability of making a steadily increasing amount of money throughout my career. This meant that as the years crept by and my salary failed to keep up with inflation (even just the little 2-3% we have here in the U.S.) I kept getting poorer and poorer. Before long I was living down near the ratty bottom edge of the middle class, and the stench was rising all around me!

The way to stay ahead of all this is to step back and keep re-evaluating your financial situation from time to time all throughout your life. You need to have the **fortitude** to make the necessary moves, sometimes *bold* moves, when you decide that it's time to change course. This is where the *sanity* part comes into play... don't let fear of taking a risk make you financially "insane".

Alright then, **two** main thoughts before we move on...

1) Chronic money problems will weigh you down like a millstone around your neck and make themselves visible in your shitty attitude. Being broke will turn you into a full-time scowling prick, bitching and complaining about everything in sight... politics, the dumb assholes at work, the weather or whatever.

If you walk around like a miserable S.O.B. all day long because your shitty job has left you scuttled in the financial gutter, you shouldn't be expecting very many *"hello there"* silent signals from women either. Potential meeting opportunities happen *bang-bang* in just a few seconds and they are gone just as fast. Since being grumpy and nasty is generally a big turn-off to women, by the time you course correct she'll have already registered your piss-poor attitude as a rejection and vanished. That's why your first natural impression can't be this negative. Yeah it's cool to be a little aloof, but not miserable and nasty.

So if you're one of these grumps who shuffles around dressed like a ragman and despising everybody you encounter by default, you won't be giving yourself much of a chance with most women beyond the lonely drunken fat-asses that litter the bars at closing time. Look, I'm getting up in your grill a little bit here to show you that there's a better way to play this game of life. Try to meet me halfway at least.

2) The only major "mindset upgrade" that's really necessary in order to turn your financial life around can be summed up in a single word: ***optimism***. Optimism is the anticipation or expectation of future happiness without any clear evidence available for it yet. All good things flow from having an optimistic attitude. You've got to *believe* in something that you desire and work towards it for a certain amount of time before you can realize it. And what keeps you going during that unknown time lag (which could be weeks, months or even years) between the moment you set out to achieve some goal and its actual coming to pass? ***Optimism!***

Optimism is the fuel that powers people who will achieve substantial things in their life. If you want to develop a naturally attractive, confident air that doesn't require acting or fakery, then get to work and *make something of yourself.* Get a better job, start a business, go back to school... do whatever it takes to get yourself free of the rut you may currently find yourself wallowing in. In the land of the miserable and pessimistic, they tend to think that successful people just pop

into existence, or were lucky enough to be connected to somebody on "the inside". Or they were born with natural talents and just fell into money/love/sex/good times without even trying. The pessimistic don't see that most of these people *worked* diligently (spelled: smart!), or that they had to sweat out some risky venture before they could enjoy those glittering rewards everyone else is now jealous of. Few people walk into it without a fight.

And what carried them through from point A (**idea**) to point B (**success**) when things looked scary and uncertain? Most likely it was their optimism.

The only "mindset upgrade" that you really need in order to turn your financial life around can be summed up in a single word: optimism.

It's like me and these books I write. This book you're reading took me almost three years to write, but it's not a good example of *blind* optimism because the success of my first book *Without Embarrassment* pretty much guaranteed that I would make a few sales of this one. After all, I had already established a solid market and even created a small fan base or following (my thanks to you all ;-).

It was the writing of my ***first*** book *Without Embarrassment* that is the true example of optimism in action. It took me two years to write that book, and all the while I had no idea if I'd ever be able to sell a single copy. Was there even a market for this type of subject? Enough to make any money? Would an e-book download work *technically*? Would I get bombed with refund requests? Would people be willing to pay with a credit card on the internet? Would I need to translate the book into Chinese or something?

Mind you all this was going on in 1999, virtually the "dark ages" of the internet, and many of the technical support systems that you and I take for granted -- third party credit card processing, broadband access speeds, web page writers, PDF document delivery and all the rest of it, either didn't exist yet or was still in its infancy and loaded with bugs. Hell, back then I couldn't even keep my old Netcom dial-up connection from disconnecting on its own whenever it wanted to!

None of these questions could be answered before the book was actually published – so there was no effective way to *simulate* what would happen before that moment. Therefore I had to invest the time and effort and write that book *on faith,* and I had to do a good job of it because I knew the book would have to sell itself again a **second time** once the reader actually dug into it. If I'd have rushed some shitty 10,000 word "term paper" to market just to find out if it would sell then I would probably die under a deluge of refunds and my credibility would be ruined for any future books. This first effort *had* to be good, and that meant it would have to take *time* to produce.

So I had to stay at it and keep re-drafting everything ***seven times*** to make *Without Embarrassment* as good as I possibly could. What kept me going during all that time? Optimism! When you're out there in the unknown vacuum with no guideposts there's nothing else to power you along other than optimism or faith or whatever you want to call it. You've first got to believe something is possible in the absence of any evidence to support it – whether it's making money or meeting women – in order to make it become real in your life.

Alright, sermon over.

A Standard Mate Hunting Routine

You will experience stretches of time in your life when you are alone and stuck between relationships. Women depend on their girlfriends to comfort them and set them up with dates and get them back in the game after a broken heart. Are your dumb-ass buddies likely to help you out in a similar fashion? Get real. As a man, you have to depend on yourself to manage your own emotional and romantic life, and be able to bootstrap yourself back onto the playing field when necessary.

For that you need to develop a *routine* that you can use to score yourself a new girlfriend after you've lost one... a **standard mate-hunting routine** that you can pull out of the tool shed whenever you need it. Such skills will keep you from falling into long periods of isolation, which aren't necessarily bad in themselves, unless they grow so long that you begin to lose your edge from having been away from pussy too long. Women can sense it when you've been out of circulation for any great length of time, and this does not usually help your chances with them, to say the least. Maybe you're going through one of those periods right now and

that's why you bought this book, I don't know. If so, the sections coming up will give you loads of ideas to get you off the dime and socially involved again.

Just remember that getting back on the romantic horse is similar to breaking a cold streak in baseball – it never ends by just suddenly smashing one out of the park and knocking in two runs. You take the pitcher to a 3-2 count, fight off three fouls, then finally hit a grounder to the shortstop who bobbles the ball which barely allows you make it to first. *But you're on base... finally!* Next time up you casually knock a double into left field on the first pitch like some .380 golden boy and *ta-da*... the slump is over!

That's how it goes sometimes when trying to break out of a cold streak with women as well. You have to fight like hell just to get that lousy first date with some frumpy dog, then it begins to get easier once you get some stink back on your hang-low again.

I guess the point I'm trying to make in my usual roundabout way is that you need to **re-frame** the whole notion of meeting women as something other than absolute life-or-death for yourself. As men, we tend to put enormous weight on this subject and way too much pressure on ourselves to make every aspect of it work perfectly. It might be time to view scoring women more like anything else that you somehow figured-out how to do for yourself. Important sure – but you can't let it threaten to crush you every time things don't go down well. Packing your parachute before a jump... now *there's* a skill you'd better get perfect each and every time! This stuff should be approached more in the spirit of ***play***.

So what if after reading through this gauntlet of "necessary skills" you are now discouraged to discover that you need extensive work in more than one of these areas, what to do? Well don't panic and get overwhelmed – you just need to split the larger task up into smaller chunks and focus on ***one aspect at a time*****.**

Trying to completely re-structure your entire life all at once can be a major project, and your enthusiasm for it will certainly bounce up and down along the way. Learn to take time-outs for yourself whenever you get fed up with your progress or lack of it, and come back when you start to feel more enthusiastic about things again. It's okay to move along in fit and starts – but the absolute most important thing to remember is this: ***don't ever give up!*** It's not the amount of time involved in any of this that's significant, it's the ***steady movement***

forward. As long as you're getting somewhere with your life at *any* speed, you'll get wherever you're going eventually.

And please enjoy the ride my friend, we only get one.

Developing An Edge For Yourself

In order to effectively come across as a man that a woman might want to take a romantic interest in, I believe that a guy needs to have a little bit of an *edge* for himself. An edge comes from having some assemblage of emotions *working you over*... maybe some kind of subtle anxiety about some aspect of your current life situation or whatever. It doesn't really matter what exactly causes you to possess this emotional edge, only that it exists and is ***visible in some way just beneath the surface of your character.***

The ***opposite*** of having an edge is being over-controlled and seeming to have every little aspect of your world in absolute perfect order. Kind of like the nuns in grammar school who used to have everything so neatly and perfectly lined up on their desk. All "T"s crossed and "i"s dotted. People this together are more than a little bit unnerving... just how exactly are *you* supposed to fit into their neat and tidy life? Will you ever be able to match up to their frighteningly high standards? Yikes! As a guy, you don't ever want to come across as this much of a poindexter stiff.

A guy's edge is an announcement that he doesn't live in a safe and secure little bubble of his own careful design... it says that he's out there ***living life,*** taking chances, and taking his lumps along the way. This kind of restless energy is ***sexy*** to women because they are all about emotions – and they love to see emotions at play in the men who fascinate them! Of course, they don't expect you to *act* like a woman and express your emotions all silly-nilly like they do. Women want to see you **stoically** bearing up under whatever pressures life has created for you. *They love it!* That's why bikers and snowboarders and stage performers are more enticing to them than geeks who sit around wrapped up in their safe little (boring) nerd-worlds.

Having an edge creates an interest in you as an ***unknown entity*** whenever you first meet a woman. She can connect with a guy who's bristling with barely-controlled emotional energy – identify with his pain-anxiety-fear-discomfort or whatever. This is where that first spark of **chemistry** is also likely

to occur... and for many women, *chemical connection is everything.* If they don't catch this spark right away, you'll have little chance getting onto their radar.

You may be thinking now that what I'm telling you is in direct conflict with the ideas I laid out earlier concerning emotional balance. No, this is just an example of that **fine line** I'm always talking about... while it may be valuable to ***be*** balanced for all the positive effects it has on your life, it's best to ***seem*** a little less so when it comes to making an effective impression on women. Get it?

A perfect example of what I'm talking about is how recently divorced guys seem to do better at scoring a new girlfriend than a lot of single guys can manage, even though they're only just re-introducing themselves to the dating game again. *That's because the emotional turmoil resulting from a guy's recent breakup gives him that sexy, vulnerable edge.* It also works to overcome the very same network of fears that usually stops the fretful, overthinking single guy dead in his tracks. Men in this agitated frame of mind have an emotional pressure on them that forces them to take chances with women, because they are suddenly free to *experience* first and *think* second. ***A greater desire to fill an empty void in their life overwhelms any fear of rejection which they may have.***

So don't be ashamed to let some of your own emotional edge show off to women as well. It's what they're looking for!

Crackpots and First Impressions

Before we move onto examining the female psyche in elaborate detail, take this fun little test first. Read the following statements and see if you can guess what their connection is:

> "I saw you. You know I saw you somewhere, didn't I? Didn't I see you somewhere else or something once? It was in county lockup, right?"
>
> "I hope the rain stops soon, I have to go to the bank and cash my disability check today. I have a mental disability you know..."
>
> "Your nose is really red. Did you know that? I have this red skin on my head too... see that? I almost

pulled all my hair out scratching it."

"Yeah hi... ya know, I'd like to take that *(insert favorite dirtbag politician's name here)* and put a bullet in his fuckin' head, ya know what I mean?"

Tick, tick, tick... give up? Well, I suppose it wasn't really a fair contest, but what the hell... I'm not exactly Alex Trebek over here either. Anyway here's the answer: each one of these statements was some perfect strangers' *initial response* to my casual "hello" thoughtlessly tossed their way by me. I swear it's true... the return comment I received from a simple "hello" in some public setting like an elevator or at restaurant counter was to have that person launch straight into a delusional rant that immediately painted him as a crackpot!

If you don't think it matters what your first words to people are, you're wrong. And if you engage in this sort of idiotic behavior yourself, then you're probably an established social outcast by now and in need of serious rehabilitation that extends far beyond the scope of this book... but I'll try to kick the process off for you anyway. Here we go... first, understand this fundamental fact of life:

> You are simultaneous communicating with other people on **two** different levels all of the time – the *visible* level with the actual words that you use, and the *invisible* level where ***what you choose to talk about*** speaks volumes about the sort of person you are.

Conversational topic selection is an illuminating clue about what's going on inside your head. In both the game of seduction and the game of life as well, *the first impressions we make on other people are what make or break us socially.* We tend to capture an immediate read of people and then slot them quickly into one of two categories: A) those who seem somewhat **similar to ourselves** and who we're likely to find some level of rapport with, and B) those people who appear to be **so far away from our own values and intellect level** that we'd just as soon get away from them as fast as possible.

The good or bad thing about first impressions depending on how you look at them is that they take root immediately and tend to be very difficult to dislodge. Good impressions are great but if you make a lousy first impression you will have a major battle on your hands trying to reverse it. Like I said, people pride

themselves on being able to figure you out in a ***snap***. They are heavily invested in their own clever instincts and are reluctant to give them up. You will be faced with a real sales job, and probably one that will extend over several subsequent encounters, in order to get someone to change their mind about you if they happened to have gotten the wrong idea that first time around.

If you enjoy being weird you might think this is all comical bullshit, but if you're starting off from a socially inept posture you are way behind the curve and are sabotaging your chances. You've got to respect social conventions even if you don't approve of them. *Your connection to whatever constitutes your culture's "normal" convention is a marker of your* ***social intelligence***. Sociability in general, and seduction in particular, demand an ability to connect with people on a **basic cultural level** in addition to a personal one. If you come across in any way, shape or form like some kind of Romulan fleet commander, your social intelligence will be exposed as being somewhere close to *zero*. You don't "get it", you're not clued-in, and your romantic potential is routinely discounted by most of the women that you'll meet. This is no way to run a railroad my friend (or a warp-cloaked photon laser cruiser either...).

So it's time to learn the ropes.

Section Summary:

I've identified **Seven Major Areas** where guys seem to have the most trouble with their lives. Cleaning them up raises your appeal in the eyes of women and will help you take a more reasonable and responsible approach to your romantic life.

Self Reliance – Allowing yourself to remain **dependant** on someone else for your basic survival is insidiously destructive to your growth and maturity. Don't let laziness, pride or a false arrogance rob you of your **male honor.** It's more important **cut the cord** and begin your solo adventure through life as soon as you are able to.

Emotional Balance – Seek a happy medium between troublesome feelings like anger and boredom, or independence and loneliness. We get into trouble whenever we cling to some **comfortable phase** of our life long after the time when we should've moved on. Don't allow anyone else's **brainwashing**

capture your consciousness and cripple your ability to shape your own life on your own terms.

A Realistic Self Image – Problems conceptualizing how you imagine the rest of the world sees you will manifest themselves into all sorts of odd behaviors and neurotic personality habits that will seriously limit your social effectiveness. **Inadequate Self Image** comes from holding unreasonably high performance standards for yourself that no one can realistically meet. This absolves you of being responsible for yourself and is really just a sneaky cop-out. **Change** what you can, **mask** what you can't and develop a **personal theme** to provoke interest in yourself. The basis of your being able to generate alpha male-type behaviors that trigger attraction all stem from a clean and rational self-image. Be aware that your **shyness** acts as a shyness trigger in others and automatically positions you as someone to be avoided, so work to get this cleaned up.

Fear and Pain Control – Fears that manifest themselves in commonly repeated patterns are known as **Self Defeating Behaviors**. The power to break any SDB lies in your awareness that a **choice point** exists. Become aware that there is always a **second path** to choose whenever an old habit begins to force you down a familiar behavior track that leads nowhere.

Standing up for yourself is essential to your well-being as a man. You will experience a boost of self-esteem even when you lose a **fight** as opposed to the wrenching dismemberment of your spirit that any **act of cowardice** entails. Backing down from any challenge to your manhood is the absolute worst thing you can ever do to yourself. These **memories stack up** and last a very long time and can be very destructive to your confidence.

Sexual Confidence – One of the biggest obstacles to a fulfilling sex life is a **body** that you view with shame, so do whatever it takes to get the things that disturb you the most about your appearance cleaned up. **Humor and eroticism** are linked in the hearts of most women. They love the light-hearted approach in bed – it puts them in a more relaxed state within which they find it easier to orgasm. Let the **fantasies** flow, think up **games to tease** each other with, and verbally express your passion as often as possible. Your confidence will bloom once you discover the effect that openness, humor and even some *debauchery* have on women!

Financial Sanity – Most problems with personal finances can be traced back to **stupid ideas** about money being force-fed to us while growing up. The biggest reason guys end up broke is simple **lack of focus** – they never put any real effort into setting themselves up to make serious money. Find something you enjoy doing, get good at it, then find a way to market that skill. You don't get anywhere in life working hard, you have to **work smart.** Get involved in something that has the potential to keep you moving steadily upwards over the years. The only real mindset upgrade that you need in order to turn your financial life around can be summed up in a single word: **optimism.**

A Standard Mate-Hunting Routine – Scoring women is just **another skill** like anything else. Men tend to put enormous weight on the subject of women and far too much pressure on themselves to be naturally great at it or else they feel diminished. Learn to **re-frame** the notion of meeting women as being something other than absolute life or death. This stuff works best when it's approached as a **fun hobby** that you play with because that places you in the relaxed frame necessary for success.

Develop an edge for yourself – An edge comes from having **emotions** working you over... sadness over a recent breakup, etc. It doesn't really matter what the source is, only that something seems to be driving you and is *visible in some way just beneath the surface of your character.* Men in this frame of mind have an emotional pressure that encourages them to tend to their needs and ignore their fears. It forces them to take chances with women because they feel free to *experience* first and *think* second.

Don't be a crackpot – **Conversational topic selection** offers a major clue about what's dominating your thoughts. In both the game of seduction and the game of life the **first impressions** you make on others are what make or break you socially. You must learn to respect **social conventions** even if you don't approve of them. It's a marker of your **social intelligence** and women tune right in on this, so it must always be working in your favor.

Well she's fashionably lean
And she's fashionably late
She'll never break a scene,
Never break a date

But she's no drag, just watch the way she walks
She's a... twentieth century fox

Twentieth Century Fox
The Doors, 1967

My Five Essential Things to Understand About Women

Every guy in the world has an opinion about women, and I'm certainly no different. Hell, I'm enough of a gas-bag on this subject that I felt I could write a couple of books about it! My mind works in stranger ways than most however, so maybe some of these things I think about don't normally occur to most people, and to me that means they might have value even if only because they *force you to look at things **differently** than you might otherwise.* Women are like finely cut diamonds that need to be examined from many angles – so I believe it's important to take a look at a few different facets of the female psyche before we plunge into a collection of strategies designed to bag one for ourselves.

In particular I've focused in on **five major ideas** that I think it's in every guys' interest to understand about women... things that will make their baffling behaviors seem a little less bizarre. I will now present the concepts of **Hot Chickness as a superpower, Self-Transcendence, Chemistry, the general lack of Female Honor, and the importance of Eye Contact in all her dealings with men.** (Had some fun with my crayon box there ;-) Let's have a look at them right now.

1) Hot Chickness is a Superpower

On either side of the gender divide, social power is all about having what the other side wants. Expressed bluntly, this means successfully acquiring resources (money) as a man – *or* being blessed with physical beauty if you happen to be a women. The more of either of these qualities that you possess, the more desired you will be by members of the opposite sex. Attraction explained.

Of course I'm stating the obvious here... we all know that the hottest looking women have the most guys on their tail just as the richest guys have the most golddiggers chasing after them. But it might not be obvious how being beautiful affects some women *mentally*. You've heard the old adage that 'beauty is a curse', which probably originates from the days when the prettiest women in the village were rounded up and forced into the concubines of kings, emperors and other nobles as sex slaves. But how is that sort of antiquated idea relevant in the modern world?

Well, it all depends on how much of a ***mismatch*** there is between a woman's overall temperament and society's expectations for her. If the gap is too wide, there will be problems.

To better understand what I'm talking about, let's look at it from a **male** perspective first. Suppose you won the genetic lottery by being born into a super rich family. You have a trust fund of 50 million dollars set up which becomes available to you at the age of 21. For a man, having money in the bank is a ***superpower*** – it instantly supplies him with everything that most women really want (sorry to be so crass) in a man... the promise of terrific life experiences, security for herself and their possible offspring, the ability to *show off* in front of her friends and make them jealous. All that good stuff! Having money compensates for any and all physical and even *character* flaws that might otherwise have women routinely rejecting you left and right. Rich guys don't get rejected – no matter how big an asshole they happen to be. In fact, money gives you carte blanche to become as big an asshole you may want to be without facing any real consequence. At least none that would interfere with your ability to have all the great looking women you can handle throwing themselves your way.

However, in this particular fantasy scenario there's a rather crazy set up. Our mythical trust fund money: 1) generates **no interest** for Mr. Lucky just sitting in a vault, and 2) it comes with a **time limit:** you must use the money to build some kind of business for yourself by the age of 40, or it will all be taken away from you. Every penny of it! You see, the original 50 million is essentially *seed capital* that will diminish by about 2.5 million dollars per year until all of it vanishes by your 41st birthday. Whatever wealth you might still have left at that time will have to have come from the things that you did with the original seed money. Get it?

Of course this is a rather crazy scenario that would never happen in real life, but this will become clear to you in a minute, so stay with me!

How hard would it be to establish a business, throw venture capital around like a drunken sailor, make a big killing in the stock market or build a real estate empire rivaling Donald trump's with a $50 million head start? Fifty million bucks *and* twenty years! It would be a slam dunk, right? And remember, all the money you make by using the seed dough is yours to keep. It's held in a separate account distinct from the slowly diminishing pile of seed trust money. But by the time it's gone you'll have already built up your own stash and can continue to enjoy the good life that you've become accustomed to.

Well, maybe. It seems like a slam dunk to most of us – but what if you were ***temperamentally unsuited*** to the pressures created by having all this money in the bank *and* having to make good use of it before it was all gone? Tick-tock-goes-the-clock. Maybe you don't *want* to live the life of some rich playboy, maybe you just want to be alone and commune with nature or spend your life doing volunteer work for some cause or something? Maybe you've sampled a few of the hot chicks who were drawn to you soon after the trust fund piggy bank was opened, but found them to be shallow and boring brats.

Suppose that you end up with a homely, frumpy woman who satisfies all your genuine needs in a relationship... *much to the chagrin of friends and relatives who insist that you could have done "better"?* For that matter, few of them are happy to see you not using all that seed money to build that empire you're supposed to be hard at work creating. What's the problem dude? Get busy! But suppose you have no aptitude for business? In fact, you actually enjoy carpentry and woodworking so much that you got a job for yourself at a furniture factory. That's right, you settled on a $15 an hour job! No jet-setting around the

world having all sorts of fun and incredible experiences with smokin' hot women hanging off you, doing mega-buck business deals in a race to build off that trust fund before it's all gone. Nope, not for you. Not interested.

In other words you prefer to just punch the clock 9-5, have a plain-jane wife and maybe a couple of kids and take that vacation to Disneyland once every five years. You're a simple man and that's all you want from life. If you were an ordinary guy like the rest of us (i.e., sans trust fund) this whole scenario would be completely unremarkable. You've created a life for yourself that brings *peace and satisfaction*. By temperament you're a shy, unassuming, somewhat dull guy who sticks by a personal code of ethics that states that a man should work with his hands, love his wife and remain faithful to her, not try to outdo his friends or think that he's better than them because he has more money, etc. A real character, salt-of-the-earth type guy. You don't crave adventure and excitement and risk-taking because it's not in your nature. Not your temperament.

Unfortunately, peace and satisfaction are hard to come by for you living in this way, *because all that money in the bank* ***beckons****.* It hangs over you like one of those gigantic motherships in the movie *Independence Day* – casting its dark shadow over all your attempts to cultivate a simpler lifestyle.

The source of all your problems, all your anxiety, is that damn money. ***That damn idle superpower.*** All this anxiety weighing upon you takes the form of *failed expectations* from everywhere you look. All your friends and co-workers at the woodworking factory tell you that you're fucking crazy to live the way you do. Get out there and *do something* with all that money... buy a mansion, start a business, learn how to hang glide in the Swiss Alps, dump your wife and score some hot bitch. Goddamn it, ***use the superpower of cash or lose it!***

Our Mr. Simpleman can't help but think about the loot sometimes in those quiet moments whenever the frustrations of an ordinary work-a-day life get to him. He watches the years flip by and sees the trust fund dwindling away. He's 28 now and the 50 million has shrunk to a little over 30 mil. In ten years it'll almost all be gone. Should he do it? Should he quit his job and dump his frumpy wife and grab for the brass ring? The thought at once thrills and scares the shit out of him. What if it turns out he really has no talent for making money? What if he takes a shot and fails?... or ends up face down in a pile of coke like Tony Montana in the movie *Scarface*?

The pressure starts to get to him – the pressure from his steadily dwindling superpower and the insistence of everyone around him to seize his opportunity before it rots on the vine. Finally, he begins to crack. He goes crazy with all sorts of ***strange ideas and behaviors*** that are completely out of character for him. He betrays his wife and screws all his friends over! Spends wildly and hops from one empty-headed bitch to the next. Maybe, he eventually learns to make some sort of truce with the demands of this damned superpower he never wanted.

Or maybe it kills him.

The point is, to those who are temperamentally unsuited to handle it (admittedly not too many of us, but characters like this do exist), having loads of money is not any sort of blessing. It's a *curse*.

Pretty Girl, Let's See Your Star Shine

The fantasy I just described to you never happens of course. That is, it never happens to the *male* of the species. However, this scenario does occur all the time... to females. And of course, it doesn't happen with money (Paris Hilton notwithstanding)... but with ***beauty***.

Remember what I said earlier about social power having everything to do with possessing what the *other* side craves? Men desire women with lots of physical beauty, and it isn't long before all the cute ones figure this fact out. Men are eyeing up the lil' girls and making silent promises to them long before it's legal to even do so. Select females soon understand the great premium that society, in the form of vivid male attention, has placed on their budding beauty. At the tender age of 17-22 they come to understand that the way in which they *look* is very similar to having $50 million in the bank. They've won the genetic lottery in a different but very similar sort of way to our fictional trust fund friend.

Like it or not, they've been bestowed with a ***social superpower*** that makes them highly prized by the other side of the gender divide:

Hot Chickness!

However, there's a similar caveat. If some of these "lucky" women happen to be **temperamentally unsuited** to handling the demands that possession of this superpower places upon them, there's a danger of it driving them over the

edge. For while her body may be the container for a woman's consciousness, the inner soul doesn't always match the outer casing. Like our friend Mr. Simpleman, hidden within that hot body could be someone who has no desire whatsoever to set about exploiting the opportunities that genetic fortune has handed her.

This doesn't stop everyone she knows from *placing intense pressure on her* to do just that unfortunately – and the conflict between her innermost desires and these outward social expectations sets up a **tension** that can result in all sorts of puzzling and kooky behaviors.

I knew a girl like this when I was a teenager. She was absolutely gorgeous and the expectations by myself and everyone else in our circle of friends was that she would become an actress or a model or something... that she would somehow *do something remarkable* with her gift of beauty. This turned out ultimately not to be the case, and it was pretty strange to watch how things unfolded with her. Soon after the age of 18, she seemed to just go nuts in terms of partying and drugs and probably a lot of sexual shit as well. *These behaviors were totally out of character for her.* Just getting her jollies out I guess, but with a ***purpose*** that I had certainly never imagined... she was on a desperate search for a husband! Already? At only 21 years of age? What about seeking your star, making a career for yourself based on your terrific looks?

Well, it turned out she had no interest in doing anything of the sort. After some furious dating around, she ended up finding a rather ordinary guy, married him, and immediately began having kids. This girl remained pregnant almost for the next *decade* and kicked out ***four kids*** in rapid succession! Needless to say there was little hope for any modeling career after that reproductive power workout! ***To my mind this is a perfect example of the source of the conflict that many good looking women feel when their character is unsuited to taking advantage of their physical gifts.***

Not all pretty girls necessarily feel they have any acting or modeling or performing talent of any sort, nor do they have any interest in stripping, becoming a Vegas showgirl or making porno movies for a living. In a word, they're not interested in doing anything that *exploits* their hot looks. Some of them don't even want a hot looking dude. They are ordinary, low-to-medium self-esteem women "stuck" in hot chick bodies!

This mismatch between physical looks and hidden agenda puts an indeterminate number of very hot women into play for ordinary-looking guys like you and me! Try to keep this in mind... don't discount anyone because they seem out of your league.

However, while all this may be true, at some point early on when their hot chick superpowers are taking shape, all these women feel the psychological pressure from friends and family to go off on some kind of great life adventure – a place where *ordinary looking people* are denied access. ***I'm convinced this unrelenting pressure lies at the root of all the problems these types of girls create for us guys.*** Because they are always being made to feel a *vague dissatisfaction* with their lives no matter how well things are going for them, it makes the little darlings *impatient and easily bored* with everything. You've seen the hot chick standing around rolling her eyes at someone's dumb jokes or long drawn out stories, right?

Everything in life is a tradeoff – and so you pay a high price for premium pussy. Since you guys love to target the 8's, 9's and 10's, then I tell you that you must be ready to engage women who are often **difficult and expensive** to deal with on many different levels. These are the drama queens of the world... the bitches and ice queens... *she* of the privileged life experience consisting of guys drooling over her and kissing her ass all throughout high school, and then later on in the clubs and office pool.

I'm not telling you that I have some kind of secret formula to magically change the high maintenance hottie into something easy to approach, I'm just trying to show you ***why*** she acts this way and therefore why you should always try your best *not* to let any of her snotty behaviors get to you. If you can apply this knowledge to help keep your composure, then you will learn to let her bullshit roll off you. The higher up the beauty scale that you want to work, the thicker the skin you'll need to have as a man – and not just in terms of deflecting rejection or controlling your fear, but also in order to deal with her bratty behaviors and unpredictable moodswings.

You should also be prepared to **fight** other guys (I mean that mostly in a competitive sense, but sometimes *physically* as well...) in order to get a shot at the best looking women, *and* also to keep her after you've scored one. When you're on top, everyone wants what you've got, and having a hottie in tow

proclaims your high male status... and *that* sounds like a **direct challenge** to a lot of other guys (especially in situations where they are likely to be drunk and disorderly). Some men who view their status as higher than yours will boldly make plays to steal your woman right out from under your nose, while sneakier pricks will try do the same thing on the sly when you're not around. Hey dude, that's all part of winning it... *keeping it.*

If you have any sort of jealous streak you will probably be driven **berserk** by a hottie at some point, so beware of what you wish for. But balance that caveat by not being afraid to go after what you want. Any experience you can have with women is valuable to your overall and long term emotional development as a man, even if it eventually turns into an exploding cigar. So what? That's life.

Any experience you can have with women is valuable to your overall and long term emotional development as a man, even if it eventually turns into an exploding cigar further on down the line.

Hot chicks are also amazingly ***insecure***. I don't know what the hell kind of perfectly sculpted, porcelain smooth ass they think they should possess, but I have yet to encounter one who seems to like her own. It's crazy! Women like this hold such high personal appearance standards for themselves (or are feeling the pressure from others who demand it of them?) that they end up imagining flaws where none exist. They fret over the stupidest little things like the way their hip-bones stick out too far, or some other minor morphic issue that no guy would ever give a shit about.

Perhaps this is why the "neg hit" type of **joking put-down** technique can work well – these women are so goddamn paranoid they tend to immediately buy into any put-downish comment no matter how subtle, even if it's presented as an obvious joke. Try telling some hottie at the office that "for a girl with stocky legs you sure know how to show them off the right way with those awesome pumps..." and while you may not get a smile, you'll at least end up on her radar screen. I

suppose you'll never know when a little pin-prick like this can lead to something beautiful. It might even make a nice story to tell your kids someday!

A lot of guys let themselves get pissed off when they encounter the bratty attitudes of hot women. They're fed up with the selfishness that cute chicks wear like a birthright, their lack of empathy for the men who bravely try to reach out to meet them. Working 8-9-10's takes a lot of mettle. You have to survive her pouty disinterest in order to break through and make an impression sometimes. As you move down the scale of desirability, these self-serving personality factors become less of an issue until they fade away completely around level 6.0 or so. (I would be careful using these snarky neg-hit techniques on ordinary women because they're less likely to "get it".) We'll get into all of this soon enough in the following sections.

I guess I don't know exactly what I'm trying to prove with my whole "theory of hot chickness" other than to present some basis for understanding the reasons that underlie their exasperating behaviors. Maybe with this sort of understanding you can move beyond her brattiness to a place of amused contentment? Hey, this could be enough to turn you into that man she's looking for – a guy who can stand up to her bullshit and let it run off his back. I believe that more than anything else, *this* is what the hottest women are really after. ***Guys who are appreciative but unintimidated by their great looks.***

Just remember one thing, the most beautiful women in the world are not necessarily looking for some pretty-boy GQ model to compete with them, or some sugar daddy who plays it fast-and-loose with the cash... that's what her *friends* expect of her. Perhaps you can be her "ordinary guy" port in the storm from all this craziness and end up with a woman draped across your arm that will have all *your* friends scratching their heads wondering how you scored a chick so completely out of your "league". Just don't think it's impossible.

2) Self-Transcendence Makes Her Different

Think about how many times, I have fallen
Spirits are using me
Larger voices callin'...

Southern Cross
Crosby, Stills and Nash – 1982

If there's one thing that can be blamed for creating endless trouble both comic and tragic between men and women, it's got to be this vast chasm, this gulf, in their **core thinking styles**. In a nutshell: men consider women illogic, while women see men as emotionally retarded to varying degrees. That's the baseline of opposing viewpoints that underlies all romantic differences of opinion, really.

All the specifics that you can dream up – her shitty sense of time and direction, a desire to rely on hunches and intuition to guide her, impulsiveness and shopping addictions, the notion that she can read your mind (or even worse, that you're supposed to be able to read *hers!*) Etc. Etc. – form a tapestry that always screams ILLOGICAL to the ordinary male. And they have a similar one for us, full of items such as 'forgets anniversaries' or 'checks out other women when we're in public' and things of this nature. These ideas are ingrown and form the battlelines of all conflicts.

However, the real similarity between these dueling gender lists isn't that they're merely pet-peeves – it's the fact they both stem from **thinking proclivities** that many scientists now believe to be genetically hardwired. There's no escape from them, in other words! The evidence is slowly being uncovered as researchers sort through the enormous galaxy of data produced by the *Human Genome Project*, a multi-million dollar / multi-national effort to openly unravel the human blueprint of life.

Researchers went through and methodically recorded the untold billions of code sequences in typical human DNA and created a basic, unbiased "reference library" of this raw information for the first time ever. Other scientists are able to sift through this data in search of evidence to support their own pet projects. And some of these projects can be rather intriguing.

One of these lines of investigation was laid out in a very interesting book I read a while ago called, *The God Gene* (Dean Hamer, Doubleday 2004, ISBN # 0-385-50058-0, hardcover). The over-riding central idea which the author of this book explored was something he called ***self-transcendence*.** This is a personality-cognitive quality of the human mind that attempts to place a measurement on an individuals' tendency to either accept or reject the possibility of supernatural events holding sway over their life.

For instance, are *you* what could be considered a cold realist – or someone who stubbornly clings to a sense that there's something more to reality than can be detected by our senses, or measured by Science? Hamer calls this supernatural *bias* a person's ***Transcendental Quotient*** or **TQ.**

As I read through it, this book began to put a few fascinating thoughts into my own head concerning the nature of the female mind. The following set of ideas is completely speculative in nature, but damn intriguing, and I offer them in that vein.

First let me quickly outline for you how this transcendental quotient theory was developed. In the university study that initially produced this entire body of thought, the baseline TQ for a variety of different people was first established. This was done by giving them questionnaires that sought to assign a **numeric score** to three distinct qualities of their personality: ***Self-forgetfulness, Transpersonal Identification, and Mysticism.***

Here's what this all means:

Self-forgetfulness (SF) is a quality that can best be described as a tendency to become so lost in a familiar task that you completely lose track of the passage of time. You may think of it as "zoning out" or even a form of mild absent mindedness. Self-forgetfulness is about watching your ego disappear into a comfortable activity like a hobby, meditation or even a good book. There's can even be a component of **boundary loss** with another person – a feeling of being so in love with someone, for instance, that you almost seem to merge into a single entity with them. *Spiritual people* score high for this particular TQ aspect. **Low SF** people, on the other hand, are very different sorts of animals. They tend to remain acutely aware of themselves and their environment at all times and have a more difficult time shutting off the critical processing operations of their mind. They are more task-centered, self-focused, judgmental and proudly

consider themselves **highly logical** in terms of their thinking style and general approach to life. People like this can be those types who view spirituality as a form of organized silliness and don't just get it.

On the other hand, **High SF** people are more likely to be the dreamers, artists and creative types of the world – individuals who will happily lose themselves in a daydream whenever the mood strikes them. This is what carries along a musician lost in the act of creating his art for hours on end... or a workout freak zoning into a ten mile run.

Transpersonal Identification (TI) describes an emotional quality of *connectedness to the universe*, a feeling that you are somehow interwoven into the fabric of life, as opposed to being distinct or (especially) superior to it. High TI people take a more Buddhist or Zen approach to life... they care for animals and nature – don't believe in hunting or possibly even *eating* animals (vegans are usually High -TI). People of this ilk are concerned about the environment and many even consider the planet a kind of organism (Gaia) to be responsibly cherished and protected. The Hi-TI type is far more likely than the Low -TI personality to contribute to causes like *Greenpeace* or to volunteer his time to an animal shelter. Generally considered fuzzy-thinking idealists by the Low-TI crowd, they have a high capacity of **kindness and selflessness**. So let's not be too quick to judge them. It takes all types to run the world properly.

The final quality to be considered in building our TQ profile is **Mysticism**, which is a deeply seated ***belief in the existence of some invisible dimension unmeasurable from our present position here in "reality"*.** These are the sort of people who buy heavily into things like ghosts, ESP, past lives, the sixth-sense, a Second Coming and the like. While usually not possessing an outright disdain for the rational and scientific, they believe that the totality of reality is not completely described by things we can deduce via reasoning power and observation alone. That there exists some other component of reality lying beyond absolute proof of its existence. In fact, they often don't require absolute proof to believe in *anything* they "sense" could be (or must be) real. They enjoy doing this mostly to make the logical tear their hair out I believe ;-).

* * *

People with **High TQ's** score strongly in *all three* of these categories, while the more logical-type thinkers tended to score much lower across the board. In fact, after giving these tests to a huge cross section of people and crunching the numbers, researchers discovered that there was actually quite a **gender based** difference as well. It turned out that **women scored about 18% higher** in self-transcendence than did men. *Ah-ha!* We tend to disparage girls as being ditzy or childish, but now I'm beginning to wonder if we might be observing a ***fundamental cognitive difference*** that could be neurologically locked-in, and therefore *not subject to a lot of change*. Interesting stuff to know about our "prey", don't you think?

Understanding subtle differences based on TQ can help you in finding a long term partner with a logical-spiritual bias compatible to your own. This could either mean *similar or different* however, depending on how you happen to define compatible for yourself. If you value quiet contentment then you'll probably be after a woman who's TQ is similar to your own. Whereas if you're more the emotional thrill-seeker, then you can't beat a relationship with someone who's living on the **opposite** end of the TQ scale for conflict potential! This can help you take the selecting of a life partner beyond the usual realm of hit-or-miss.

Sign Here Please...

So now that we know all this, how do we make use of it in seduction? Well I believe that if we can estimate what sort of personality bias – logical or spiritual – someone is likely to possess, we can use that knowledge to kind of sync-up our own presentation to them and appear to be on the same "wavelength" as they are. This is one major factor in finding that mysterious "chemistry" with a woman that can be so elusive. We'll talk more about this later in the section, but for now it's good to know we can at least develop a plan to manipulate this one possible important element.

First though we have to figure out ASAP just what her TQ might be, high or low. There's a quick-and-dirty way to get a general reading on someone's TQ, and that's by taking a peek at their *handwriting*. I kid you not. Full blown handwriting analysis is a complex subject that requires an entire book of it's own to completely investigate (and I'll give you a good one to read in a moment if you're interested), but I just want to assure you that this is not a lot of hocus-pocus bullshit in case that's what you're thinking now. Handwriting analysis can give you an accurate look into a person's general temperament, and is taken

quite seriously in the world of therapy.

And in the business world too. Many big corporations are beginning to require a handwriting sample as a routine part of their interview and hiring process. You may've wondered why you had to re-copy a sample paragraph in long hand on your last job interview, and now you know why. Someone in human resources went over that thing with an HA chart and used it to get an idea of your thinking style and emotional bias in order to see what kind of team player you were likely to be (or not).

You can take a page from their sneaky handbook and do a bit of sly investigating for yourself. All you need to do is obtain little sample of her handwriting somehow (longhand, not printed) and you're in business. Sometimes even a signature will do, although people tend to stylize their signatures or make them overly sloppy, but if that's all you can get sometimes it can be enough. A look at the ***slant*** of her writing is enough to get a general idea of where her TQ thermostat is likely set. In order to do a precise evaluation you'd need a written sample with a full range of various letters. It's beyond the scope of this book to get into loops and descenders and all that other kooky stuff. *Slant* should be enough to give you an idea of what you're dealing with for now. Then you can watch for other clues to support your suspicions as you get to know her better.

There's really only three significant slanting styles to know about. Here's the first one:

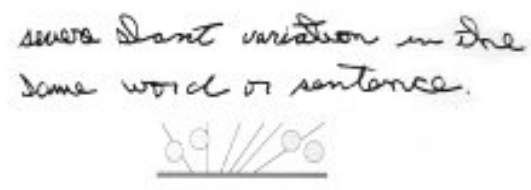
This is the **leftward slant,** which is a bit unusual (especially in right-handed people) but common enough. This type of writer is very likely an ***introvert***. He or she is the kind of person who ordinarily keeps his own counsel, withholds strong emotions, considers his choice of words carefully before speaking and generally attempts to make very logical decisions. This type of woman is likely to have a **Low TQ** and not be much into stuff like religion or artsy-fartsy pursuits. There can be little *visible* emotion going on here, just lots of level-headedness. If your looking for a wife who can handle the household, kids and finances without flying off into a screaming panic every few minutes, this is your woman. She might not

be the most outrageous or enthusiastic deal in bed (or very orgasmic either), so be sure to go for a sexual test drive before deciding on an LTR with a chick like this.

Here's another one to watch for, the **rightward slant.** Right slanting is more common because most people are right-handed, but it's the *severity* of the slant that you're actually interested in. The more radical her slant (sometimes to the point of unreadability) the more likely you'll be looking at an ***emotionally responsive*** person who has a very **High TQ**. This woman is very likely to be ***extroverted*** and have tons of friends and all sorts of activities and shit crowding her schedule. This is not a bookworm with lots of free time for lazy, get-together type afternoon dates (the kind I like). Her card is full and she's often complaining about being pressed for time. You will hear this a lot. She's likely to be *impulsive* as well. Taking a chance to just show up at her door and spontaneously do something with you *that afternoon* has a good chance of going over big with this kind of personality. Whereas the left-slanting, "Ms. Logical" would probably have to think about it.

The Righty is a woman who will likely be found working in a people-type job rather than alone at a desk. She's outgoing and will pick up on a strong flirt because she has a natural need for affection and enjoys the attention of men. This is the kind of girl who can roll through some nasty mood swings however, *and* run her credit card into the stratosphere during an afternoon shopping binge – but she can just as easily steal your heart with her sparkling lifeforce. Whether this type is more likely to make you want to tear your hair out or sing love songs is your call – the rightward handwriting slant is a strong indication that you've got an artistic-spiritual-passionate one on the hook. The several I've personally experienced were dynamite in bed too, as you might expect.

Alright then, this last one is a more rare find, but she can be **trouble** so you should watch out for her:



Notice the way the **slant changes back and forth** between left and right within the same sentence? If this looks kind of crazy to you then you guessed correct my friend. You'll have a tough time trying to pin down what the hell you've got on your hands with a back-and-forth slanter. Women like this have a lot of internal conflict between the head and heart which seriously interferes with their ability to make clean and crisp decisions. These kinds of women can best be described as ***mind-changers***... they blow with the wind and will have you tearing out your expensive hair plugs with their extraordinary capacity for flightiness. Breaking dates at the last moment, showing up at your door unexpectedly, morphing from purring sex kitten to complaining bitch... these are the norm once you fall for this type of chick. *She has it all!*

The variable slant foretells of a person who experiences a continuous **internal tension.** I know a beautiful young woman who fits this bill perfectly. She's highly emotional and prone to mood swings that fly between near-suicidal depression and wacky mania. I'd already known her for many years and was well acquainted with her strange moods, then one day I happen to see her signature on the back of a canceled check. *And it looked exactly like the sample scribble above!* I was floored – I couldn't believe how accurate her handwriting style matched the personality characteristics described in the handwriting analysis book! It's what convinced me this stuff must have merit.

Women of this variety tend to be **attention vampires,** they need to pair up with a "giver"... someone who has lots of reserve available to devote to the care and feeding of another person's psyche. In case you're not up to the task and would rather bail at the first sign of trouble, then keep a lookout for that back-and-forth slanted handwriting.

* * *

I'm actually just scratching the surface of this topic as you may imagine, there's lots more to know if you're interested in going deeper. I learned everything I just showed you here from Bart Baggett's book... ***Handwriting Analysis – Secrets of Love, Sex and Relationships.*** Baggett's excellent treatment of this subject doesn't just give you the lowdown on analyzing handwriting, it does so with the *aim of helping you find the perfect mate.* In other words, it's a **relationship book** that you should add to your library. Bart's treatment of this fascinating subject is packed with loads of sample analysis breakdowns, and is a quick & fun read. I highly recommend it.

Of course, you don't have to do any of this stuff on the sly if you're not the sneaky type – you can be completely open about analyzing each other's handwriting and even make it into a game (it's great for that second, mellow date we'll talk about later). You can just bring the book out and start going through it with her. Even better, this book can be purchased along with a companion card deck called the ***Graph-O Deck*** that has all sorts of letter-shape and writing-slant examples with their analysis printed out right on the bottom of the card. ***You can turn yourself into an instant handwriting expert with this cool card deck!***

A one-on-one session is easy... each of you copy a paragraph from a newspaper in longhand and go through the deck one card at a time looking for matches. She'll be amazed at the results (and so will you!). I once discovered this girl was supposedly a big procrastinator because she crossed her letter "T" in front of the crossbar... *which I later discovered to be entirely true!* This pokey bitch didn't last long because that sort of shit makes me crazy! Anyway, here's a link to check it out Bart Baggett's ***Handwriting Analysis*** book and the ***Graph-O Deck*** for yourself: www.myhandwriting.com

Even if you think this handwriting stuff is total bullshit, remember that most women are fascinated by new age psycho-therapy sort of fluff stuff, high TQ or not, and many will eagerly go along with an "analysis session" as long as you agree to play along and submit your own writing sample as well. Some of you guys might even want to take this card deck into the bar and use it to ice-break women. It's a great way to draw cold prospects into a conversation, and can even keep an entire *group* entertained if you're looking to bust a group. Why not let this tool do all the heavy lifting for you?

3) Attraction for Her is All About Chemistry

Chemistry. The single most hated word in the entire universe of hooking up with women – at least as far as men are concerned. We try our damnest to do all the right things to impress a woman only to have some clueless schlub stumble into the picture and sweep her right out from under our noses. Why? Because "...we just had such great chemistry together!" What does that mean? "you know, we just enjoy the same things, he has that certain *something* about him..." Great, that explains everything.

One of the reasons I took up the cause of writing these books arises from my frustration with the *vagueness of the language* used by women when you try to pin them down on what they want from men. All you get are things like this chemistry garbage that tells us nothing. Adding to our aggravation is the fact these 'chemical' guys have it made with the women whom they seem to cast their spell over. They can use and abuse them, cheat on them and whatever else you can think of. She'll just keep wiping away the tears and crawling back for more. It's ridiculous how slavishly devoted women become to guys whom they feel this chemical connection with. We want some too!

Therefore, in the interest of defining this mysterious substance so the rest of us can share in the fun, I'll give it a shot. But I'm warning you, I have some ideas, but no perfect answers. That's because not only is this X-factor as slippery as a bucket of eels, ***it changes from one women to the next.*** So there's no way I can tell you go off and do *this, this and that* and then ***you too*** will be oozing chemistry from every pore. If only it were so simple. Seems this chemistry thing is not merely invisible and defying of all description, the women *like* it that way! Seriously, I think it gives them a thrill to see us trying on different looks, getting new haircuts, tattooing ourselves like madmen and generally just snarling at each other... all in the interest of being the *one* dude who will establish that magical chemical connection with her!

But you are in luck my friend... for after years of toiling away in my cobweb-encrusted laboratory, I – Dr. Victor von Pilinski – have isolated what I believe are the two essential elements of this inexplicable chemistry: ***social intelligence and the nice guy factor***. These things do not work their magic in isolation... they are made complete by things like body smell (which I talked about in my earlier book), specific facial features or mannerisms (which will likely match-up subconsciously with someone she once either loved or was fond of when she was

younger, someone cherished who you “remind” her of..) and other sorts of intangibles which lie beyond your control. But as long as you **can** control *something* about this process, it challenges us as seducers to do just that – control it. So let’s give it a try.

Demonstrate Social Intelligence

There are several different flavors of intelligence that people can become good at. When we say someone’s intelligent, we’re often describing a person who either has a lot of **formal education** (book smarts) or some kind of demonstrated **reasoning ability** beyond the ordinary. Some people are mathematical geniuses, others possess an incredible ability to retain and regurgitate a huge volume of facts and raw information. Do we call them “trivia intelligent” or “memory intelligent”? And then there are people who are hooked into everyone else, are highly ***empathetic and intuitive*** of the feelings of others. Individuals like this are said to have a high degree of “emotional intelligence”. They make fine counselors, priests, psychiatrists and nurses – any profession where so-called people skills are prized.

Without a doubt when it comes to pursuing women, the most useful type of intelligence to have is the **social** kind. Commonly called “street smarts”, it’s the sort of savvy that doesn’t come from a book but accrues from being out there *experiencing* the unforeseeable events that happen whenever people mix and mingle. **Social Intelligence** broadens as you continue to date and interact with women. After a while, your astuteness will gradually begin to show itself in subtle ways such as how well you handle the various curveballs women can throw your way without losing your cool. It’s that veneer of *suave and sophistication* which women universally seem to dig.

Let’s face it, a woman’s read of your social intelligence can be a big factor in terms of your even having a shot with her. Women are mostly disappointed by men who don't "get it" – who seem short on social intelligence. They are disgusted by men who cluelessly act needy or adopt similar fem-type behaviors that diminish their sexiness. To them it must seem simple to create a great impression with a little display of wit and charm and confidence, but so few men actually seem capable of doing it. I’ve found that one thing most women won’t do is change their standards for male courting behavior to accommodate socially clueless men. That’s why it’s important to keep working on your game and on staying connected to popular culture. All this stuff works into your male display.

One of the big mistakes an intellectual type of guy can sometimes make is adopting what he feels is a more superior, "rational" type approach to scoring women. *We're two adults after all, we don't have to go through all this childish nonsense do we now?...*

Oh yes we do!

What guys like this soon learn is that woman *live for* these silly games. It's the most fun they'll ever have as women. Think about it – the rest of their lives will be spent raising kids, probably getting fat and/or becoming a miserable married bitch and so on. The flirting, dating and fucking around they do during courtship represents some of the peak experiences of their life – and they're not about to let some tight-ass poindexter who doesn't want to play *cheat* them of it!

The bottom line is simply this: chicks don't get turned on by guys who make them think – they get all worked up over guys who make them *feel*. If you ***lead*** with your intellect you are going to bore the hell out of most women. And if you follow that up with all sorts of reserved and "mature" behavior, she will likely hang the dreaded tag ***nice guy*** on you, and that will be the end of your romantic line. There's a way to do the nice guy thing and there's a way not to, and this isn't it. Women hate it when a guy surrenders his mojo. The only exception to this rule I suppose, might concern the very Low-TQ, rational-reasonable-intellectual-school marmish-type of woman. But you needed to buy a book to nail *her*?

The Socially Intelligent are Not Afraid to Flirt

It's nearly impossible to lure a woman into feeling any sort of sexual attraction for you by employing logic, by pushing undesired gifts upon her, and especially by acting deferential to her every little wish. None of this registers as "manly" behavior. It's a shame because you might be squarely smack dab in the range of guy she *could* dig, if only you knew what the hell you were doing! Attractiveness is a behavior pattern that can be learned, and really, there isn't even all that much to learn – you just have to *change the focus* of what you talk about whenever you're around cute women in situations where you might have a shot with them. Keep the conversation seeded with light, playful innuendo – **read her eyes** for go/no go signals, and avoid putting on a demonstration of how "book smart" you are. Save this for later on, *after* you've lit her up in bed.

Socially Intelligent guys are not afraid to Flirt! Taken in reverse therefore, flirting is a sign (signal) of social intelligence to women. So do it often and everywhere that it's appropriate!

Just remember that flirting with a woman is an incredible *gift* to her. Guys tend to feel sleazy when they're working women because they've had it drilled into their heads that it's all very manipulative in a somewhat malicious sense. That's bullshit – you must reconsider the act of flirting as a great *compliment* that you're paying to any woman whom you choose to focus your attention on. ***Women live for the moment when they encounter a man that likes what he sees, and is captivated by the urge to act on it.*** Who knows... maybe her life lacks love and adventure, giving you just the opening you need to step in and rock her world.

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Socially intelligent men learn to play feminine desires like a violin. Women can instantly *feel* it when they are in the presence of a guy who "gets it". Stick to clever sexual-type innuendo when first flirting, and then only if she responds favorably to your gentle teasings. If she gets all upset then you've already learned something important about what an uptight stiff she is, right? Few women will allow you to get away with overt sexual remarks unless you are knockout good looking and/or stinking rich. But if you can gradually nudge her in this direction then she's probably game for more.

Here's an example of what I mean. First, let's take a look at the typical 'smart guy' approach:

> "Hey Anna, I hear you're going to be in Professor X's class this year. I ran a few term papers past him last semester and maxed them out with 'A's. So if you want to study with me, we could hook up for that. I've got all the reference guides too."
>
> "That's cool. I suppose we could."

"Did I tell you I'm in line for an internship at XYZ Corp?... I made their list of ten finalists."

"I didn't know that. I wanted to try out for that job too, but my car's been giving me trouble and I don't trust taking that long ride into Boston three days a week."

"What's wrong with it?"

"I don't know, it keeps trying to stall out when I'm at a red light..."

"It's probably just a fuel filter. Did you get it checked?"

"No. I don't have the money."

"I've got a buddy that lives ten minutes away, he's got a full set of tools. Why don't we take it down there Saturday and I can have a look at it. What do you think?"

"I don't know, I guess. What's it gonna cost?"

"Probably not much, just a few bucks for the filters if that's all it needs. I used to help a friend of mine in high school who used to drag race a lot. I know all about cars."

"You sound like my brother, he's Mr. Mechanic."

"So what do you say? Then we can come back and study, maybe get a pizza or something?..."

She shrugged. "I guess so."

Whatever dude. While this isn't a horrible play, neither is it inspiring. Notice how this Mr.-Know-it-All stuff fails to get her juices going? Any time you're getting a lot of these "yeah, I guess so" kind of responses you can be sure that you're not sparking up any real romantic interest. Yeah, she'll go along for the free ass-kissing and maybe get her car fixed in the deal. But if this guy tries to make a push for her pants after study time is finished, she'll be throwing up

roadblocks all over the place. That's because he didn't get into her head *right off the bat*. Guys who attempt to fascinate with a demonstration of their amazing brainpower don't understand how badly they've put the cart before the horse... girls will be impressed by how brilliant you are at calculus and auto repair ***after*** you've become "their man" – *but you've got to get there by a different route* ***first****.*

There is also a fairly high chance of getting ***stiffed*** on a soft date like this. There's a negative aspect to this type of approach which is it's fundamental *dishonesty*. She knows perfectly well that you're interested in *her* and not studying, but you feel that you must hide your motives behind some other more "honorable" facade. She's knows it's probably because you're just shy, but what if you're a ratty little sneak who *lies* to get what he wants? Some girls are suspicious enough to think this way. Anyway... lets get some excitement going!

"Hi Anna."

"What's up?"

"Not too much. I hear you've been floating along in the top 5% of Professor X's stat class. I've been looking for a good tutor."

"No kidding?"

"Yeah, my study habits are weak. I need discipline, and maybe a little punishment thrown in for good measure."

She giggled. "Really? What kind of punishment do you need?"

"Ummm... maybe I could be sent to bed without my dinner?..."

"Yeah, in your fuckin' dreams dude."

"Well then the honor of studying alongside the only person in Lit 105 to pull an A-minus will have to do. Thanks for destroying the grading curve. Now I'm headed for a McCareer..."

"How did you know about that? That I got an A-minus?"

"I have x-ray vision. I saw through your mailbox."

"What else are you seeing?" she teased.

He looked her up and down playfully, "... a pink thong. Hey you're not gonna wear that while we're trying to study are you? My ADD will kick in."

"I guess you'll just have to remember to take your Ridalin."

"Hey, if we're getting together to study, I'll have to double the dose. So what do you think? What time are we getting together?"

She sighed. "Maybe... Friday night?"

"You're making me choose between you and Sammy Sheer's beer bong?"

"Hey if you want to hang out with your buddies..."

"Not a chance Ann, there's nowhere else I'd rather be than receiving a lesson from you," he smiled.

"So," she shot him a wicked look, "what's the deal?"

"Friday, 7:30. You're dorm, I bring the subs?"

"Alright. Sounds like a plan. See ya," as she turned to walk away, he enjoyed watching the delightful bounce in her walk.

See what happened here? The first guy played it straight and was able to make himself into enough of a pest to pull a study date -- but where did it get him? The thing he did wrong is that he didn't communicate his potential romantic desire to her strongly enough, but instead tried to mask it behind an intellectual smokescreen. He expects she'll "get it" that the whole studying thing is a bit of a ruse, but women are generally unimpressed with men who make these kind of round-a-bout plays for them. They want to see you step up to the plate and take a roundhouse swing at their best pitch!

Guy # 1's uncertainly speaks of a desire to *shield his ego.* This exposes him as a guy on the lower end of the male status scale, and women simply do not get excited about men from whom they draw an LSM read. Since you are in charge of how you come across to other people, you are the one **ultimately to blame** for these kind of shitty first impressions!

The second guy, on the other hand begins kidding around with her immediately and tries to put her off balance a bit. The actual flow of conversation may not be super slick like something from a movie, but it doesn't need to be. The fact that you're in there flirting and teasing does the job of *non-verbally* communicating your interest as a man. Notice how he gets her going back and forth with the sexual innuendo? Anna understands that he's hot for more than a study partner... and believe it or not she actually appreciates this honesty. It communicates a **mating interest signal** that gets her perked up.

Also notice that number two doesn't try to disguise the fact that he digs the girl, nor does he make a groveling spectacle of himself either. See the delicate balance here? ***The idea is to land somewhere in the middle and not be ashamed to show that you dig a girl, while trying to avoid coming off so desperate that you surrender your male dignity in the process!***

One of the things women find ultra-attractive about a man is his willingness to take a social risk. This is how he *demonstrates courage* for the female – it's an important aspect of his **male display**. Men who can manipulate women by engaging their emotions at will are regarded as enticing. No pick-up line cobbled together of mere hypnotic words can hold a candle to this kind of virtuosity.

Being a Nice Guy with a Sexy Edge

I said a moment ago that chemistry was the most hated word in all of seduction. I apologize... how could I have forgotten that most scurrilous of all slanderers – *the nice guy.* The nice guy. If you've ever had the unfortunate experience of having the label 'nice guy' hung on you by some chick that you're hot for, forget it... you've just been deposited straight into the shitbasket. The nice guy may be all things wonderful to women, except for the minor fact that he's unfuckable. Most women can no more contemplate having sex with a guy she thinks of as *nice* than she can her own biological brother. This label represents the graveyard of broken dreams, and you need to keep it off yourself at all costs.

Still, listen to any one of these gab shows that women participate in (Oprah, etc.), and whenever they are asked to describe what they're looking for in terms of an ideal mate, they all talk about this fucking "nice guy" who has yet to appear in their lives and sweep them away. However, as a man, if you actually get *tagged* as a nice guy you're romantically dead. So what is going on here?

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Well, as usual, women are talking out of both sides of their ass on this subject. Just like "chemistry", nice guy is another one of those nondescript terms that means one glorious thing when they pine away about it and quite another when they actually encounter it in real life. Despite the fact that most feral women (18-35) at some point hook up with the drunken low-lifes and jerks they all claim to hate, they would have you believe this happens only because the right "nice guy" hasn't come-a-stumbln' into their life yet. Horseshit I say.

Here's the real deal, while women pay lip service to nice guys, they secretly despise them. Why? Because *explicit* niceness (perhaps even "pornographic" niceness is a better way to put it) is the unmistakable signature of the supplicant, beaten male... the low status male. This is someone whom a woman's **deepest mating instincts** urge her to reject!

Women recognize nice guy behavior as originating from you having been put in your place by other more powerful men. In other words, *nice guy* is how subservient men have learned to act in order to protect themselves from harm *("I am no threat to your status as the more dominant male... please don't hurt me... let me be your tame, lovable side-kick...").* Somehow we need to distinguish between this groveling kind of suck-ass nice guy, and whatever behavior it is that women actually seem to be looking for.

I think when women blab away about these mythical nice guys what they're really dreaming of is a guy who makes them feel ***safe***... but in a certain way that preserves his sexual attractiveness to them. Now to a woman, safe means ONLY that you're *physically* harmless to them, nothing more. In terms of whatever mayhem you could create with her *emotions*, well... that's a different story. A

blend of hot n' cold, exciting n' boring, safe n' dangerous is what she's *really* after. So this is the lightning in a bottle we're looking to capture.

You want to demonstrate that your acceptance of the role of her protector, while at the same time hint at the potential of creating the kind of intense emotions that she craves. Never ACT like a nice guy around women, but always SEEM like you could be one when she needs it most. That's your balancing act.

As always, the trick is mostly one of **awareness** in striving to understand how you're coming across to women. It's basically just learning to keep up a confident flirt while avoiding a desperate posture. Women are *abundant* in your life, right? This is the attitude that has to just pour out of you. Her response always has to seem like a done deal in your own mind. Some women will actually trance-out and begin to make submissive gestures almost unconsciously. These types of reactions are instinctive mating reflexes that are still very powerful, so provoke them at your own risk. (I'm kidding of course... provoke away!)

A lot of the magic that separates life's winners from losers is **positive expectancy** coming from the winners. When people get the sense that whatever you're doing is already a "done deal" in your own mind, they have a tendency to go along and play their expected role in your scheme. Not always of course, but often enough to make things break in your favor. In the similar but opposite way, if a negative expectancy about something comes through in your attitude (like a stuttering, uncertain approach for instance) people will also tend to "help out" by gladly taking a shit all over your dreams.

It's kind of like littering in the park... if the park seems clean, people will pick up after themselves. But if there's garbage all over the place, they'll feel free to add to the mess with their own contribution of candy wrappers and empty beer cans. People are easily manipulated whenever they are confronted by what seems like the ***inevitable*** to them – this is a trick that politicians have used for centuries to control the behaviors and allegiances of entire nations. Make it seem like the 'winds of change' have already switched direction and all that's left is for you to hop on the bandwagon. Individuals who achieve things both great and notorious have learned to make this phenomenon work in their own interest.

Simply master this positive expectancy nuance of the seduction game, and you can show up on any womans' radar as that rarest of encounters for her... ***a nice guy with a sexy edge!***

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So how do you get this 'sexy edge' deal working for you? Well, there are generally **two** things that women are attracted to in men – either their *look* or their proficient *performance* at some task (okay, or both). Yeah it's great to have a happening look going for you, but being engaged in a *sexy activity* can compensate for your NOT looking good sometimes. There is a way to throw her a curve by being the "right guy" in the wrong package by playing up some unique aspect of yourself that you're good at. It doesn't have to be anything fantastic like performing on stage, just something that you can show off doing with some degree of confidence. Playing an instrument, snowboarding, kicking ass at some sport, giving a speech to class, shooting pool, etc.

Make her see ***you*** as the answer to the question *"where are all the nice guys at?",* and you're on your way to working a successful seduction. Just make sure that you're playing the part of the **physically safe – emotionally-challenging** kind of nice guy and not the **desperate – fawning** type. Get her to associate you with exciting times, and maybe even just a bit of danger. This is what distinguishes the guy who's hot from the dud.

4) She Can Cheat, You Can't

From the moment the first upright walking semi-human male smashed-in the head of some rival and stole his female – men have fought, schemed, connived, killed and humiliated one other in the endless quest to demonstrate dominance and primacy over each other. Human history runs red with the evidence. And when you boil the bullshit away they all do it for a single reason – to *gain the mating favors of women.*

Think about it... beyond some food in your belly or a warm place to live, what motivates any guy to struggle for great personal and financial achievements if not in the end for the need to impress some woman with it all?

In every human society, sex is something the women possess and the men desire – we negotiate for sexual favors with the spoils of our hard work and cleverness.

The result of all this enterprise has been a long-held sense of *entitlement* in men. Since it is we who must jump through all these various and ofttimes humiliating hoops in order to be blessed with the pleasure and company of women, males have compensated by designing societies and cultures in which women must play second fiddle to them economically. Historically, women have been constrained to roles that have limited their ability to hold political power or accumulate wealth on their own, thus making them dependent upon men for their ultimate survival and that of their offspring.

This sense of entitlement however, comes with a price.

Bought and sold, possessed like property – women have sought their own form of compensation by quietly designing an avenue via which they can wield the maximum amount of power in that one arena where *they* set the rules... **the courtship process**. In this one human arena, they can *cheat* to get what they want and you can't. Women accomplish this trick by having decided that the rules which men must abide by – rules of emotional fair-play and honesty – don't apply to them.

Men, you see, are indoctrinated by most male cultures to allow themselves to be constrained by rules of combat – don't hit below the belt, kick a guy when he's down, etc. Imbued as skills of survival then later of actual warfare – these ideas still persist today in the form of various macho "street" codes of conduct. We like to think that we engage in fair-fighting and honor in our pursuit of those things in life that will make us desired by women. Women, however, long ago decided that they didn't have to play by these sorts of rules. Oppressed, they would seek compensation in whatever underhanded way was most effective for

them. Women have always felt free to connive and manipulate along back channels because for centuries they've had little or no direct access to power.

These notions of a justified double standard still continue to hold sway over the modern female psyche.

Enlightened modern society may've rectified many of these gender-based inequalities in much of the world, mostly in the West, but the disparity in *honor* still remains as it was hundreds of years ago. Women can cheat, men can't – simple as that. And furthermore, you can't even bitch about it... if you do, your masculinity is called into question. These are the rules – imbalanced as they may be – and *fuck you* if you don't like them, say the women.

"Female Only" Rules of Courting & Relationship Behavior

Let's flesh this out a little. Here's a few examples of the manner in which women feel they can distort the rules to their advantage in ways that, if a man were to attempt it, would make him the object of universal scorn and contempt (and that's just from his mom ;-) ...

1) The harder she works on her body and/or perfecting a certain look, the more she feels the right to be *extremely selective* in her choice of men. Why kill herself in the gym and then settle for some unshaven fat ass who pumps gas and lives in his parents basement? You have to show some evidence that you have worked just as hard to impress her in order to have a shot at the high class ass.

Physically cut, mentally tough, enduring frustration, risk and fear... you have to *own* all of these qualities or you won't make it near her world. Not if she thinks she's in the top 10% looks-wise. It is her right to reject without remorse. Why? Because soon her looks will fade and her power will be lost, and men will be back in the driver's seat again. But until then she is going to make all our lives as miserable as she possibly can... pitting us against one another, then sucking every molecule of life from the eventual winner.

But hold on there... *guys* who buff up and then think this gives them the same right are viewed as **conceited lunkheads.** Women absolutely hate when good looking guys walk around *knowing* that they are good looking! Don't you know you're supposed to ignore the advantage all your hard work plus genetics

gives you and date the poor fat girls anyway? You prick. (See, this is their "cheating" position.)

2) She views her ability to sexually tease all the men around her as a birthright. Don Steele, in his seminal work in this field *How to Date Young Women For men Over 35,* (go and check out Don at www.steelballs.com , he's one of the Masters) calls this little game *Rape-o*. It's a *female-to-male* form of **emotional rape** that women of any age feel free to perpetrate on men whenever they please. They invite you to make a pass at them using their body language and other non-verbal signals and when you do, delight in shooting your ass down. Just testing out the old hot chick superpowers you see. Got to see if I can still draw a lustful glance. What's the matter dude, can't take a joke? This behavior peaks out between the ages of 16 and 26, but women of any reasonable age can amuse themselves with a tempered version of this bullshit routine whenever they feel the need to reassert their female allure.

So where's the cheat? Well, think about it... emotional rape. While Sally may feel free to play around with *men's* feelings like this, imagine if you or I were in a position to pull this kind of stunt? Say you were the golden boy in college... a handsome sports star with mucho interest from women flowing your way 24/7. As a "joke" you convinced the homeliest girl in class that you dug her and wanted to take her out to some hot party or something, then made a public show of standing her up and laughing about it when she tearfully confronted you later. News of your cruelty would spread like wildfire throughout the female gossip network and you would soon be kicked down the food chain somewhere between pond scum and the common maggot in their collective consciousness. But they can pull what amounts to a similar joke on you by teasing you along that you may have a shot at them and it's just a big laugh. Loser. To me this is just another clear example of the **female double standard** in action. While we must maintain some modicum honor in our behavior, they don't have to.

3) Boyfriends are always on probation whether they know it or not and can be dumped immediately if a newer, shiner model comes driving by. Here's the fact: under the age of 30, about 80% of women have a **boyfriend** with whom they are involved to some degree... from just dating around to almost married or whatever. Women of this age bracket hop from one guy to the next and rarely go for a very long time alone between relationships. This is why you should never let the idea that she may have a boyfriend stop you from casually testing her commitment to that guy. All the ones worth chasing have some kind

of dude on a string, and you have to imagine that *you* could be that next guy on deck.

This particular idea is more than of just academic interest to us because it reveals an upside to the frivolous nature of women, which is that it's possible to get them to ***flip over to you on a whim.*** It might only require a single great first impression to get her to change channels on her romantic life, dump her boyfriend (or even husband), or do whatever else it takes to get her immediate desires met. Remember, she feels it's her God-given right to change her mind about anything she wants to and feel no lasting remorse towards how much pain and distress she's caused! And the more good looking the woman, the more powerfully she feels compelled by the social pressures that her "hot chickness" has placed on her. This anxiety serves as her justification.

That's why I hammer away that you **never know** when you have a shot with some chick who initially looks like she's probably unavailable. You just have to be classy about it, pull a flirt, check the response and decide to move forward if she seems willing to entertain a play. Although men are commonly ragged-out as being the more likely to be cheaters and heartbreakers, men usually cheat long after they've lost all affection for a woman. But I think women cheat because they feel like it *at the moment*, and that gives every guy out there a kind of universal chance.

When push comes to shove remember, it's all about creating those healthy babies for them. The role of men is ultimately that of interchangeable sperm fountain as far as women are concerned, at least during the courtship (husband-shopping) phase of their lives. Sorry to be so blunt about everything but who will tell you this stuff if not me? Your mother? I think not.

5) Eye Contact Defines a Woman's Romantic Universe

Songwriters and movie directors have been fascinated by the idea of men and women staring passionately into each other's eyes since they began turning out mass entertainment at the start of the 20th century. And novelists were there even before them. When it comes to meeting and seducing women, eye contact is a big, big deal. The proper use of eye contact supports all your clever words. Hell, many times it *determines* whether or not you will even get a chance to say anything! In my previous book I talked about eye contact and tried to school you on it, but truthfully I think I only did a so-so job. In fact, in some ways my effort

may've even been a bit misleading. So let me try to expand on this critical issue right now and clear up some of the misunderstandings that you may still harbor.

Where do I begin with eye contact? Maybe by telling you that I think about 80-90% of seduction *is all about eye contact*. Spoken words many times only confirm what we already know. *The eyes, however, are the window to the soul!* Even the world of science backs me up here. In a strictly scientific sense, humans negotiate a mating event – all the way from first pique of interest to actual orgasm – by extensive use of ***copulatory gazing***. The so-called **deep look** that I talked about in *Without Embarrassment*. The mistake I may've made in that first book was in using graphics in the form of time-charts to demonstrate "right and wrong" types of eye contact insofar as *timing* was concerned (how long to hold before looking away, and then back again, etc.). I'm afraid what this did was make eye contact look like some kind of cheap parlor trick that you could practice in a mirror and then walk around all day long spearing women for your amusement. Not so. My focus was too much on *mechanics* and not enough on the **wide-ranging importance of eye contact all throughout the course of the seduction.**

Men and women have for centuries mastered the use of facial expressions – including their eyes – to communicate feelings without words... *you scare me, I'm not interested in you, go away, please talk to me, I'm so mad at you, I dare you to try it, I love you, I feel sorry for you, back off right now, I feel humiliated in your presence...* and so forth. There must be many hundreds if not thousands of commonly understood nuances we use on each other without hardly thinking about them, not to mention all those personal ones which take place between two people who've established their own personal code. What I want to hammer home to you now is the sheer importance of eye contact when it comes to interacting with women. You send the wrong type of eye contact out ahead of yourself and you're already rejected even before you can speak your clever pick up line! Do eye contact with her in a certain way however, and she won't even hear what you're saying... so tumultuous will be the whirl of thoughts and emotions crowding her consciousness. *That's* what I was trying to say – more so than simply laying out a mechanical diagram for you to obsess over (and some of you sure did!).

Alright, since I've cleared up the fact that precise timing isn't the major deal with eye contact, then what exactly is? **Mostly, it's about knowing when and how to use the right flavor of eye contact in the appropriate situation.**

Describing eye contact is particularly difficult on a written page, but I'm not sure that if I had photos it would help much either since a still-frame doesn't convey the subtle movements surrounding the right look, it's duration, when to look away and give the person you're connecting with a chance to recover themselves, and so forth. Maybe you can study a few romantic movies and watch the characters carefully, see how they use their eyes on each other. Again, the key issue is one of **awareness** and having a constantly-running sense of how you are affecting other people.

One thing that eye contact definitely is not, is *staring!* Timing is important in the sense that effective eye contact means looking into someone's eyes for about 80% of the time, and looking *away* for the remainder. This gives the person a chance to catch their psychological breath. If you look at someone 95% to 100% of the time, you are **staring** and likely creeping them out! This is what I call the Charlie Manson serial-killer look. Don't go there or people will come to avoid you like the plague.

The opposite end of the spectrum – *never* meeting someone's eyes – can be just as poisonous to your social life as well and here's why: your ability to express eye contact (or not) is a major signal of your male status. Here's how it works...

Women Stand Alone, Men Stand in Comparison

First a brief review of how the game of love takes shape in case you didn't read my first book. In terms of romantic goals, both women and men are after the same thing: a mate who can produce offspring with strong healthy genes to pass along into the future. But even if you're just looking to get laid and not start a family it doesn't matter in terms of who you consider attractive, because the machinery in your head is designed to set off alarm bells whenever you find yourself in the proximity of someone of the opposite sex who meets these instinctive mating criteria.

The difference between the sexes is mostly a matter of ***what*** particular characteristics each side is looking for... *and they are not the same*. Men look for physical markers in women like facial symmetry, pubescent body style and skin clarity – all things that signify *youth*. Youth is what men desire because our subconscious mind knows that the reproductive success of women is tied closely to their age, and the younger the better. Therefore we as men tend to rate

women in a **stand-alone fashion,** which is to say that we don't need to compare women along side each other in order to know which ones are attractive and which aren't... which is to say that we know a hot chick when we see one! *Rating process finished... I'll take it!*

This rating deal is considerably more complicated from the woman's perspective however. Because men maintain their sexual vitality far into their lifespans, their relative youth isn't an issue and neither in a strict sense is their physical appearance either. Women actually tolerate a wide range of looks and body styles in men. They are far more forgiving of a fat beer belly than we are a fat ass. So how do women sort men for attractiveness if not by using looks as we do? They do it by looking for clues as to how we rank ***relative to other men*** in terms of our accomplishments, apparent authority and wealth (or lack thereof). What I call a man's male *status*. Men **demonstrate** their superior genes by how well they perform against both nature and their peers. We are seen as protectors of women and children and the means for their survival, even in modern society, and so women have this urge to "shop" for the best men who seem to most likely embody these prized qualities.

In terms of attractiveness then, men stand *in comparison to each other* as far as women are concerned. Females need to see how you've stacked up relative to the accomplishments of other men. But since we don't normally walk around carrying a logbook of our achievements that we can show off, they have to seek clues for what might be in that imaginary logbook ***in our behavior.*** This is how they determine if a guy is "hot" or not.

And a major clue believe it or not, is *eye contact.* And here's why: the male who makes good eye contact does so because he's generally content with his accomplishments in life and the degree of authority (whatever that might be) that he's achieved over some fraction of other men. He doesn't need to be King of the World, just a totality of things that *he feels* puts him deep into the game of life. ***His sense of his own worth comes through in the ease with which he engages others.*** And that engagement with others, especially with perfect strangers, expresses itself in his willingness to meet and hold their gaze. Solid eye contact signals two important things about yourself without ever speaking a word: that you are **proud** of who you are, and that you're **not afraid** of someone. What kind of guys give off great natural eye contact? High status males.

Guys who cannot make good eye contact on the other hand, are usually considered to be expressing some sort of ***shame***. Shame? Indeed... they've been "put in their place" by other men somewhere along the line or by some other mechanism and their lower relative status (remember, your status is always viewed *in comparison*) has instilled them with some sense of what appears to be shame about themselves. People don't always view things this keenly of course, but the inability to look at or hold someone's eye *does* come across as unfriendly or anti-social, or even *arrogant* (as in, you're not worthy of me even setting eyes on you!). Whatever they end up thinking, you can be sure it's unflattering. Eye contact is critical to the reactions that you draw from women, so let's learn how to do it correctly.

Hunting for Pupils

First let's clear up one fact – effective eye contact is not about looking ***near*** a person's eyes (like the old salesman's trick of staring at the bridge of their nose, which supposedly is indistinguishable from true eye contact). People can actually tell the difference when you're not looking directly into their eyes and they become uncomfortable because they think you're fixating on some flaw like a mole or maybe something that's become stuck to their face like a glob of dried mustard. Proper eye contact is more than just aiming your gaze at someone's head, you have to ***use*** your eyes like an instrument. You need to seek out and **look directly into the black point of the other person's pupil,** nothing else is truly "eye contact". When you search out their pupils (and sometimes you actually do have to search a little if they're avoiding you at first), lock in for just a couple of beats until you see them engage you, and *that's* when you know you've made a solid eye-to-eye connection.

Remember not to stare. Always keep the **80-20 Rule of Eye Contact** in mind: contact for about 80% of the time, and then 20% politely looking off axis and away. Re-engage after a short break. It's the *persistence of this 80-20 action* over the course of the time that establishes that sense of acknowledgment people crave. What you're actually *saying* with your eyes could be any number of things... that you're friendly, trying to gain access to a group, demanding to be listened to, asserting your authority, putting someone at ease, etc. Various other facial and body language nuances help to frame and define these signals. By using eye contact in this powerful fashion you can capture someone's attention and get them to ***listen*** to you, at least for a few moments. A useful tool when you're trying to get noticed by women, wouldn't you say?

Here's how your eye contact looks to the typical woman:

Relaxed steady eye contact, nice 80-20 on-off mix, appropriate facial expressions = confidence, some authority, has a life, has social skills **= higher status male.**

Shifty darting eyes, look-turn away ratio of 10-90, failure to psychologically recognize me = seems to be hiding something, bad social skills, romantically ill-experienced, dishonest, ashamed of something **= low status male.**

See how this works? Long before you open your mouth to speak your clever lines, the way in which you *lead with your eyes* have either set the table for you or shot your approach full of holes already. If you've been having lousy luck with women for a long time and seem psychologically invisible to them, this could be the main reason why. It's not how you look ***to*** them, but more how you look ***at them*** that counts. It might even be helpful to rig up a video cam and record yourself interacting with people and watch how you're working your eyes. You might immediately recognize something way wrong that you didn't even know you were doing. Things like cutting your eyes away and smirking constantly or whatever. It could be obvious, but you just need a new perspective (or an honest friend to talk to you about this frankly) to find out what the heck the problem is. This ability to "step outside yourself" and see things objectively is a central skill to self-awareness. You need genuine feedback so you can correct what you don't like about yourself or eliminate odd behaviors that don't serve your interests.

Guys ask me all the time if there's any way they can "fake it until they make it" with women. W*ell this is one way that you actually can...* ***become good at eye contact!*** It's the best way to signal a higher male status than you've actually "earned", but there's no way anyone can tell if you do it confidently. Solid eye contact makes for a nifty disguise that can instantly boost the regard and respect people have for you. And not just in terms of scoring women, but in everyday life as well (and especially the world of office politics). You can bet all the top guys in your company regardless of their other talents are eye contact "specialists". Some of them could be totally useless, but their behavior has made an impact on the right people. They are always psychologically present in the room, always on someone's radar. That's why they end up with the credit and the promotions... because they're thought of as capable. But mostly it's because they're *liked!*

The eye contact provocateur gets networked into crucial information channels, dealt with promptly by people, and his needs and requests are taken seriously. That's because – for the person being *looked at* – eye contact sends an invisible message of **attention, connection and acknowledgment...** and people absolutely *feed* off these emotions. *And they hold their source in high regard.*

That's the guy *you* want to be!

Shifty Eyes Are Ashamed To See

So after all this, what if I still can't force myself to meet someone's eyes without immediately turning away? And I'm not talking about the "look-away" reflex most people have either, but a flat out inability to sustain 80-20 style eye contact?

A look straight into someone's eyes is psychologically profound because the train runs in both directions, meaning that the other person gets a peek into *your* soul as well. ***I believe that if you feel ashamed to be seen this profoundly because there's something fundamental you can't tolerate about yourself, you will experience a powerful urge to turn away.*** It could be learned, possibly genetic... whatever. Another reason could be that you're so miserable 24/7 that you refuse to acknowledge anyone's existence by looking directly at them. In effect you're saying: *"I hate your guts so badly I can't even tolerate your presence, get the hell away from me".* Either one has the result of social ostracization and eventual isolation.

So you've got to search out the root of your personal shame or anger issues, understand how they work in your particular case, and then work to diminish or dispel them. See my first book *Without Embarrassment*, or Google **"John Bradshaw" +shame** and find some of the fine books written by this guy. He will school you on the whole amazing notion of *toxic shame.* This is the psychic poison that supports alcoholics and violent tempers everywhere. Get some of his stuff and dig into it if you feel you need it.

One warning: use common sense when testing out your new eye contact superpowers *on other men*. While men looking at women can be a sign of sexual interest or an open invitation, men typically *challenge* each other's courage or authority using the same gesture. In the hood they call this 'griffing' – and if you

griff the wrong dude you could end up with a .22 cap buried in your chest, so be careful out there!

The Eyes of Seduction, and Self-Destruction

Alright then, let's have a look at a few different "flavors" of eye contact as they apply to meeting and seducing women. There's probably a million different little nuances that are communicated with the use of the eyes and it would be impossible to think of them all, but there's a few that I've found useful over the years at different phases of a relationship with a woman. Let me share some of them with you now...

Hello... Trust Me Eyes – The most important moment where proper eye contact can either make or break you is the instant of first meeting someone. That first moment you "set eyes" on each other. This is where a quick flash of what I call *hello eyes* can create a first impression with some impact. In this situation **seconds count** and are usually all you have to work with. So the important thing is to capture her interest right away in that first moment and ***model*** (very important) how you would like her to respond. Modeling is very effective because it engages a reflex before she can analyze the situation too carefully and decide on a different course of action.

Hello eyes express a sense of ***softness, friendliness and safety***, they act as an invitation to *connect* for a moment with a perfect stranger. Together with just the hint of a **smile** that slowly grows warmer as if you're encountering an old friend, these hello eyes can sometimes open up a girl in a flash. They signal that you are ***easy to talk to*** and that there's little risk involved for her. It's a socially-positive gesture that says to her 'trust me' – a form of non-verbal communication that all women instantly recognize.

All this happens bang-bang of course... warm eyes that suggest an appreciation of what you're looking at... a few quick look-aways here and there just to break the tension (80-20 contact / break-ratio remember so that you're not staring). Combined with a gentle smile that's either cool or charming, depending on what's appropriate for a guy your age. Like thus. A quick 'hi' and something to make her laugh and you could be off to races just like that, you never know. Why so simple?...

Because your eyes told her that ***you're serious.*** And you appear 'impulsively friendly' to her as well. It hints at a world of fun and maybe even makes you seem like a possible catch to her. *Imagine that!* Certainly it suggests nothing weird or creepy like sneaking up behind her with a pre-rehearsed pick-up line could.

You can bet that when people talk about great first impressions they are usually recalling someone who made themself available psychologically by connecting eye-to-eye, soul-to-soul in those first few seconds in which they met. Solid, friendly eye contact is the hallmark of the self-confident person, and it's much more genuine and believable than words spoken in bravado. That's because it's tough to 'brag' with your eyes, but easy to display honesty if that's what you're truly all about. Women sing about chemistry when they encounter the right guy with the right look in his eye!

So practice your *'hello / trust-me'* eyes and stay alert for any chance to use them **immediately and without thinking** each and every time you spot some cute girl! It's a crisp and socially acceptable way to check out women for any return interest under the guise of just being a friendly guy, a concept called *pull tabbing* that I'll introduce in the next section. Just remember that your **male display** is always out there with women, whether you like it or not. Learning to use strong eye contact appropriately and reflexively wherever it serves your interest is a certain way to make sure that your social mojo is always a highly visible element of that display.

"Who Are You?" Eyes – This is a look that can be effective on a **second date** or at a time when you are both beginning to feel those first powerful stirrings of attraction. Again, this stuff is hard to describe in written words, but I would liken it to a ***penetrating, interested, intrigued look.*** This look is presented up close and nearly face-to-face, and delivered with just the hint of a smile. A **lightness** in your eyes and face really – not an obvious smile. And your eyes should appear just a tiny bit **quizzical**. Try to imagine all this now... the idea that you're silently trying to get across to her is something along the lines of : *"I'm really considering going off the deep end with you romantically... I need to know more about you, what you're all about, your dreams and desires, who you are... I've been thinking about all the possibilities with you and my imagination is running wild!"*

Can you figure out how this works? Just ***think these thoughts*** genuinely to yourself and hold them in your mind... and your eyes should transmit the perfect package of silent feelings to her. She'll understand that you are asking for a glimpse into her soul – and if you do this *at just the right time* (and again, you'll just have to get a feel for when that right moment is) it can have a stunning effect. She may very well melt into your arms and open up in that near-spiritual, transcendent way we spoke of earlier... showing her that you are ready to take things to the next level, to ***escalate*** (remember *that* idea from my last book?).

And to think you started all this commotion with just a look in your eye!

This kind of stuff can be *intoxicating* to women – what the hell do you think they're reading about in those bodice-ripping romance novels they gobble up by the truckload?

High Eyes – There's a certain point in a growing relationship where the two of you know that you are about to fuck very soon. Maybe later that evening, or tomorrow or this coming weekend when you're alone at your cabin. Soon. You take both her cheeks lightly in the palm of your hands and give her a dreamy, excited, *contented* look – an unspoken admission that you are so digging the fact that she's responding to your charm. You're loving being with her, you're loving the moment, you're loving life. You are absolutely getting ***high*** on the whole experience! *Look* this into her just before you kiss her. It can create the kind of warm feelings that should keep her heart pounding in anticipation from this moment until you can get her clothes off.

Lust Eyes – Save these for that significant moment when you are both just about ready to tear each others' clothes off... either for the first time OR the hundredth! These are those classic "half-shut" eyes that you see in the movies just as the two main characters are about to get busy in the sack. **Bedroom eyes** they used to be called. You'll want to convey a sense of barely controlled passion here – with perhaps just a hint of frustration as well to make evident the profound effect she's having on you. This look can send a chick into overdrive if used at just the right moment.

Love Eyes – Similar to the lust eyes, but with the eyes open just a tad wider in a sort of *semi-amazement*. **Timing** of these eyes is critical... they must happen ***within a minute*** of having had your *first orgasm* with her. Women watch men carefully for how they react immediately after they've nutted for clues as to

their genuine feelings about her. Don't let your momentary exhaustion goof you up here if you plan on being in this thing for a long run... *you are still seducing!* Say whatever words you will, but make sure that you **drill those love eyes in deep** so she's knows that it's all coming from the heart. You want her to understand that her sexual charms have staying power, and that you are not getting ready to bolt.

Sex is addictive, especially after the build-up of dating and courting, so you'll want to do it frequently once the dam has finally broken. Think of this move then as an investment in your next sexual encounter. You need to make sure she doesn't get the idea that you shot away all your long-term desire along with your sperm. This is how you turn what just happened into a sexual *experience* for the two of you, rather than a mere banging event.

* * *

So there you go... eye contact hard at work from that very first "hello" to *"God I can't believe I came so hard!..."* and everywhere in between. You can see that various forms of eye contact are important all throughout the development stages of the seduction, and later all throughout the relationship as well. The essential idea I'm putting forward here is not so much absolute technique or timing or anything else, but the **importance of using your eyes often** and in ways that speak silently to her heart. The eyes are far superior than words for communicating romantic feelings because they are considered harder to fake and are therefore given more weight. You can say one thing, but if your "lyin' eyes" are telling her something completely different she'll believe what she reads in your soul instead. Just remember that regardless of when and where, eye contact is always **pupil-to-pupil...** never pupil to some other spot on the face. Release your fears and look straight into her soul!

The eyes are far superior to words for communicating romantic feelings because they are harder to fake and are therefore given more weight by women.

We'll return to the use of proper eye contact from time to time in the coming sections. But before leaving this subject for now, I'd like to show you a few ***negative*** ways in which eye contact can completely destroy your game or even your likeability as a person if used incorrectly. This should all be obvious to you by now hopefully, but they'll be good for a few laughs anyway:

Shifty Eyes – Those quick darting eyes that won't lock in for more than a split second before cutting away (10% - 90%) signify ***dishonesty*** to most people. They can also be interpreted as ***fear, uncertainty, or a desire to disengage*** with someone. (I sometimes use this look to deliberately chill out crackpots that try to start nutty, incoherent conversations with me when I'm trying to read the newspaper at a restaurant counter.) Mostly though it seems like the person is hiding something or ashamed about himself or whatever. All bad, creepy stuff. Get this problem under control if you've got this particular disability and watch all your social interactions improve immediately.

Squinty Eyes – Otherwise known as the Kung-Fu Zen Master look – especially if you stand around with folded arms checking out the crowd like a club bouncer. This says *"I'm better than you, or... I can see you, but you can't see me..."*. This is an anti-social look for the most part. A nice way to keep everyone at bay. Wearing sunglasses indoors or outdoors at night is a similar move that attempts to place a psychological shield between yourself and everyone else. Why not just stay home?

Puppy Dog Eyes – Those longing sort of "desperate-for-your-attention" eyes are completely and totally unbecoming on a man under almost any circumstance (unless you're obviously just screwing around). They say: *"talk to me, I'm desperate for human contact, feel sorry for me, help me, save me..."* and thus positively **reek** of low status male stink! Men who've refined this technique and flash their puppy dog eyes with careless abandon can be downright embarrassing to be around. This isn't just a misuse of eye contact, it's a complete personality train wreck! ***Men cannot adopt the same "fawning"-type attraction and mating behaviors that are the common property of women and get away with it!*** Doing so will sink you to the bottom of the male status pool and make it almost impossible to attract the romantic interest of anyone other than the hardcore Mother Teresa type. Who needs that? Get some self-respect and man-up.

Serial Killer Eyes – This happens when you lock-up and gaze at someone for several seconds, ***without smiling.*** Good eye contact may be indispensable, but it's *meaning* is defined by what's going on with the rest of your face as well. Whenever you catch a girl's eye for instance, you must flash her a **quick smile** within a half-second or so – or she'll misread your stare as a *glare* and look away immediately. Opportunity gone. Perhaps there was or wasn't an opportunity actually there, but you'll never know now. The quick smile *must* become a **reflex** whenever you catch an eye, otherwise a long drawn out stare can quickly devolve into serial killer eyes.

Whenever you're out and about you want to give people the impression that you're open to getting acquainted and **easy to talk to**... not like you're busy shopping for a bag of soda lye to cover up the shallow graves in your backyard.

The quick smile must become a reflex whenever you catch an eye, otherwise a long drawn out stare can quickly devolve into serial killer eyes.

Alright then, a brief summation of the essential ideas that we've covered in this section, and then it's off to work on the nuts-and-bolts of meeting, dating and sexually enchanting women.

Section Summary:

Hot Chickness is a Superpower! But not always a welcome one. Great looking women feel **psychological pressure** from friends and family to use their beauty to do something special, and maybe even *spectacular*, with their lives. Some are not emotionally suited to handle these kind of expectations however, and it's this pressure that lies at the root of the problems these types of girls can create for themselves and anyone else in their life. Because they are made to feel a **vague dissatisfaction** no matter how well things are going for them, hot women are often impatient and easily bored. This can include men – which is both good and bad. Bad because they've experienced a lot of lame approaches

fro men and therefore can be quick to reject – good because their frivolousness makes them more easily plucked away from some other guy. This crazy, immature attitude is the price you will pay for the premium slice of pussy. So prepare yourself.

Self-transcendence is a deep-seated psychological quality that attempts to place a measurement on an womans' tendency to either accept or reject the possibilities of supernatural-type effects influencing her life and the lives of the people she knows. It's a measure of how much mystical interconnectedness to the world she feels, and therefore how much her thinking style leans towards either the dreamy or starkly realistic.

The **Transcendental Quotient** attempts to assign a value to three distinct qualities of a person's character: *self-forgetfulness, transpersonal identification, and mysticism.* Understanding differences in fundamental thinking style based on a high or low TQ, can help you in selecting a long term partner for yourself with a personality bias that is more compatible with your own.

Handwriting analysis can help you quickly pinpoint a woman's TQ with a fair degree of accuracy. It can provide an early peek at how likely she is to match up with your own outlook on things... *or make you completely insane!*

Chemistry is the most elusive x-factor in the entire universe of seduction and certainly most difficult aspect to create on demand, but it seems to be associated with two elements, **Social Intelligence** and the **Nice Guy** factor.

Social intelligence (commonly called "street smarts") originates from being out there experiencing all the unpredictable events that can occur in dating hell. Social intelligence reaches a greater level of sophistication as you continue to interact socially with others from different socio-economic classes.

Re-imagine the act of **flirting** as being a great **compliment** to women! They love to run across a man who, when he sees something that he likes, is captivated by the need to *act* on it.

Being a "nice guy" with a sexy edge means exhibiting characteristics that paint you as the **physically safe – emotionally-challenging** kind of nice guy, not the *desperate – fawning* type. When people get the sense that whatever you're doing is already a "done deal" in your own mind (i.e., *positive expectancy*),

they have a tendency to go along and play their role in your scheme. This is why confidence is such a mega-major factor in seducing women. **Confidence is really just positive expectancy in action,** and since this trait is found abundantly among life's "winners", it also acts as a non-verbal flag for such a personality to women!

Women Can Cheat, You Can't. In both the courting process and the relationships that result, those Rules of Conduct which apply to *men* – rules of fair-play and honesty – don't apply to women. A few examples:

1) The harder she works on her body and/or perfecting a certain look, the more she feels the right to be very **selective** in her choice of men. Rejecting you is her prerogative she thinks, and you simply must learn to live with it.

2) She views her ability to **sexually tease** the men all around her (mostly passively, by the way in which she dresses, etc.) as a *birthright*. In addition, you are to "know your place" and **not** hit on her if she's already judged you to be an unworthy low status male! So make sure your mind-reading skills are honed precisely, because this is how innocent guys get sexual harassment charges filed against them in the office. HSM's have the green light, whereas LSM's get complaints logged against them with human services.

3) Boyfriends are always on **probation** whether they know it or not and can be dumped immediately if a newer model comes along. This gives every other guy a potential shot, so don't let the imaginary "she probably has a boyfriend" excuse automatically stop you. Read her cues and act when things look promising.

The eyes are the window to the soul. In a strictly scientific sense, humans negotiate a "mating event" – from first encounter to orgasm – by extensive use of *copulatory gazing*. **Effective eye contact is mostly about knowing when and how to use the right flavor of eye contact in the appropriate situation.**

One thing that eye contact definitely is not, is ***staring!*** Good eye contact means that you're looking into someone's eyes for maybe 80% of the time, and looking away for the remainder. This gives the person a welcome chance to catch their psychological breath. If you look at someone 95% to 100% of the time, you are *staring* at them and creeping them out!

In terms of attractiveness, **men stand in *comparison* to each other.** To decide if a guy is "hot", women need to see how you stack up relative to the stature and accomplishments of other men. Since we don't normally walk around carrying a logbook of our achievements, women have to seek clues for what might be in such an imaginary logbook ***in our behavior.*** *It is in the attitude that we carry, that our essence as men is revealed.*

Proper eye contact is more than just aiming your gaze at someone, you have to **use** your eyes like an *instrument*. You need to seek out and **look directly into the black point of the other person's pupil,** nothing else is truly "eye contact". When you search out their pupils, lock-in for just a couple of beats until you see them engage. *That's* when you know you've made a solid connection.

Keep the **80-20 Rule of Eye Contact** constantly in mind: pupil-lock for about 80% of the time, and 20% politely turned away. Always go back and re-engage after a short break, that's the key to establishing a comfortable, casual connection. It's this *persistence of action* over the course of time that establishes the sense of acknowledgment that people absolutely crave.

If you're looking for a way to **fake it until you make it** with women, *there is one way that you actually can do so...* ***by becoming good at eye contact!*** It's the best way to signal a higher male status than quite possibly you've actually earned, but there's no way anyone can tell the difference. This gives you an "in"... a clean slate upon which to make a knockout first impression.

Hello, Trust Me Eyes – convey a sense of ***softness, friendliness and safety*** to her right away. They act as an invitation to connect with a perfect stranger with little or no risk of rejection.

"Who Are You?" Eyes – is a look that can be potent on a **second date** or at that time in a new relationship when you are both beginning to feel those first powerful stirrings of attraction. There's a ***lightness*** in your eyes and face, but not an obvious smile. And your eyes should appear just a tiny bit ***quizzical***. You are wondering who she is on a deep level – this kind of focused interest can be very flattering to her (a wordless compliment, in effect).

High Eyes – Take both her cheeks lightly in the palm of your hands and give her a ***dreamy, excited, contented*** look – an unspoken admission that you are so digging the fact that she's responding to all your romantic efforts thus far.

Lust Eyes – These are the classic "half-shut" eyes that you see in movies just as the two main characters are about to kiss or make love (depending on the plot) for the first time. Save these for the moment when you are about to tear each other's's clothes away!

Love Eyes – Similar to lust eyes, but with the eyes open just a tad wider in sort of *semi-amazement*. The **timing** of these eyes is critical – they must happen ***within a minute*** of having had your first orgasm with her. She's checking to see if you're finished with her now that you're, well, *finished!* This is the most genuine way to communicate that you are still digging her and that you are going to be in this thing for the long haul (provided that you actually are, of course). Use with some caution... bad word can spread **very fast** if you fuck around with a womans' feelings at this particular moment when she's most emotionally vulnerable.

Part 3: Meeting Women

Without a doubt the toughest part of the entire process of moving from perfect strangers to starry-eyed lovers is the initial meeting. The hours leading up to that first date can be nerve-wracking, the minutes before first sex full of adrenalin-pumping anxiety... but that moment of first approach? This thing can be downright *terrifying* for a lot of guys. I know, I've been there. My first book was written almost solely to address this problem, in fact.

The thing that I found most important was having some kind of *plan* fixed in the back of your head. It doesn't have to be the most incredible plan in the world (although I'll give you a pretty good one in this section), you just have to know in the back of your mind that when a chance comes sauntering by you at least have *something* ready in the chamber. Any plan is better than no plan! Nothing is worse than seeing a cute chick standing nearby and thinking to yourself *"What should I do? What should I say? If only I knew what to say to her...".* And then she disappears and the opportunity is gone... while you're still rooted to the ground as if you're wearing a pair of Uncle Guido's Lead Shoes.

This has to be the single moment of our lives that all of us as men *hate* the most... that moment when we're served up a beautiful chance by Fate only to be exposed as completely clueless dorks when the chips are down. For all the brave talk when the chance was finally there and the sweat started peeling over your skull, you had nothing to say, no move, no game. No *plan*. You will crawl back into the darkest corners of your mind and run that instant back a thousand times in the next few days – desperately trying to see if there was something that you could have possibly done different or better. Hell, if you could've done *anything at all!* This is when you want to find a nice strong piece of rope and a tall tree to hook it to.

Here's my **central guiding philosophy** when it comes to meeting women: you've got to change it from something **un**usual (and therefore fear-producing) in your life into something common and routine and therefore emotionally neutral. Once you've made something ordinary it shouldn't be able to remain frightening

any more because nothing that we do *routinely* scares us after a while. Two factors here: 1) stacking experiences one after another creates confidence, and 2) the brain gets "fear exhaustion" after a while and simply integrates the task into it's file system of ordinary everyday junk.

So I feel that the way to make approaching women less frightening is to back down the scope of the task from "picking her up" to something far less involved. Picking up a girl entails a lot of scary activities that few of us either practice routinely or at all. You've got to project some kind of particular "gamer" attitude that they like, you have to say all the "right things" (whatever the hell that is), you have to guide the conversation in a sexual/romantic direction *very quickly* somehow, you have to know a smooth way to close and get her number... and finally, you have to steel your ego for the rejection that might happen anyway! And the farther out you hang yourself by pushing hard and fast to "pick her up", the bigger a fool you risk making of yourself if it all blows up in your face.

Holy shit... no wonders we're frozen to the ground most of the time!

Rather than presenting this as the *only* option to yourself besides doing nothing at all, what if you had some far less intricate and emotionally-wrenching way to interact with any girl who happened to catch your eye... something that wouldn't expose your Ego to a gamma ray blast of rejection if it turned out that she had no interest in you? Something in-between complete inaction and jumping off a risk cliff?

Instead of always going for some kind of "pick-up" and subjecting yourself to all the pressure that it presents, how about *as a routine* you find a way to just shop around for interest, and then escalate an encounter upwards only **if** you get a positive response? Here's my thinking... rather than going full bore and throwing all caution to the wind, approach this thing in two steps: first a "tickle" to determine if there's any interest, and then a plan to go further if things look good. The sneaky part is that your intentions are never revealed until you engage step two. Before then it only seems like you're just a friendly 'ol guy and not necessarily running a pick-up. This simple splitting-up of the routine protects your ego because you only expose your true intentions if it begins to seem like rejection is not a factor. You never actually intend to pick any girl up, you're just fish around for interest. And this fishing around can be done so casually that it doesn't even have to seem like your interested unless *she's* interested... *first!* How's *that* for keeping your ego turtled?

Knowing how to tickle (what I call **"pull-tabbing"**) and then having a plan opens up a world of possibilities even to the most socially inept among us because it turns the process of interacting with women into a low pressure nothing that shouldn't remotely stir up the kinds of tension and lockjaw that make this entire thing an impossible mission for so many of us.

The Plan is important too, even if you only end up having to use it once out of every 20 pull-tabs that you run. Why? Because...

Blank Mind = Doubt & Fear = Hesitation = Lost Opportunity

Remember that any kind of plan, *anything*, is better than no plan at all. Let's face it, you really have to be having one of those rare perfect days where you're just hitting on all mental cylinders in order to nail the deal just right and pull a number out of some chick. It can be done, but what if everything isn't running so perfect? *That's* the day when you'll be kicking yourself in the ass for not having a **standard plan** in your head that you know so well you can run it in your sleep. Learning to work in the "real world" outside the bars and clubs and singles socials or anywhere else where you are ***denied the element of surprise*** is a key reason why I prefer to work this way. *I love it when their guard is down!*

Think of all the bullshit that goes into night of clubbing... planning out the night, where to go, how to dress, finding a wingman, trying to arrive at just the right time, hoping you don't drink too much so you don't get another DWI, etc., etc. Then when you get there things get out of control anyway – you meet some friends, they start backing you up with free beers and before you know it you're shitface and getting shot down left and right.

Even if it doesn't go this bad, all it takes is a few flubs here and there and your confidence is all shot to shit. Then it's another 4 AM drive across the lawn and spending the next day at work choking back the puke. And even if you *do* score some wench who ends up polishing your bishop after pounding three shots of Beefeater's down her gullet, is this the kind of pig you ever want to see again? You'll be lucky if your dick makes it home alive!

Fuck all that. Why not just run pull tabs here-there-everywhere? One time out of every X number of chances you will catch that "look" in her eye... you know the look? The look that says *"take a shot at me".* Then you close with a smooth, standard routine that's buys you an opportunity to hook up with her again in the

near future. Most of the time out in the real world, this is absolute *best* that you can expect to do.

Let's get real: you are not going to speak some magic words and hypnotically mystify some chick into following you out to the parking lot and give you a blow job behind the dumpster. You've been watching too much of the unrealistic shit that passes for porn nowadays.

Buy your fantasies elsewhere, I'm going to give you something that can really work for you and make a 1000% improvement in your social life.

The Mechanics of Attraction

Romantic attraction in humans is a mystery wrapped within an enigma – a complex interplay of seemingly endless ironic twists whose ravages have been documented in sonnets and love songs through the ages. But for all its potential to cobble together the most unlikely pairings of people with nothing apparently in common, there is actually a crystal clear logic that underlies the workings of attraction. Nature's main goal is to pair off genetically strong individuals as often as possible in order to keep the overall population strong and healthy. Attraction as it translates from instinct to human thought is really all about the personal search for this genetically healthy individual among an available member of the opposite sex, using some strategy to advertise your own genetic advantages as best that you possibly can.

Both men and women perform this task in similar ways by looking for ***markers*** in members of the other sex. Markers are visual and other clues about people that produce a sort of readout of their genetic vitality. At some point all five senses are engaged from visual and auditory (language), through touch and even smell. Of course, by the time you get around to *taste*, the fun has already begun ;-)

The primary sense we use is *vision*, of course – the first impression we get of anyone happens when we see them from a short distance away. I'm sure you've heard that men are intrigued by women sporting the good old zero point seven (0.7) hips-to-waist ratio that signals for an "easy breeder" – a woman whose body framework has been shown to produce successful deliveries and fewer miscarriages. So a quick glance produces a marker for one important reproductive signal that we as men need to know about.

Men themselves are typically “spread breeders”, which means that their greatest reproductive success comes from spreading their seed far and wide among a variety of different women, something which society has come to frown upon for a variety of different reasons that have mostly to do with creating a practical social order. Women on the other hand are “husband breeders”, which means their reproductive success is enhanced by cuckolding one particular male and being regularly inseminated by just him until she becomes pregnant.

This is important because human females do not know exactly when they go into estrus (heat), and so to improve their odds of having babies they need to have fairly regular sex all through their menstrual cycle. They also need resources from the male to help raise the offspring of course, as human young are born very helpless compared to most animals and need many years of protection before they can survive on their own. This is why they have an eye on our **status in order** to get a sense of our value as providers. Of course, status only reveals our *potential* to provide resources, not necessarily our willingness. That’s why a woman needs to do further tests of **trust and loyalty** before she can decide if she’s really into to us for the long haul. In any event, society applauds and supports this arrangement via marriage laws.

So it appears that as men we need only to see the 0.7 thing and we’re “game on”! But it gets more complex than that in the real world where we seek a more refined sense of each other before we can decide to pair off for reproductive purposes (the *only* purpose Nature has for us, incidentally – it has no interest in our desire to enjoy sex as a form of play.) This means that the search for markers continues beyond these initial visual assessments for both sexes.

One of the principle markers that both men and women seek out and consider “attractive” is **facial symmetry.** Imagine a line drawn vertically straight down a face splitting it right down the center of the nose. The closer each “face-half” matches up to the other in terms of all the various curves and shapes mirroring each other closely, the more eye-catching and attractive that person’s face is considered to be. A face that is misshapen asymmetrically or droops along one side, even ever-so-slightly, is considered less attractive, plain-looking or even ugly.

You might be wondering why symmetry is considered attractive across both genders and throughout most cultures? Because in a strictly genetics & manufacturing sense symmetry is a tough characteristic to achieve in a living

organism, human or otherwise. It takes a near **perfect set of genes** with no "code bugs" in them to generate a lifeform with beautiful symmetry. It's a work of organic art! Whenever we encounter exceptional facial symmetry in someone, we **instantly recognize a marker** for strong, healthy genes (good stock) and we find ourselves attracted to them... *"Ah, ha... now there's someone who will likely produce strong and beautiful offspring for me if I can get my genes co-mingled with his or hers somehow..."* See how this calculus works? We can't help ourselves, we're like peacocks displaying our feathers... and the more impressive the display of symmetry, the more valuable the genes being boldly advertised!

People who display good symmetry are considered beautiful or handsome and they tend to do well in terms of sexual satisfaction, money-making ability, higher education, career recognition-advancement and all those other good things that have their **roots in widespread social acceptance** and normalization. Individuals with poor symmetry who are considered unattractive experience less acceptance even from an early age, and as a result the accumulated negative emotional burden can lead to criminal or self-destructive behaviors. Prisons are filled with asymmetrical faces.

Another thing we look for in the face are signs of **hormonal action** in our bodies that indicate sexual maturity. In men this would be things like facial hair, a squared jawline and maybe even a small scar or a bump in the nose that signals previous fights (to negotiate status?) with other males. Things that show off toughness and maturity are a sign that the **testosterone** is pumping well in that guy. In women we seek fuller lips and cheeks, soul-piercing eyes and other signals that **estrogen** has matured the female to a level where's she's ready to breed. These usual signs are picked up unconsciously and within split seconds, much like the recognition of symmetry.

As humans we seem to judge the overall attractiveness of a possible mate with a hierarchy of factors, some of which are available to us instantly, while others take an investment of time and investigation to fully determine. In descending order of importance, here are what men and women are generally looking for:

1 – Healthy genetics
2 – Stable personality
3 – Positive deep memory match

We've discussed the genetics already, which is purely physical and primal, but humans are *thinkers* and that means there's more that goes into the equation. The next one is **personality stability** or perhaps *character* is a better way to describe it. Why do we care about this? Well, mainly because human babies need years of care and rearing to survive – we don't just drop them on the ground and walk away reassured that they'll do just fine. Baby sharks do just fine right out of the uterus and can hunt and feed for themselves... not so much baby Michael (waaa...). **Character** in men is especially important since they are not bound by nature to the rearing of children as the females are, they have to be coerced somehow to stay around and contribute their time and resources. Society has aided the woman's cause by creating a legal structure of marriage laws and other psychological pressures which compel the man's behavior towards pair bonding, but we all know that in reality men have many different avenues through which they can cheat and abandon their commitments.

So the woman must gather a sense of a man's character and fit it into her decision-making process before she can consider mating with him. One of those things she looks for are *markers of intelligence.* As a general rule, intelligent people tend to be less prone to violent behavior, make more money and are more satisfying to hang around with because their curiosity drives them to seek unique experiences in life. Then again, there's the likelihood of passing these genes for intelligence along to her offspring, which gives them greater competitive advantage in a modern technological world. Another plus.

I like to think that **quick-witted humor,** the so-called "sense of humor" that women seem to prize when describing a quality of their ideal man, is an obvious and immediately accessible marker of intelligence for them. That's why it's useful to display some sense of humor as soon as you can possibly work it into your earliest conversations with her. You don't need to put on a stupid stage act, just a flash of humor is enough to show her the marker she needs to see – that easily recognized marker for your intelligence.

Women also prize **loyalty and kindness** in males, but these qualities take more time to evaluate. This is what dating is really all about, it's an investigation to gain a sense of such subtle characteristics. Loyalty is sometimes determined by things such as a "roving eye" for instance, so be careful about keeping your focus *only on her* when you're out and about on a date, resist ogling the passing tail. This can be a serious deal breaker with some women – especially those who've been burned by guys who exhibited similar behaviors and then turned out

to be big time cheaters.

Your capacity for kindness is also evident by taking note of your web of existing social connections with friends and family, how you interact with kids, and maybe even how you treat your mom. It may take a few family picnics and holiday get togethers for her to observe you in action, and so this kind of read comes even deeper into the relationship for her. Be aware that she will be observing you closely as these sorts of things unfold.

So it's this combination of instantaneous things (first impressions) along with those that take some time to smoke out that all get plugged into the equations that go on in her little chickie brain. Everything begins with some degree of immediate attraction, looks, chemistry and charm, and – if she's intrigued – then expands into these other more metaphysical aspects of character developed over the time the two of you spend together.

One final element is something that's impossible to predict or control but very powerful I believe, and that's a **deep memory match**. Our memory libraries are each distinct and highly unique, formed by the random trajectories of our lives and the people that have passed through them. They are also *unconscious* to a large degree. I'm sure you've experienced people of either sex who, at a glance, you either felt an intense like or dislike for *immediately*. This sense is completely irrational and has nothing to do with their behavior. A new guy you just met at work could seem like a really good dude, but for "some reason" you just don't like him. He hasn't done anything wrong, the guy just rubs you the wrong way and you try to avoid him whenever possible.

Well, I think that this "some reason" could be a deep memory pattern match with someone from your past who you came to despise for some reason. Maybe he resembles the schoolyard bully who used to push you around in first grade? Or perhaps some distant uncle who tried to grab your nuts at a family picnic back when you were 8 years old, or whatever.

Here's the thing: you may not even *consciously* remember these people any more or even think about them, but the deep memory lies buried in your unconscious mind somewhere and it is still associated with all those bad feelings that you had for that person. This can also work the other way too and you can have an irrational *attraction* for someone for the very same reason, despite the fact that they may be "all wrong" for you. This is how ugly guys end up scoring

chicks that seem way out of their league, and vice-versa. The mysteries of the human mind run deep, and this is the gameboard upon which we have chosen to play. So steel yourself for the sometimes highly illogical results.

The bottom line on attraction is this: ***there will always be factors over which you have no control and which are impossible to overcome with behavior alone no matter how hard you try.*** You can do everything textbook perfect and lay the smoothest charm on some chick, but if you happen to make a deep memory match with some scary creep from her past then there will always be "just something about you" that turns her off. X-factors *abound* in the game of attraction which can never be completely accounted for or even completely understood. That's why this will always remain a numbers game right to the bitter end. Success will require a substantial reserve of stamina for the search, determination to press on in the face of ofttimes crushing heartache – and above all a *streak of idealism* to keep you focused on that one special woman who you just know is out there waiting for you somewhere.

I'm going to try and grease the rails for you in this book as much as I can, but if you've been ducking out of becoming a man and have yet to pass through your own personal wall of flames, then get ready.

What Women Want to Hear

I searched around the net and dug up this interesting little romantic wish list, written by some woman, of how she imagined the perfect man would act when first meeting her. Here's a summary of what she wrote:

> ***Be very casual and unassuming*** when you first approach me to begin a conversation. But do make me understand that I'm being hit on before too long – in other words, don't be so vague that I can't figure out what you're trying to do or how I'm supposed to react to it.
>
> ***Put me at ease!*** Please, no confusing jokes or strange behaviors that I'm supposed to "get". I don't know you remember... so how can I possibly be expected to catch onto your weird humor or offbeat style if you just hit me with it suddenly out of the clear blue?

Keep me talking so I don't lock up! I get nervous when guys come up to me, start chatting... and then clam up. What am I supposed to say now?

Don't talk down to me like I'm an idiot. Make me feel sexy by feeling intelligent and you'll always have a chance.

Give me an 'out' so I don't have to reject you in a way that hurts or embarrasses both of us. It's not what I want to do, but I might have to... so let's make it easy on each other's egos. *Remember,* ***you*** *started this... not me!*

So there it is from the other side of the fence. It's not just us guys who are nervous about hooking up... women are obviously just as apprehensive about it as well. I suppose the only difference is that we get stuck *wrestling with* all our fears in advance while they have to deal with being surprised by it. Also note her anxiety about being confused by a weak or stammering approach. This sort of puts pressure on you to know what you're doing, at least a little. Don't worry though, most guys make this shit up as they go and do alright. You're at least studying a book and developing a plan for yourself!

Many of the qualities women on the make seem to be looking for are possessed by our old friend the "high status male" – remaining casual under duress, keeping things light and friendly but lucid, showing respect for the fact that she's easily embarrassed by this sort of situation, controlling her mood with your own in a *positive* and upbeat way, making your possible romantic interest clear to her, etc. Even that last item about accepting her final judgment like a man and not flying off into a hissy fit is characteristic of a guy who's self-worth does not hinge on a blown chance to meet a girl. ***The only part of any social encounter you can grade is that part which you control, namely, your own performance.*** If you give it your classiest shot, then you have nothing to be ashamed of.

You can't get anywhere if your own heart and mind is not on your side – so dispense with the severe self-judgements. Lighten up and become dedicated to building your skills instead with resolve and rationality.

Complicated Pick-up Lines Kill

By almost universal social convention the man must be the one to make an opening verbal gambit, *so your first goal is to get into the habit of speaking up when you're around cute women... no matter what!* Smile and talk about the goddamn weather if you can't think of anything else at first. ***It's the look in your eye that tells her everything she needs to know about you anyway!*** It's okay that you are nervous... a woman actually *needs* to see this reaction in order to get a signal from you that a play is on. Your nervousness can be a powerful pre-mating flag, so stop being ashamed to use it.

I don't like to use pre-rehearsed pick-up lines because they are too hard to pull off in the heat of battle without completely fucking them up. Even worse, use of a canned pick-up line makes you look like an inexperienced fool rather than the powerful *man* that you should seem like when first stepping up to a woman. Imagine trying to push one of these doozies past your quivering vocal cords:

"Do you believe in irrational and self-defeating infatuation at first sight?"

"My name's Mike... and by what name might you be called?... you shining example of genetic perfection!"

"I just wanted you to know that 99% of the women who walk in that door would kill their own mothers to look half as good as you do." (Huh?)

Good God, are you kidding me? If you can articulate any one of these jawbreakers without sounding like you're gargling marbles then move straight to the head of the class... a*cting* class, that is!

The fact is there's no need to make things this difficult on yourself when trying to meet women. They are far more impressed by what seems a spontaneous encounter than with your ability to remember an obviously prepared line of ridiculous nonsense. Remember what we just read about the need to **remain clear** rather than trying to make her decipher some barrage of way-too-clever bullshit? Suffice to say that you should always keep your opening words easy to remember and easy to ***articulate!*** If you don't believe me then try actually vocalizing some of these things **out loud** rather than just reading them in your head. Go ahead and study one of the "pick-up lines" from above and then recite it back out loud from memory. Now imagine a hot chick standing in front of

you... *totally bewildered.* Having fun yet? Now go wipe the flop sweat off your face before you drip all over your nice new keyboard.

Another thing about hitting her straight out of left field with a super clever line is that it sets the bar **incredibly high** for you. How do you follow this stuff? What's the rest of your great speech going to sound like? You can't just drop back down to "hey, howz it goin'?..." after delivering a gem like that without sounding double-dumb, can you?

Women actually despise pick-up lines because they figure you probably work them on every piece of gash who walks by – which implies that none of these women are anything special to you, just another target with tits who happened to drift through your cross hairs. It also paints you as the kind of schmuck who views women as stupid and thus easily manipulated with hot-button phrases – a guy who feels that unless he can somehow *trick* a girl he doesn't have a shot. Any type of transparent pretense like this sends a negative message about yourself, so don't lead with this lame crap. There are better ways to operate.

Effective Opening Comments

Rather than using clever phrases designed to hypnotize, I've found the most effective way to deliver an opening comment is in a **playfully casual way** that makes it sound as if a *spontaneous thought* just popped into your head. Make her laugh using any sort of humorous remark and watch for possible signs of interest by seeing how much eye contact she sustains. Remember it's all about eye contact! Try to be "light & bright" – *light* on your feet in the sense that you can adjust your approach based on the feedback you're getting, and *bright* in the sense of being intelligent and clever. **Humor** is that all-important marker of intelligence don't forget, and attraction is all about the search for these markers.

Opening lines are actually forgettable for the most part – that's why there's no sense putting too much effort into memorizing more than one or two favorites (something simple though, okay?). She won't fully process whatever you're saying anyway because of the startled surprise that usually accompanies a hit and makes her momentarily blank-out. It's what happens *after* those first few opening sentences that's really important... lots of smiles and lingering eye contact is what you're looking to exchange with her, that "copulatory gaze" we talked about earlier.

Here's a few general guidelines to keep in mind when making opening comments to women. They should be:

Unrehearsed. Something that just popped into your head at that moment is always the best I feel because it's spontaneous. Appearing a little nervous is okay too, *preferred* actually, since it seems like you're attempting to do something that you wouldn't ordinarily have the stones to try. This makes her feel *special*. This is good.

Appropriate to your surrounding environment or the situation in which the two of you find yourselves. Try to make it seem like you just bumped into an old friend that you haven't seen in quite some time, *without being deliberately corny about it.*

Sincere. Taking a challenging posture (neg hit) with a perfect stranger is risky. By hitting her with a put-down style remark supposedly done as a "joke" you're just daring her to blow you off. At this point she has absolutely no investment in your feelings, so there's no motive for her to be nice to you. Unless she's just dripping with a pissy attitude, I would avoid this as an opening tactic – though it might work better later on as a way to keep an edge on things.

Upbeat. If you mumble your words out like some nursing home gum-jockey, what's she supposed to do... change your fucking diaper? No salesman would dare deliver a muttering, uncertain sales pitch because he's basically telling you that his product sucks. *Remember who the product is here... (you!)* Keep your delivery **bright!**

Non-offensive sexually. This is a ***big*** one. Insecure guys like to make sexually bold opening comments to try and paint themselves as sexually experienced because they're afraid their near-virgin status will show through otherwise. It speaks just the *opposite* about you though. Dudes who are *really* getting laid never feel like they have to broadcast it to women. *They just carry it around as a silent vibe in the gleam of their eyes.* If you insist on being so foolish, you may as well just stay home and watch *Deep Space 9* re-runs until you disappear into a wormhole.

I believe that if you stay within these general rules you should at least be able to capture a woman's interest for a minute or two and who knows where that can lead. Demonstrate some positive juice with **steady eye contact** and possibly even a **quick touch** as well, but always in a **classy way** on the arm or maybe with just a lingering handshake. Humor should remain with the bounds of an *observation with an absurd twist* about your surroundings or yourself, never anything put-downish about her. Like we just discussed. Also, try not to burst out into your full blown comedy club routine if she responds favorably, okay Shecky?

Find Yourself a Sparring Partner

So where the hell do you find available women anyway? I get this question in my mailbox a lot. It has become a devilish problem especially for guys over 25 who are beginning to run out of the easy social access they'd once enjoyed at school. After you leave college and enter the working world your exposure to single women can drop radically, unless you get yourself into some career like a fashion photography or somewhere that puts you in contact with a steady stream of hot chicks every day.

For all you younger guys out there reading this, heed these words of wisdom: the pond will never be more abundantly stocked with fish than it is on campus. Not to sound like your dad or anything, but don't squander these many chances thinking that the well will never run dry, because one day it most surely will. Seize whatever possible social opportunities you receive by **learning to say "yes"** to an invitation for *anything* – any chance to go out with your buddies, to pull a study date with some fat chick you might have no interest in (because duh, she might have a hot roommate...). Just **say yes** and do it even if you think it will suck, because fate and random chance often work in bizarre ways.

Myself, I've always felt that the best place to meet women is *anywhere and everywhere they **least** expect it.* That's where all my best chances seem to have occurred over the years. Bars and nightclubs (and to a lesser extent, gyms) are all a tough sell for a guy like me who is not the typical intimidating male specimen of athletic prowess. Bitch shields are also up in places where men routinely take their best (and worst) shots at women like nightclubs. It's easier to make a cool first impression when you catch her a little off guard. You also aren't competing with all the other guys in the bar, where you may have to worry about how you look standing next to some Adonis. Even having these guys anywhere near you

can be enough to fuck up your confidence sometimes.

So I would say learn to become more ***aware*** of what's going on around you in terms of any potential chances to pull a flirt. At this stage you don't have to actually *do* anything about them, just jot down what you *think* you observed... *(time, date, place, girl, situation)* **on a yellow pad** when you get home later on, and keep track of all these events. Then review your "flirting logs" a week or two later and I'll bet you'll be surprised at just how many possible opportunities to work a casual flirt you might be waltzing right by absent-mindedly every day. In a week there could be as many as 8-15 good chances depending on how many people whiz past you every day and how big a city you live in. Even flirting harmlessly with 8 girls a week puts you up around 100 flirts in 3 months. So what have you been planning to do in the next 3 months that was destined to change your dating life? This simple exercise will build your awareness.

I'm trying to demonstrate that none of this needs to be a colossal task as long as you take things casually and learn to regard flirting as a normal everyday part of your life rather than a trip to the moon! Here's how it's done.

Pull-Tabbing

You look up from your physics book and there she is... beauty shimmering as if it were minted only that morning. You meet eyes with her for an instant, but then look away... uncertain. For a moment, the universe itself seems to draw a deep breath and hold it for an extra count...

Did something like this ever happen to you? Did the stars just suddenly fall into alignment one day and *boom* there she was, waiting to be plucked like ripe fruit? Not just any girl but *the* girl? Down in the burning pit of your stomach you realized you had a hanging softball floating right there in front of you, but you could only helplessly watch it go whistling on by.

I came up with the idea of pull-tabbing in response to this very sort of utter frustration. *Pull-tabbing is a way to continually keep your head in the game by turning a terrifying action into a routine one.* It's not rocket science either... just imagine if women had **pull-tabs** on their foreheads like soda cans. Any time you're curious to know what some chick might think about a guy like you, why not just reach over, "pop the tab" and have a look? And if you *routinely* engage in this sort of play with even the 4's and 5's, it may not seem so horribly impossible

to do the same thing with the occasional 9 or 10 who crosses your path, right? “Picking her up” is only actually attempted if we get certain buy signals that I’ll describe for you in a moment.

Pull tabbing itself can be divided into three parts which escalate in intensity as the web of interest is drawn tighter. This 3 part structure is helpful because following it prevents you from freezing up and running out of shit to say:

> ***1)*** Execute the **Pull Tab** and get a quick readout of what she may think of you...
> ***2)*** If there’s any interest, begin to **subtly communicate** that you dig her, *as a man*...
> ***3)*** **The Close:** arrange some means to establish future contact under a potentially romantic pretense...

This is the only way in which I approach women now in everyday circumstances – I just pull their tabs and see what’s up with them. Sometimes I do it just to satisfy my own curiosity with no real play in mind. Pull tabbing places you into a *hunting mode*... stirring the pot a little to get some action going. It’s fun too.

For instance, a familiar pull-tab that you might already know about is the old **phoney pretense** routine... pretending to need directions out on the street or advice about an item in a store just as an excuse to strike up a conversation. Get her laughing with an *"If I ..."* comment like this: ***"If I** walk around this store any more aimlessly, I might as well just apply for a job here. I wonder if the commissions are any good?...."* Turn the asking for help into a way to get her giggling. The way in which she responds with laughter plus a **willingness to hold eye contact** gives you your first positive signal. Hang around in the ladies’ clothing section of a store and pretend to be looking for some blouse as a gift for your sister... *“Well, she looks to be about the same size as you... but her hair isn’t as blond or doesn’t make such sexy curls across her forehead like yours does...*

When dealing with women no matter how foxy and intimidating they may seem always treat it playfully, ***never*** come across like a wayward beggar looking for a savior with a grim, frightened face. This is disastrous to your male display. Drill the idea into your head that *you already enjoy a fun life* and you’re only interested in adding her into it! Maintain a level of pride as a baseline below

which you will never sink. You are not ashamed to be a single guy snooping around for a new girlfriend... so fucking what? Remember that just the very act of taking a social risk is a major marker of a powerful HSM that can raise your stock in a woman's eyes *immediately*.

Trying to run a full out "pick-up routine" can nerve-wracking to the max. You will burn your emotions to a crisp trying to pressure yourself into doing cold approaches in the face of massive fear. This is the way to *torture* yourself with this stuff, not have fun with it. I would rather do 20 pull tabs a day than try to run a single cold routine on some chick out of the clear blue. Who needs that kind of stress?

Every so often you get a nice little "buy" signal, and that's when you can slide into the simple routine that I'll describe for you in a moment if you wish to. Even if you fuck up some steps or miss a few, it won't matter – just having *some kind of plan* in your head rather than working with a blank mind can be enough to get you moving and maybe all the way to the finish line. You don't have to hit a perfect bull's-eye to leave her glowing with good feelings, a C+ will be enough to get the job done with most anything short of Paris Hilton (and who knows?... she's probably been taken down by a drunken D- more than a few times...).

The Instant of Recognition

Everything that goes on between men and women whenever they encounter each other for the very first time is energized with unseen emotion and tends to happen *snap-snap, bang-bang.* This is true because we each have a large store of biased information about the opposite sex already deeply-embedded in our minds, and this pre-bias makes much of our early responses take the form of *reflexes* rather than well thought-out moves. *I always find that any really great, upbeat first exchange I ever had with a women was preceded by a brief moment of lingering eye contact which seems natural and almost* ***magnetic*** – which at the very least seems to signal a significant mutual interest and some impulse to trade a few words. If they are destined to be, this is the launching pad from which all successful seductions seem to take flight.

You should understand the importance of smooth eye contact by now. Remember those "hello eyes" I described in the last section? Meet her eyes, smile, *hold* eye contact. **Meet, *smile*, hold...** *boom, boom, boom...* this non-verbal opening volley should happen in a single smooth motion about **two**

seconds after you first catch a glimpse of her. ***Everything hinges on this instant of recognition!*** If you break eye contact too soon, she will look away herself and consider the encounter little more than a polite trade of smiles between strangers. If you want it to be more than that then you have to THINK, and you need to do it as a *reflex* or it will be too late. ***That's why this needs to become a lifestyle with you.*** If her eyes linger on yours for a few seconds after she smiles back (assuming that she does, but most people will model back a smile as a reflex) you have to say something ***immediately***. *If you hesitate more than a few seconds the moment is lost.*

This can be the most challenging moment in the entire process, but if you nail this initial contact you could find yourself cruising before long as the rest of it (dating, sexing, etc.) gets easier because that part tends to take on a life of its own after a while. So nod a greeting if you happen to be a short distance away, *step forward* and just say "hi" like she's an old friend. It's important to **close up any gap of more than 3 or 4 feet** and get up onto the edge of her personal space, but don't crowd her. You don't want to be shouting at her for everyone else to hear if you're in public, but at the same time you have to respect the fact that she doesn't know you yet – so you have to engage her appropriately in a way that **demonstrates you are normal.**

As soon as you can manage to, make a friendly joking comment about something going on around you and get her laughing a bit. The idea is to place her at ease and show her that you are **harmless and friendly...** that's always got to be job #1. The look in your eye should signal interest, but certainly not the leering glare of the pervert, right? You want to quickly establish that you are a normal guy, not a wacko or some creep pulling a memorized pick-up routine. Remember, there's no big high-pressure push going on here – you're just shopping for interest the way you maybe do two or three times *a day* with all the cute women who happen to pass your way. The *casualness* is particularly important... the more "ho-hum" you make doing these little innocent pull-tabs, the smoother and more practiced you will become at them. You're just fishing around for anything that suggests any woman could be game. You won't necessarily be going any further unless you get the correct signals from her, so the ego always remains protected behind this "aw-shucks" friendly guy veneer.

After you've caught her attention the next thing to do is **model relaxation** for her. *Remember that you are the puppetmaster pulling the strings!* This focus on ***task*** should help to distract you from your own nervousness. Drop dead and

become still – make only very slow, snake-charmer like moves. This sends a subliminal message that you pose no threat to her. Keep one hand in a pocket, hold eye contact casually with the barest smile and sway very slightly in a relaxed fashion. By presenting a *visual* model of relaxation she will unconsciously fall into step with you.

I've seen women go into full pause and completely forget what they were rushing around doing only a moment before. Snake-charming. You can even close in on her a bit, but do it *ever so slowly* so that she hardly notices. Just an invisible, shuffling forward... not too far into her personal space but right up near the boundary where a boyfriend might be allowed. You'll have to experiment until you find this spot, it's intuitive. I can tell you that it exists, but not precisely where it's located for every woman. Some of these fine nuances in your technique may be dependant on your own particular culture as well, so keep that in mind when reading this and adust your moves as you see fit.

The **attitude** you want to project can be described as *guileless* I suppose – sort of open and accepting and "in the moment" as the New-Agers like to say. Non-judgmental. That's important, you should **seem non-judgmental** and just a bit **fascinated** with her. Puppies and kittens are non-judgmental, that's why we love them! Without become supplicant and ass-kissy (and there's no reason to go this far) try to model this state for her and see if you can't draw her into it. Much of this works like a form of mild hypnosis (I hate that word), and women with a higher TQ will respond to these types of actions more readily than the logical types will. Also, avoid acting like a wise-ass or serving up a "who-gives-a-shit" attitude – because then you'll be modeling *that* instead, and you'll likely get the same in return!

When you first begin pull tabbing you'll probably mess up here and there, forget some of the steps, whatever. No big deal – you can always withdraw before revealing the fact that you have any heavy duty interest in her and thus avoid serious embarrassment. This is exactly what you *can't* do when attempting a full blown pick-up, which is why they're so scary! Once you step up you have no choice but to take a full roundhouse swing at the pitch. Yeesh.

With pull-tabbing on the other hand if you're getting a lousy read you can just taper off your casual chat and say "ta-ta" and let the whole thing dissolve away. No harm, no foul. No red face either because you are guided only by ***her*** signals. You open the set, but if she doesn't help you pull the wagon then

nothing meaningful is going to happen. It takes *two* to dance this tango, after all. Unless you push for it despite her obvious disinterest there's no possible rejection involved and therefore no humiliation to fear. ***Or take a chance anyway and go for it if you have the urge to do so.*** It's your judgement call, and once the adrenaline starts to flow you may discover a reserve of courage that isn't normally there for you. You're a Man, do whatever you want.

Just Old Friends?

If you want to play around with this stuff a little bit, you could even try coming onto a girl you don't know like an **old friend** that you haven't seen in a while. This perplexes her for a few seconds because she thinks *"do I know this guy from somewhere?.."* instead of *"...who's this guy? Is he trying to pick me up?"* You have to demonstrate some certainty in order to seem credible of course, which might require more acting ability than you can manage. So judge accordingly if this is something you can manage without looking foolish. The idea is to disguise the fact that you are running a pull-tab long enough to capture her attention *before* she realizes that you really don't know her. She'll just think you're a super friendly sort of guy, which is of course what we *want*... friendly and unthreatening – but in a gentle, non-slobbering way that diminishes neither our male display or mystery.

You can either continue this charade in a teasing manner to try and nudge her into a playful state, or end it gracefully – *depending on how she reacts.* Take your cues from her response and feed off of what she gives you. If you say something like "Hi, it's good to see you ***again***" rather than "Hi, it's good to see you..." she's going to think that either you mistook her for someone that you know, or that *she's* forgotten who you are.

Anyway, here's how to make the **GO** / **NO-GO** read:

1) If she seems **nervous or distressed**...

Blame yourself for the mistake and apologize, ***but don't bootlick.*** Drop it and move on. Say: ***"Sorry to confuse you. You had a certain style about you that reminded me of an old friend. It was just such a pleasant memory, I guess I must've blanked-out there for a moment."*** Turn the whole thing into a compliment by telling her that the "bright energy" or classy style she displayed reminded her of someone you once knew, a friend from the past. You just

reacted without thinking. Be cool and laid back about it, but also **impishly pleased** that your 'mistake' ended up creating a chance to talk with her. Once more: ***"I saw you there and you just reminded me of someone that I once knew, I must've just totally blanked for a second there... I'm sorry. This is the first time that I've ever done that..."*** Say this with a gleam in your eye!

2) If she seems **playful and curious** and holds good eye contact...

She's giving you a signal to keep the flirt going, realizing the possible false pretense but willing to play along anyway. Be vague and teasing... ***"who do you think I am?... you sure about that?"*** Keep this up for a while until it becomes obvious that it's all just a flirt, ***and then let it go.*** Don't drag it out until the whole thing becomes annoying. You're trying to get her into an "up" state so that she's in a *receptive mood* remember, so when you ask for that number or a little get-together later on she's not already pissed off at you for being such an asshole.

Reading Her Mood

Whenever pull-tabbing, one of the things I try to do is get an immediate **read on a woman's mood** and do my best to sync-up with it – whatever that might seem to be at the moment... upbeat or pensive, chatty / reserved, wide-eyed / slo eyed, flirty / serious, etc. Matching someone's mood is an effective way to create an immediate sense of connection with them, sort of modeling in reverse. Let them pick the tenor of the encounter and then you (puppetmaster) simply reinforce it. One critical expression of her mood that's going to dictate how things will ultimately go down is her **willingness to talk.** It's not always possible to tell *exactly* what you have on your hands based on this factor alone, but here are my best recommendations based on a lot of fieldwork:

If... she **wants to talk**: you could have several possibilities at work here. Does it mean she's simply bright-eyed and interesting, or a non-stop "chatty-Kathy" type that will eventually drive you *nuts*? You may've even caught a normally *shy* girl in a happy moment! Who knows, but *you* will eventually if you keep your radar deployed. Just let her yap until she seems to exhaust herself, and then steer the conversation gently in the direction that you would like it to go.

If... she seems like she's **untalkative**: (but also seems to be signaling non-verbally with her eyes for you to keep going) then you've probably got a **cautious**

thinker on your hands. This is a ***different*** kind of play... it's done with *very few words* and almost has to go down like a scene in a movie. You have to act out a very sophisticated scene using lots of body language to communicate your *sudden* desire for her. This has to seem like a completely unexpected turn of events. You were just trying to be friendly and, POW!... cupid came out of the woodwork and knocked you for a loop. Skip the small talk here, it's worse than wasted, it's counterproductive. You have to let your eyes and posture and willingness to gradually invade her personal space do your talking for you.

Signs of Female Interest

Great **Eye Contact** along with an engaging **Smile!** *(always #1)*...
Widened eyes and **rapid blinking** – flash of a **raised eyebrow**...
Leaning towards you and deep into your **personal space**...
Palms of her Hands somehow presented towards you...
Lifted or curled **shoulders**, thrust **chest**, head **tilted** to look cute...
Nervously making any slight **twirling or pivoting** back-and-forth movement on the ball of her foot or heel (she's *dancing* for you!)...
Shoots you any obvious "I dig you" signal like the **slo-eyed gaze**, the deliberately-licked **lips**, etc. *The flares don't go off any brighter!*

Signs of No Interest

Refuses to hold sustained eye contact, only gives **brief flashes**...
Seems **fidgety** (but not in the good cha-cha way described above), almost more like she'd rather fall through the floor than be standing there talking to *you...*
Returns nothing more than a **courtesy laugh** at your attempted humor, or even **stone-faces** you...
Rolls her lips into a **thin, tight** line...
Closed posture, **arms-crossed,** blah-blah...

Fairly obvious and common sensical stuff, right? The main idea behind studying things so closely is to try and get a sense of whether you are Go or No-Go *before* you take the plunge and reveal that you're hitting on her. You can push forward if it looks like an interesting play may be afoot, or back away with your dignity squeaky clean if that seems to be the better move. Your choice – you are always in control of the depth to which you run any pull tab.

Confess Your Fear

No matter how at ease you become at doing this stuff, you'll still get nervous. Pretty girls just have that effect on us. While it might be natural, it doesn't paint us in the best light and of course it actually embarrasses many of us. There are various tricks and techniques for dealing with fear and anxiety (including the NLP "rubber band trick" from my earlier book), but one of the simplest is one you may've never imagined: **confess your fear.** It's true. I discovered this by complete accident when I was a sophomore in high school. I had to get up in front of English class and give a five minute speech on any topic of my choosing as an exercise in public speaking in order to get a passing grade. So there was no backing out.

Being sort of shy, I was nervous as hell the day of the speech even though I knew the subject pretty well (something about communication satellites). When I finally got up there I was muttering along trying not to sound too nervous, when all of a sudden my voice completely failed me and I made a very audible *gulping* sound. It was horrible! I remember being both embarrassed and stunned at the same time. But then something weird happened... from that moment on I became ***dead calm.*** It was unbelievable how the fear just seemed to whoosh away in an instant and I was able to deliver the rest of the speech like I'd been doing public speaking all my life. In fact, the teacher had to break-in and tell me to wrap it up because I actually went two minutes overtime... *I was having so much fun!*

When I thought back to that bizarre occurrence and tried to understand what had happened, I realized that the ***GULP*** sound – that embarrassing, gagging *choke* – had actually been a kind of "admission" to everyone in the room that I was scared shitless to be up there talking in front of them. ***And the instant I made this "confession" – even though non-verbally – the fear simply vanished!*** It was an incredible revelation to me – something I'd never encountered before. In fact, I remember being totally pissed-off for even revealing that I had been afraid *at all,* that's how totally "gone" the fear was once my confession had chased it away! I literally couldn't remember having had it in the first place. Wow!

I decided to try and see if this trick would work on me when I was chatting up women in a bar setting, something that always used to scare the shit out of me. I always felt like to had to impress a girl with some really slick verbal *routine*

in a bar, and I had no idea of what that was supposed to sound like and so I was incredibly self-conscious about everything that I could think of to say. Everything threatening to come out of my mouth was self-judged to be completely uncool, humiliating *garbage*. I applied such ruthless self-censure that I ended up either paralyzed to say anything at all, or when I did speak it was with this horrible feeling that I was making a complete fool of myself. This is how I grew to hate bars and clubs, I simply couldn't function in these environments. And *drinking* only caused me to become more withdrawn and anti-social – so it acted as a *reverse* social lubricant for me and made things worse.

So one night out with my buddies I was making my usual faltering attempt to talk to some girl at the bar when I just blurted out that it makes me nervous to talk to a pretty girl for the very first time. It was horrible and I must've looked like a fucking deer in the headlights when I said it... but *damn* if I didn't go **dead calm** immediately afterwards just like in front of English class that day! It's like admitting fear openly to your own brain scares it away somehow. I then began to talk with a natural confidence from that moment on as if she were an old friend of mine. We gabbed for over an hour. I even felt good enough to get her phone number (which I *never* was able to do back then), and we actually ended up dating for a few months. We had some fine times together.

Over the years I've perfected this confession thing into a quick and simple little sentence: ***"Whew, it's kind of nerve-wracking to talk with someone for the first time like this, isn't it?"*** See how sneaky I say it?... I don't even really admit that *I'm* nervous, I just make a sort of general statement that "talking to a stranger for the first time is nerve-wracking", and leave it at that. This announcement is made solely for the consumption of your own unconscious mind so there's no reason to string it out or embellish it any more than you have to. If she says something like "what do you mean?" then just say *"you know, trying to impress someone you don't know yet really gets the old juices flowing"* or something vague like that, and then just quickly change the subject and keep on talking. Bury this line of thought by joking about it if you have to and then move on. Hopefully you'll begin to feel more calm immediately. Once the fear lets go of you, you'll notice how easy it is to make conversation in a way that presents the strongest parts of your personality front and center. Then you can begin to relate to women just as effortlessly as all those smooth dudes you envy at the club.

I believe anyone can benefit from this strange phenomenon of openly admitting their fear directly to the person who's making them nervous. Well, if your head is wired up somewhat close to my own it will. Hey, there's only one way to find out... and that's to try it for yourself and see. Go find some cute chick today and confess your fear to her... and marvel at the tranquilizing effect it has on your heart and soul.

Pacing the Conversation

Here's another thing to keep in mind: there's nobody holding a stopwatch on you, so be aware not to let a situation develop where you find yourself *talking too fast.* Your careless modeling will only influence her to do the same, and before long you'll both be chattering away like a pair of chipmunks! You want to draw her down into a slower, *sexier* mood instead by modeling *that* type of behavior for her as best you can. Women will allow themselves to be manipulated in this very subtle manner whenever they are in the presence of an aggressive, dominant male. This is where the process seems to run almost like magic sometimes.

Women have an unconscious "submission instinct" that you can secretly invoke simply by showing off a powerful conviction in what you're doing and saying. Just don't slip too far down this trail and become arrogant, but otherwise your deepening interest in her can actually become intoxicating in some way that's hard for us to understand. I've seen this happen and it's amazing to watch her submit to your will and let herself be swept up by your lead. Women dream and fantasize about this stuff don't forget – when they find it actually *happening* to them in real life I think the romantic pre-imagery they already have in place stuns them somehow. ***And the higher the TQ the more "stunnable" they are likely to be.*** That's why I feel it's always best to just assume she has a high TQ and is likely to respond to instinctive mating actions, at least until you are able to determine otherwise in the future. But hell, even the low TQ's will be in a playful mood sometimes, *so go for it!*

Try pacing the flow of the conversation by using both the **inflection** of your voice and the **timing** of how you dispense your words in order to lift her out of the everyday world that may be surrounding the two of you. Talk *with* her, not *to* her. Give her a chance to add to the conversation, let her lead it off in unknown directions without acting like a control freak. What does the *quality of her laughter* say about your chances?

Sophistication around women can be subliminally communicated with the simple body-language trick of keeping your ***peripheral movements slow and poised...*** almost *cat-like* (although certainly **not** in the feminine sense of the word...). Graceful, planned movements with very little wasted motion -- like you're absolutely certain of everything that you're doing. Inhibit as many stray body movements as you can – let there be no jiggling of keys, playing with rings, rocking the barstool or drumming of fingers. Externalize the image of being untroubled and laid back as much as you can manage.

Custom Commenting

Custom **commenting** allows you to say something enticing to a woman without sounding "ass-kissy", which is the problem with many kinds of typical **compliments** that makes them unsuitable to use too soon. The canned ones especially sound like phoney lines that you must work on every broad who slides through your field of view. And they can make you seem like a inexperienced fool if you deliver them in a nervous, cracking voice. To hell with complimenting – make a ***Cool Observation & Warm Comment*** instead using this format...

A Cool Observation (about her style / look / manner)

+

A **Warm *Comment*** about it.

A *comment*, not a sappy compliment. Scan around for something that looks **unusual or remarkable** about her, make sure it's something *positive*, and then make a casual, friendly comment about it. Women remember this sort of thing. Be classy, try to pick out something that shows an appreciation for her own unique style somehow (hairstyle, jewelry, tatoo, piercing, pet on a leash, rollerblades, etc.). Something like this:

"Those hoop earrings are cool, my sister wears them too. It brightens a guy's day to run into a woman with style."

"I love the way that high-collar coat goes with your hairstyle. That's the kind of look I wish I saw more of."

"That was a great shot (putt, break, volley). That's the kind of

play that inspires me to keep improving my own game."

Here's the simple format: observe something **cool about her look, style or attitude,** and then make a **positive comment** about it. The **custom comment** can change the dynamic between two people in an instant because it reveals possible romantic interest, but without being too obvious about it. She knows you are trying to make some kind of connection with her, and now it's her turn to pick it up and run with it (or not). If she gives you a curt 'thanks' and fails to make eye contact it's a pretty sure sign of disinterest. *But...* if she's a teensy bit intrigued, you may get a **GO** signal instead – cute smile, a girlish blush, that nervous "dancing" fidget, things of that sort.

AN IMPORTANT NOTE: Perhaps these sorts of statements may sound a little or even *a lot* silly to you, but please don't make the deadly mistake that I used to make by pre-judging your every possible word as inadequate before you actually try them out on someone! I used to stand around in a bar and ruthlessly pre-edit everything that I would like to say to the pretty girl standing next to me (often *signaling* for me to open a conversation with her!) as being "idiotic" or "ignorant" or "uncool" or whatever, rapidly in my head. I would run dozens of seemingly "too obvious" or banal statements such as these through my mind and ***reject them all*** – stubbornly holding myself to impossible performance standards. I would edit myself into complete mental exhaustion and eventually end up mute and withdrawn.

My guts are churning with regret recalling this exercise in self-hatred even as I write this stuff today, and so I would like to pass along this one bit of old guy wisdom onto all you younger guys out there who are pre-thinking yourself right out of a social life in a similar fashion: *it isn't what you say to a woman that's important, it's the* ***intent*** *behind your saying it.* She reads the intent, and disregards the actual words. Hell, most times she doesn't even hear the friggin words! Just remember this if nothing else:

It's a ***signal***, not a clever speech, that you're trying to make!

"I like the way the sunlight is shining off your hair, it's giving you a little halo," you say. "You mean like an angel?" she flirts, "but sometime angels can be worse than devils..." "But devils sound like more fun," you laugh, "Could I interest the devil a cup of coffee?" "Sure," she says, flashing you a wicked smile.

Many women will respond to even the slightest nice word from a stranger like touching a burning flare to the wick of a skyrocket. Custom commenting crosses the line of formality and begins to hint at potential desire. If things go well at this stage, then we're getting close to revealing that the hit is on – which advances the pull-tab up to the next level.

> **ANOTHER NOTE:** Some of these newer "systems" for meeting women recommend that you knock a chick off balance with an obscure put-down – a so-called "neg hit". This is supposedly necessary if she's a 7+ who's had her fill of supplicant guys kissing her ass 24/7, and you must demonstrate above all else that you are not this breed of desperate joker. While this neg hit might have some merit in a nightclub setting with the super-hot model-types who need to have their cages rattled, how many of *those* do you run across every day? Most ordinary women won't appreciate a neg hit. Many won't even *understand* that you're coming on to them, they're likely to think you're just some kind of woman-hating nut case. Remember what she said about not wanting your approach to be so obscure that she can't figure out what you're really doing?

Revealing the Hit

At some point during the pull tab she has to get the idea that you're actually *hitting* on her. This guides the encounter on to a discrete **conclusion** so that you don't end up floating in some vague limbo where she's not exactly sure what to make of you, and *you* don't know what to do next. Making it clear that you are interested in her makes it *appropriate* for you to inquire about getting her number or having her accept yours. This is important because to just suddenly spring a "number grab" on her at the end of an otherwise neutral conversation might seem awkward, so you've got to hint at it beforehand and make sure she sees it coming. The female is often compared to a *feline* in many ways – and nowhere is this more true than in her proclivity to be done in by her own curiosity. This gives us a point of leverage to manipulate her feelings. She should walk away from any successful first encounter intrigued to know more about who you are. Remember, what she doesn't know she will tend to fill in with **fantasy**...

And so now we must move the conversation across some invisible line with the intent of transforming ourselves from nobody special to an *intriguing stranger*. I've found one cool way to do this is to suggest that some kind of ***intuition*** is at

play... that *Fate* is somehow responsible for tossing the two of you together right here, right now!

To get this mojo working for you, simply make an ***observation*** that suggests you have some kind of ***intuition*** about her. It doesn't have to be anything extremely clever or Nostradomus-like... where she works, common friends, career field, etc. The important thing is to work the word ***'feeling'*** into whatever you say in order to suggest that you're having some kind of *'sixth sense'* moment with her:

"I just had a feeling that..."
"we worked on the same floor..."
"you were from my old neighborhood..."
"I would bump into someone interesting wearing a red pin today," yada-yada... like that. ***Drop the word 'feeling' into the first part of whatever you say to her.*** This can instantly intrigue most women, some more than others depending how high their TQ happens to run, and make them experience an immediate connection with you.

Another thing you can do is make an **Irresistible Statement** to deliberately get a rise out of her. This one is my favorite because women are all paranoid about how they appear.

"You just have such an... exceptional look about you, it's something I've been on the lookout for lately."

"What kind of look? What are you talking about?", she will likely ask. You just gaze into her eyes and smile (very slightly) but kindly. You don't have to go into a whole dissertation about her entire appearance – just an approving comment about *one aspect* of her look that caught your eye, an odd piece of jewelry, tatoo, t-shirt slogan, belly piercing, should make the point. Similar to the whole custom commenting thing. The idea that you've been *"on the lookout"* is designed to intrigue too. Are you some kind of photographer or artist? What could be the deal? Let her twist some, and then explain innocently that you were thinking about getting a salon appointment for someone like you're your sister for her birthday so she could get a hairstyle "just like yours'. So where did you get that done anyway?...

Still another classy way to go is to observe that some quality about her

suggests an expertise in some field... and ***then ask her if she teaches it.***

"You look like you're into (yoga, aerobics, sculpting, _____), it's something I always wanted to try. You don't teach it by any chance?"

To look so good or appear so skilled at something that you might actually be an *instructor*? The compliments don't get any smoother than this my friend. Of course, she'll probably say that she *doesn't*. Then you just say:

"Oh sorry... I just had the feeling (there's that magic word again) ***that there was a little destiny at work."***

"Destiny?"

"You never know where a chance encounter with someone can lead."

An exchange like this should get her thoughts humming. Keep your conversations with women elevated up out of the routine even if only just a little bit. This steers you away from that boring nice guy zone where most ordinary conversations *that fail to provoke any emotion* ultimately lead.

The formula for this type of dialog is simply this:

Make a provocative statement that contains some form of gentle compliment

+

Attribute your assertion to a sudden intuition that you had about that person

You can also comment on a certain kind of ***vibe*** you're getting from her which makes you think she could be into some kind of unusual occupation.

"I noticed you looking at those _____ over there, you have the look of an artist or something. That's the kind of sense I have. Are you into _____ art or music?"

Once again the idea is to hint that somehow Fate and Intuition are at work.

You have a *sense* about her... you're taking a *wild guess based on a* ***feeling****.* Even if your guess is way off base, the notion that you would *think* so is flattering to her, so don't get tangled up overthinking everything.

Look for an opportunity to point out something that the two of you have in common – even just the experience you're both sharing at the moment can be provocative. Admit the obvious... that you're digging this chance encounter and would like to see something more come of it. Another form of confession, I suppose. ***"Hey this is really cool bumping into you like this. Isn't it amazing how pure chance works sometimes?"***

The big idea is to step beyond the ordinary and get her thinking differently about you. When a *"hmmm, this guy is different..."* light pops off in her head she may even begin to catch that first elusive whiff of *chemistry.* From here you can flow directly into asking her out since by now all pretenses have been dropped and the hit is revealed.

When you reveal that a play is on, ***you're also revealing a desire for affection,*** so if that desire is *shame-bound* (see my other book *Without Embarrassment* for a complete treatment of this subject) this moment is going to pull up a lot of **fear** along with it. Take a deep breath and deaden your anxieties, exhale quietly so as not to tip her off. Now deliver the following line from a place of centered calmness:

"Well... isn't this something..."

"What?"

"This," you smile knowingly. Unfaltering eye contact is required here and a lowered tonality in your voice as well. *The non-verbal exchange of looks speaks far louder than words.*

Remember that seduction is a form of benevolent manipulation, and here's where we begin steering things to our advantage. So far we've established contact with a girl who was a perfect stranger only moments before, received a fairly good response from our cool observation and warm comment, and have been applying a little humorous charm to get her thinking that we're a different sort of guy. But we're still in that grey area where she's trying to get a read on us. Now's time to give her what I call the "smitten look". The word smitten is an old

fashioned term that describes a feeling of *sudden* romantic attraction towards someone that you've just met.

Here's how the move is executed: **widen your eyes in mock surprise** and give her a *"holy smoke..."* sort of look. This is a **wide-eyed** look, (careful... **not** a *wild-eyed*!), and you only *flash* it for a second or two, so make sure you've got good eye contact established first or she won't see it! Then you "catch" yourself and quickly get back under control. Give her a slight, knowing/devilish sort of smile, **invade her personal space** with a slow tiny step forward, (her breathing may actually halt, I've seen it happen...), and say the following words:

"You really have a great..." (Pause here as if you're struggling to come up with the right words, ***"... sort of... energy (or passion, vitality, etc.) about you."***

You can actually memorize this one line if you want to and practice it. Drill it in there like a familiar song lyric. If she responds, *"What do you mean?",* tell her : ***"I mean, it just struck me how cool you looked (standing, relaxing, doing something, etc.) there, I guess you've caught me admiring..."***

This *"you're really doing it for me"* revelation has to seem like it just unexpectedly knocked you off balance. You want her to get the idea that you did not expect this to happen – and that now you're trying to make sense of it.

Do not underestimate the effect your being "suddenly smitten" can have on a girl. It's a **knockout compliment of the highest order,** the sort of stuff she will remember forever. A cleanly executed first impression can carry you for a *lifetime* with the fond memories it conjures in her heart. I think it's fun to mess with women in this manner... imagine how infrequently a guy makes a play *this* smooth on any girl out there. Most women will never experience such a smooth hit in their lives! Why do you think they're glued to those shitty soap operas all day long?

Now, Make a Smooth Recovery

Alright then, let's review. We: 1) invaded her personal space and gave her the deep look (copulatory gaze) -- 2) made a sexy comment about how she has great energy and how silly 'ol me got caught up admiring it -- 3) then we ***backed-off*** so she doesn't get overwhelmed. The idea is to let her know that you dig her

without coming on so strongly that you scare her off. *Balance* is important here... you want to communicate your sudden romantic buzz, but do so without going overboard just for the sake of being dramatic.

Perhaps you think the "gentlemanly" thing to do is to try and protect her from all this romantic high anxiety, but I've got news for you... life is full of anxiety ***and she loves it!*** Unlike us emotion-evading guys, women live for this kind of heart-stopping stuff, so don't worry about being responsible for causing a little anxiety to come into her life. She'll thank you for it in a few weeks after you've given her 3 monster orgasms in a row! (refer to Part 5 please...)

It's these quick bing-bang sort of moments that will really imprint themselves in her mind forever. If you pull it off smoothly, she'll be reminiscing that there was just "something" about you when she excitedly tells all her friends about it later on that night on the phone.

Set Her Up for the Close

Closing is all about getting a woman into an **upbeat and happy mood,** and then striking when the iron is hot... meaning, *NOW!*

Her regard of you as a cute-clever-nice-sexy guy will never be higher than at this moment. This is the climactic point when whatever good vibes have been building up need to be exploited. Observe her closely... does she look like she's anticipating your next move with some excitement, or is she getting ready to cut and run? Is there a longing ***in her eyes,*** or a "get me out of here!" look of terror? You're the one who will have to decide if you've got a play available or not, and all you can do is use your best judgement here. This is not an exact science by any means so you can still get a pie in the face even if every signal looks like a 'GO'. Don't ever forget that we're dealing with frivolous women, and thus the uncertainties abound. Everything I'm teaching you here improves your chances, but ultimately guarantees nothing.

Women have a fear reflex just like guys do which makes them jump to a 'no' – a self-protective response – when they really may have wanted to say 'yes' if they were only *given some time to think about it* – even just a few seconds. You next job is to serve up those few seconds for her, and you do this by **splitting the question.** Give her a little advance peek at what's coming so that she can decide what she *really* wants to say. Get her involved in the process by

splitting the question into two parts, *and make her ask for the second half*! Neat trick, you say? Well sort of – but it is one that will require maximum verbal control on your part.

Splitting the question is done by starting to ask the question and then ***pausing*** until she "cracks" and demands to hear the rest of what you're about to say. If you worked things correctly up to this point – got her laughing and connected and pulled the Suddenly Smitten trick and all – she'll know that you mean business if nothing else. So when asking for her number you should split the question like this: ***"Look, I know this might seem a little off the wall for me to be asking you..."*** At this point, pause as if you're uncertain how to finish the sentence. The key to this technique is to **hang the question in the air** and leave it there until *she* grabs for it.

Now comes your ***First Big Test of Wills!*** Stare into her eyes and say **nothing** until you hear her say, *"What?"*

In a situation where you're dealing with a perfect stranger, you simply can't know what the status of their love life might be... *unless you ask.* Splitting the question is the fastest way to smoke out if a woman has a boyfriend or husband, and is therefore probably (although not certainly) unwilling to hook up. By letting her see it coming, she will **stop** you if she isn't going to be able to entertain your offer. She'll let you down with what amounts to a 'soft rejection' usually by quickly mentioning something about her boyfriend or husband before you can even finish the question. This creates a decision point – you can either take the hint and bow out or ignore this initial resistance and ask her out anyway. You can try reading signs until the cows come home but ultimately none of this is science so if you want to go with your gut instincts then by all means do it!

Anyway, let's assume she can't take the silence any more, cracks first, and asks you *"What?"*. You then say:

"Well... you seem really cool. I'd like to give you a call or meet you for lunch sometime very soon. (ANOTHER PAUSE) do you think that would be possible?" Now comes your **second big test of wills...** you must once again shut the hell up and let *her* be the first one to speak! Do **not** keep embellishing the offer like a sweaty used car salesman trying to cover up butchered collision work. She gets it... you've made your pitch – *she must now decide!*

The pressure on both of you can be substantial at this point. This is where the ***men*** stay calm and the wimps start chattering to fill the dead air. This is NOT the place to start acting like Woody Allen on crystal meth! Let her answer yes or no, and then proceed to the next step of ***card sharking*** that I'll explain in moment if you get a positive response. If not, then withdraw gracefully with a *"...too bad, it's been delightful chatting with you. Take care."* Like that. Stay classy and don't give in to anger and start acting like a 5 year old who didn't get his way. This will only confirm for her that she made the correct choice by rejecting you. Preserving your dignity is important for the *next time* remember. If you know you can dive in deep like this and still escape unharmed, your confidence will remain intact and fear won't be able to derail you in the future so easily. This is extremely important because this game is not won by smashing home runs over the fence every time you're at bat, but rather by poking in singles and doubles *in-between a lot of strikeouts.* Once you become too scared to step up to the plate though, you're dead.

This is how people meet and hook-up in the real world. A little chance taken here, a flirt there. And some plain old desire to keep you moving forward in the face of uncertainty. No big words, no fancy jawbreaker 'pick-up lines' to choke on. Just a pull tab now and then plus a willingness to escalate on a good signal in order to keep things going.

Card Sharking

Now it's time to wrap things up. There's **two ways** to go at this point: try for contact information so you can get in touch with her again, or try to entice her into doing something with you *right now.* Which one you offer all depends on the situation that you're in. Pull-tabbing at the supermarket, you both are probably doing chores and so it's probably best to shoot for future contact info. At work, there might be an opportunity to take her somewhere nearby for lunch besides the crummy old company cafeteria. Use your head and adapt accordingly. I can only give you guidelines, but *you* ultimately have to design your own specific path to each seduction.

It's a smart idea to always have some **standard thing to do** hanging around in the back of your mind so you won't draw a total blank in a situation like this. It can be anything from a nearby place to go for coffee to something as elaborate as a complete night on the town. Whatever you do, figure the whole thing out **in advance –** write it down on paper, and practice saying it over and

over again until the words come out polished and smooth. This way, when you're face-to-face with some doe-eyed smokin' hottie, at least you'll be able to spit out *something* halfway intelligent, even if it's by rote. *Make your unconscious mind do as much of the work as possible by pre-installing intellectual "software".* You may even want to come up with ***two*** things, or even think up something related to the particular area that you're in, a lounge or a coffee shop close by. The idea is to **use your wits** and pre-plan as much of this stuff in advance so that you don't have to jump through mental hoops of fire when the emotional bullets are whizzing overhead!

"You seem really interesting, I would like to get to know you. Would you like to go get some (coffee, a drink, lunch...) right now?" You can make your pitch more **specific** (and make yourself seem more *sophisticated* in the process) by dropping names: ***"How about I take you over to the Anchor Bar for lunch tomorrow, I'll treat you to a dish of the best Buffalo Wings on earth. What do you say?"*** When brainstorming up ideas for your standard thing to do, including extra enticements like *"a dish of the best Buffalo Wings on earth"* can make you come off as more cosmopolitan. If you don't know of anything special that goes on in the places that you would like to suggest *then get your ass over there and investigate!* It will make you seem more worldly if you appear to have specific knowledge about a particular bistro, restaurant, bookstore café' or club. Find out something unique about the place (a menu item, a special "hidden" shelf of rare books at the nearby independent book store, etc.) and include that in your pitch.

Or you can go for her number for later. But try to pin her down on something *right then and there* because otherwise women can blow you off with a general "yeah sure" kind of response and asking them to make some kind of actual commitment, even a small one, will smoke out the liars. Say something like: ***"You know, people can be pretty hard to get a hold of sometimes. Why don't we set up a time and a place right now? How does [time] and [place] for about an hour work for you?"*** Then shutup and let her answer. If she won't commit then get her number anyway, but know that this could be a low percentage shot. If a chick digs you she knows *immediately* (remember "chemistry"?) and will agree to a specific time and place in the near future because she trusts her feelings more than reason at moments like these.

And here's an attitude tip: you should always come across like a guy who seems like he has **places to go and things to do**. What I mean is try to give off

the vibe that suggests you *already* have an interesting and fulfilling social life... and would she like to hop aboard for a ride? Women want to be appreciated by guys whom they sense are a "catch" – not by some lifeless numb-nuts or leering old bastard with snots running out of his nose. If a woman thinks your day consists of endless daydreaming about getting laid by all the passing "10's", she's not going to consider you anything but creepy. You are the worst sort of loser she wants nothing to do with. What will make her think you're *interesting* is if she finds that she's going to have to ***work*** for you. Even in this particular situation where you are "asking for the sale", you've *still* got to project this type of attitude – that you are valuable and worth becoming involved with. It will double your odds of success.

Get that Inkjet Ready To Go!

To facilitate the smooth trading of contact information, you should always be prepared with **two things** upon your person at all times: a 1) a custom-made ***"Me Card"***, and 2) a stubby pencil (about 2" long). Don't lug around a fancy flair pen because it suggests you're a number-collecting loser, whereas a half pencil makes no particular such negative impression. It's just some junk that happened to be in your pocket. Get it? Here's a sample dialog when presenting the card: ***"I'm just fascinated to have met you like this. Could I give you my card? It would be great to meet you for lunch or maybe just a cup of coffee sometime soon."*** Smooth and simple.

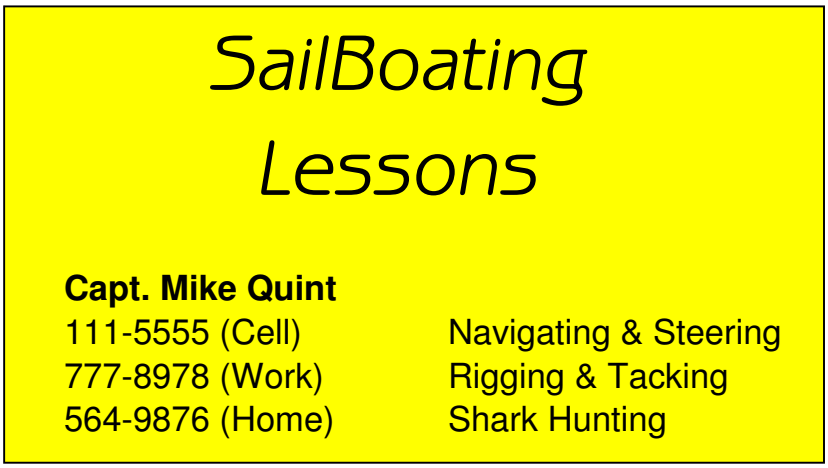
So what's a *Me Card*? It's a small personal-sized business card that you make up on your own, which therefore gives you complete control over what information goes on it. I'll show you the exact format to use when designing yours in a moment. In a pinch you could hand her your company-issued business card I suppose, but these things are as dry as desert dirt and they don't really cook up any juice. Plus, there could be information on there (like your work number!) that you don't want her to know about just yet. Better to crank out a few *Me Cards* instead and control who knows what about you.

The big idea behind the *Me Card* is to create a **custom communication tool** that is *uniquely enticing to women* because it gives you a chance to show off your stuff in a way that gives you: 1) an instant boost of credibility, and 2) an exciting thing to do on a first date! There's two main goals here: introduce some hobby or skill that you're good at, ***and present it in a way that suggests you teach it.*** You don't just participate in this sport or hobby – you *give private*

lessons or are a personal instructor of some kind!

For instance, suppose you enjoy sailboating, and you own a small boat. So, make up a simple card like the one shown below that proclaims you give sailboating lessons! Naturally, you don't hand these away to just anyone, but only to those cute women who've responded favorably to a pull tab. She reads it and wonders *"Hmmm, you know how to sail?"* You say sure, and oh by the way would she like to go out for a "free lesson" this Saturday afternoon?

BINGO!... you've got yourself a fascinating and unique first date! Plus it's an ***action date –*** the importance of which we'll discuss completely in the next section. (For now just remember that **action = passion.)** And since this is something that you *like* to do and are competent about doing, you will be at your ***best and sexiest*** showing off a cool skill that you're both comfortable and confident about. Perfect!... Move over James Bond!



You can whip up **Me Cards** for yourself by printing them out on special 10-up card stock right from your own printer. A few bucks spent over at *OfficeMax* or *Office Depot* for the actual pre-cut business card stock puts you in business. I use the **Avery 8371** style pre-perforated cards, and I layout the text and graphics using *WordPerfect*. There's 25 sheets in a pack and you can print out 10 cards per sheet. Your dick will fall off before you can hand out 250 cards.

Proving that I practice my own crazy ideas, here's an example of my very own *Me Card*. What's my big thing in life that I'm interested in? Well, I'm a writer. Freelance and internet self-published – which is hardly Random House certified – but so what? ***Emphasize the good stuff and sweep all those,***

ahem, minor details under the rug. So I churn these little babies out in bunches thusly:

Just look what a little chunk of 2x3 card stock accomplishes for me: it acts like a **personal advertisement** for a potentially impressive skill that I have, gives out my full name and however many different phone numbers that I want to, *plus* my e-mail address. Everything she could possibly need to get in touch with me – *and* it's not goofy like some lame-o "singles dating card" (puke!). In addition, I can tweak the truth or just flat out lie like a fucking dog if I want to! Notice how it says I write children's books? Although I suspect I could probably write one of those things with my bare feet on the keyboard (sEee dicKK rrun...) I never actually attempted one, but why let *her* know that? *"Oh, you write children's books too, how sweet..."* Yep that's me! Also notice that there's no mention of my website address on the card? It's not a good idea to let on to the women that I'm trying to meet that I write books about trying to meet women!

Finally, you can use the back of a *Me Card* to conveniently write down *her* information for yourself by using your little *2"* pencil stub. You know, the one you always carry around in your breast pocket?

If your new friend asks about whatever it says that you do, use this as an

opportunity to add some intrigue to yourself by teasing her with the answer. It's okay to puff up and embellish the story to make yourself into an "expert", but don't break into a half-hour dissertation about what a wonderful sewer pipe layer you are. Hold back some friggin' mystery!

And if you happen to be a'mature' gentleman reading this, there's no need to get stupid and make up cards that proclaim you to be the world's best snowboarding instructor. For instance, maybe you like to build furniture or do woodworking in your basement shop, maybe just as a hobby. You're pretty good at it... so toot your friggin' horn! A *Me Card* for you might look like this:

Creative Carpentry

Jim Skinnedknucles
555-3498 (Work)
911-5555 (Cell)
555-7685 (Home)
Joeskin@aol.com

Custom Cabinetry
Kitchen Remodeling
Patios & Decks

Help!... I can't stop myself! These things are like taking a dump... here comes another one:

Benny's Best Buds

Benny Sweetleaf
111-5555 (Cell)
(Forget it narcs, it's
a hacked number)
captainchronic@weednet.net

Sativa / Indica
Sinsemilla
Custom Clones

Hey don't laugh, I'll bet this would work at a Phish concert. Just have them printed on cards that look like *e-z-Wider* papers and pass 'em out!

What if you're a garbage man or a dishwasher? Who cares?... I'm sure you can come up with *something* that's speaks more to some ***passion*** in your life rather than the shitty job that you happen to make a living at. Maybe you like to custom airbrush motorcycle gas tanks as a part-time hobby, or volunteer your spare time at the local zoo to help hose down the baby hippos. Women dig this sort of thing... *it means you have a goddamn life!* So proclaim it proudly – this is all part of your ***Male Display,*** your peacock feathers. Don't be afraid to show them off.

Phone vs. E-Mail

There are generally two types of contact information you can get from people nowadays, a phone number or an e-mail address (which includes all these various other channels like chat ID, MySpace, AOL buddy lists, etc.). The phone is always better because it allows a more personal interaction (although it's *never* as good as seeing her face-to-face, remember that), but there is more reluctance for a woman to give this information out. The e-mail is easier to pull, but it's only marginally useful. E-mail is far simpler for her to manage than having to deal with your persistent phone calls. E-mails are also easy to delete if your messages come across as uninspiring or if you start to pester her too much. In addition, women like to bait guys into **revealing too much about themselves** with back-and-forth e-mail exchanges, and this almost always ends up with you finding a way to put your foot in your mouth and blow the whole deal.

So if you go for the phone number first and she seems reluctant, you can always accept an e-mail as a backup since it's better than nothing. If however, you ask for the e-mail first and don't get it, then asking for her phone number seems like an intrusion. But if you try for the safer e-mail and get it, then you're left wondering if you could've gotten the phone number instead. Now it seems rude to ask. ***So my rule is to go for the phone number first – and then the e-mail as a backup play if you can't get it... not the other way around.*** (Whew, man was that confusing...)

Anyway, after you get her contact info look her in the eye and say something like: ***"This is great, I'll be looking forward to seeing you soon, Ann. I'm sure it'll be fun, see you then." And then get the hell out of there!***

Especially if you're in a bar or party, don't let her watch you hanging around hitting on other women – *use your friggin' head!* This isn't a contest to see how many cards you can pass out like some slimy lawyer at a wheelchair convention – you'll have enough work just reeling in the one that's been nibbling at your hook.

Beware also of falling into *continuing happy chat* after the deal is complete because this diminishes your male mystery. Most people only want what they *can't* have, and you can easily tap into this bit of reverse human nature with a little forethought. Make yourself seem *scarce*. ***Mysterious exits will get her dreaming about you and building you up in her mind in preparation for your next encounter.*** This primes her for that all-important first phone call, which we'll discuss in the next section on Dating Her.

Meeting Women in Bars and Clubs

Bars and Clubs are tough. As far as seduction is concerned, they are not part of the normal world where many of the regular social techniques that I just described for you are operant. The women look extra hot and are densely concentrated in one big room, but that's where the advantages over ordinary life end for most of us. Everybody has their eyes *and their dreams* focused on the top 20% of the hottest bodies moving around them like sleek, beautiful animals (and this goes for both the men *and* the women).

Because of this understandable fantasy phenomenon, the rest of us look **lessened and low quality** in their shadow. For instance, if you happen to have the male disease of *shortness* like I do, you will seem even shorter and perhaps even comical standing beside the towering muscular Sven or his rap star look-alike buddy at the nightclub. It's an environment that requires a thick skin for rejection if you happen to strike an average pose, is all I'm saying. Girls who would otherwise pick up a flirt in a grocery store isle will reject you in a heartbeat simply for failing to make that top 20% cut. This means it's damn hard to get a viewing, much less a *hearing,* from most of the women! So you can look but don't touch. Frustration avenue.

So here's 4 important things to know about working in bars and clubs:

1) You always have to OPEN strong with a dramatic, playful flirt... something like *"Hey baby, you looked really smokin' out there on the dance floor! Very nice, I love that _____ look (mention something unique about her*

appearance), it's great!" Your delivery should be big and grand and done with a jocular demeanor. A meek little "Hi my name is Joe..." will be completely ignored. You just won't show up on her radar giving off personality power this weak. Extroverts do much better than introverts in this environment because they just naturally take to the whole dancing-drinking-romancing thing like a fish to water. In many social situations introverts tend to turtle up and become cautious, and this behavior ***will make you invisible!***

The bar / club scene demands that you participate in the culture of what I call the "3-D's"... **dancing, dressing** and **displaying of attitude.** You know what I'm talking about here and if you don't then you need to visit a few of these places and observe the dynamics going on for yourself. Guys who play the part *expected* of them by the foxy bar-queens that populate these places do the best. Whereas guys who stand around and watch, well... they stand around and watch. If these kinds of behaviors don't come natural to you, then you'll have to learn how to playact your way into this mindset because it's the only way that you'll have any sort of reasonable success-to-rejection ratio.

Get into the habit of frequenting some of the best places near you. Watch and study the "players" who see to always have women buzzing around them. These guys did not simply show up one day and rule the roost – they paid their dues by spending many evenings dancing and drinking, flirting and getting shot down, staying at it until they made a few breakthroughs... and finally making some "friends of a feather". This doesn't happen overnight. It takes a commitment of time and *money*... cover fees, hot clothes, bar tabs, etc. These do not come cheap. It takes a determination to want to bury yourself deep down into this scene, and that's why extroverts excel at it because they seek this stuff out anyway. They are hooked into all the people who make up their reality. This type of guy's social connectivity and ability to network gives him an "in" with an ever-expanding group of desirable women.

Into this strange world steps the introvert. This club cosmos is completely alien to him and he understands few of the customs of the local natives. His own favorite "world" is mostly an internal mental one – and so he spends more of his spare time *thinking* rather than interacting with other people. This means his first and most powerful instinct is to stand around and watch and puzzle over what sort of conversations everyone else seems to be happily engaged in. This meditative bias is completely at odds with the prevailing culture that values *action and movement,* and it makes him more or less socially inconspicuous.

See what I'm getting at? A withdrawn demeanor is simply worthless here, and you will just end up quietly staring at all the activity and participating in very little of it yourself. **Action** is the key to the club scene... dancing, joking, touching, hugging. I'll describe later how your **first date** with a woman should always be characterized by *action* of some sort as well, but I'll give you an insight into the rationale behind this right now.

They did some neurological studies of human emotional responses which I read about recently and the researchers established what many are now calling a rather eye-opening cognitive link between **fear and sexual arousal.** The fact is, these two emotional states are directly related in such a way that invoking one provokes a near automatic appearance of the other. Fear and arousal. This process can run back and forth both ways. For instance, many of us are familiar with the nerves and anxieties (fear) associated with having sex, especially with someone for the first time. Well, it seems that if you turn this around and create a little bit of *fear*, *you can draw up a certain degree of* ***sexual arousal*** *almost against someone's will,* kind of like a conditioned response.

Perhaps this finally explains the allure of the bad boy?... a guy who's out on the edge so that he seems dangerous on some level – and that whiff of danger is what turns women on. In a similar fashion, maybe all the action involved in the club scene, the dancing and drunken groping, simulates a form of *danger* that gets those sexual circuits provoked? The extent and degree to which this happens is probably debatable, but something *is* happening – you can see evidence in how hot and bothered many of the women in this environment seem to be.

One last point... the motives of women in nightclubs is not always the same as that of the men, who are basically either trying to meet some hot bitch or get laid that night. Many of the women are perfectly happy to *tease* men and get their rocks off on all the slobbering male attention instead. This does it for them somehow. They drink this psychological goo up like sweet honey – and the more determined they are to make a spectacle of themselves the more certain you can be this is what they're probably all about. Only the top players who are deep into the culture have a shot at these type of sexy airheads.

Outside the club, many girls sport completely different personalities, which is why I say it's best to try and meet them **where they least expect it** in everyday life. Of course, the attraction of the club is that the chicks are concentrated in one

big pile for you to ogle and hit on, whereas the opportunities are certainly far fewer and of a lower quality in real life. ***This means you need patience.*** For those of you with limited patience, or who feel that there aren't enough opportunities available in your daily life to effectively pull tab, then the clubs are probably your better option. Just understand these major differences and adapt to them. If you can't get into all the hoppin' and boppin', high-energy aspect of it, then maybe those quieter corner bars might be a better bet for you. The only problem is that these too can present only a limited number of regular bar floozies after a while, and when they lose their charm where do you go? To the next bar down the street, I suppose.

The bottom line is that every venue for meeting women has its good and bad side, you'll have to decide what fits your temperament best and design your working strategy around it. Anyway...

2) You need to have excellent non-verbal communication skills. Why? Because most of these places are so loud you can barely hear yourself fucking *think* much less communicate! Typical club music booms along at volume levels that will make your internal organs shudder, so if the strongest part of your game revolves around you're brilliant conversational skills you won't get to display much of your talent here. In fact, you will just *suck* and melt away into the wallpaper before too long.

Communication in clubs consists of a lot of long looks, touching and groping, making out, staring into each other's eyes... in other words, a lot of *physical* stuff. Next time you're out at one of these places just watch how much of this is going on. You might be surprised. It takes a willingness to dive head first into this mode and get **bold** with your hands with women you hardly know. Does this sort of behavior fit your temperament? Can you grease up with a few shots of Ol' Grandad and get into it the spirit of things even if you're normally a big puss in this regard? Remember that we're not talking about **reality** here, but rather the strange universe of ***club reality.*** There are a lot of other annoying dynamics going on as well, like the hot chick who's surrounded by her entourage of cock-blocking fat fuck friends that you somehow have to blast your way through, etc. Shit like this gets pretty damn tiresome after a while, and it eventually drove me away from the whole scene. But I do remember all the frustrations of trying to chat up women with words alone. It was impossible to get any juice going that way.

So gear-up to get *non*-verbal with 'em!

3) Watch her eyes! The eyes tell the tale, and they tell it *immediately*. If you get good eye contact and she picks up your flirt then you have a shot. If she won't even bother to meet your eye when you're trying to talk to her, then I would suggest you bail out immediately. She's a Queen who's not interested in you for whatever reason, probably because she doesn't recognize you as being in her particular "club clique". You're not a full time player you see... just a poor amateur looking for a few thrills. Pushing further is likely to draw a more publically humiliating rejection than anyone should have to suffer (like I did several times). So you should be ready to sort through women ***fast*** in this environment. Speaking of which...

4) Everything is time-compressed in the Nightclub Universe. Someone get Einstein on the Twilight Zone phone-to-the-deceased, I think we found a crack in the cosmic egg of Relativity!

In the Nightclub, time is accelerated beyond the normal, and events speed up. There's no messing around pulling phone numbers after long, sunny conversations. Clubworld is all about ***ACTION*** and moving around and letting the DJ put you in a trance. It's about styling like a peacock and dancing and 3AM blowjobs in the parking lot. I can't imagine trying to card-shark in one of these places... "Dude," little miss club junkie gasps, "do you think I'm going to fuckin' call *you*? How like, totally lame!" I never actually tried C-Sharking in a club. You *can* capture numbers, but only straight into a cellphone memory or your Blackberry or by using some hi-tech gizmo like that. This kind of techie-style grants an exception. All in all however, this is not a venue for meeting women with the idea of dating them in the future – it's all about ***TONIGHT!*** That's why lots of **touching, flirting, sexual innuendo** are in order. The women are there to get fired up and excited and have some kind of adventure *that evening*. This could mean anything from a hair-ripping catfight with some other nasty bitch to getting porked by dreamy Mr. Disco. They are certainly ***not*** there to meet nice guys for later dating. If that's who you are then you can just go home now.

But... if you can learn how to take on a "club-face" for yourself – dance, circulate, get gossiped about by the women, become recognized as a familiar face, etc. – then you can thrive in these environs. You'll have to train yourself to **compete against all the other top dog males** just like an athletic event, so get busy polishing up those dance moves and remember that things happen *fast*.

A Fictional Example of Pull-Tabbing

By now you must be thinking, *"aw hell... I'm never gonna be able to remember all this shit...".* And I can hardly blame you – upon re-reading this section I agree that it serves up a lot of mental grub to digest. You need to remember though that these actual dialogs happen *bang-bang-bang* and take far less time to happen in real life than they do to describe on a written page. When you add in the fact that there are more options available than you can possibly use on any *single* encounter, I can see why you might be feeling overwhelmed by now.

Since we've already got one famous 'Guru of Ginch' out there serving up perplexing dialogs that would be a challenge for the *Rainman* to remember, I'll try to simplify things for you with a sample of the types of ordinary dialogs that I've found typically occur during a run-of-the-mill pull tab. You've still got a long way to go before any seduction can be considered complete, but an ability to **effectively meet women** in a way that creates some juice sets the table for the following steps of *Dating and Sexing* and makes everything else possible. So it's important for you to comprehend this part thoroughly. Remember that a standard mate-hunting routine is one of those **seven necessary skills** you should cultivate as a man. Pull tabbing provides you with a simple, repeatable set of guidelines for implementing that routine.

The following is an example of a pull-tab that goes straight out of the ballpark. They don't all go like this of course, hell, 75% of them usually go nowhere at all -- but they're so easy to do that it should be no skin off your ass to waltz around all day long doing pull-tabs here, there and everywhere. The hardest part is just getting started and remembering to jump on the first few opportunities that you see. Read and learn the steps, memorize the flow (I'll give you a quick summary later to help move you up the learning curve) and then just try a few. Start small with fuggly women you don't really care about or who don't intimidate you, and work your way up the scale as your confidence grows. I started out as a complete retard at pull-tabbing, but now I'm pretty good at them and it's been my most important tool for keeping my social life supplied with an endless stream of cute little options.

*(During the following "teaching story", my own **silent** thoughts that accompany the first person spoken dialogs are placed in italics).* **Also, I've included important lesson points for you in BOLD RED.**

* * *

Another afternoon at the mall bumping along the crowded main walkway, looking at nothing in particular except all the delightful female scenery. I decide that maybe I'll check out a few CD's at *Media Play*. On my way there I pass by the 4-5-6, a dress shop for petite women where I'm stopped by the sight of a sweet little fox flipping through some skirts on a 20% OFF rack. I wonder what the deal is with her? Nice tight wispy bod, really fem looking. To pull-tab or not to? What the hell... it'll only take a second to see if she would have even the slightest interest in a guy like me. You never know.

So I duck into the store and pretend to be looking around for something – a fish caught way out of my element for sure. And then the doubts begin to crowd my brain... *I'm doomed... I don't know shit about anything in here! A chick this fine must have a boyfriend anyway. I don't see a wedding band, so I guess she's not married anyway. Tick, tick, tick... don't think about this too long or you can forget about it...* **When your mind is racing what do you I do?... *Start talking!* It's like coming up to a tall fence. To force yourself to climb it, just toss your cap over to the other side. *Then you'll have to go and get it!***

Quickly, before I completely puss out...

"Hi there." I smiled, uncertainly. *Yeesh. I must look like a lost child...*

"Hi," she said, looking up at me with the most perfect aqua eyes. *Deep breath now, drawn carefully so she doesn't notice...*

"I was wondering if you would know where I could find a sundress in this store? ***If I*** don't find the perfect birthday gift for my sister this time around, my reputation as the family's black sheep will be sealed," I laughed. **Notice the "If I" opening? This always leads smoothly into any sort of little joke to get her laughing and break the tension.**

"Black sheep? What have you done to deserve it?" She giggled. *A good sign so far. And she's* ***looking right at me*** *too...*

"It wasn't me. It was always my twin brother. I was framed by him, it's

really an ugly situation." *She laughed more freely this time, how about that!* "My name's Mike. And you?"

"Sharon. So you're looking for a dress for your sister?" she wondered with some amused suspicion. *Teasing?*

"Do I seem like a liar?" I teased back.

"Well, you *are* the black sheep."

"Remember I was framed."

"Oh that's right. In that case I guess I can help out. What size is your sister?"

"A little bigger than you maybe, same height though."

"There's some sun dresses right over there," she pointed, "You walked right past them."

I leaned towards her a bit, **closing into her personal space.** She held her ground **(good sign).** "Truthfully I wouldn't know a sun dress from burkka," I said, "And **if I** walk around this store any more aimlessly I might as well just apply for a job here. I wonder if the sales commissions are any good?...." I stepped back just a bit, returning some of her space to her, but not all of it.

She giggled again and led me over to the rack of the sun dresses that I'd been "looking for." *Cripes, I didn't even **have** a sister! Now what?*

"Hey look, I really appreciate your taking a moment to help me out, I'm glad I bumped into you," I told her.

"No problem."

"You know, when I first saw you, you had a certain style about you that **reminded me of an old friend.** It was just such a pleasant memory, I guess I must've blanked-out there for a moment."

"What do you mean?"

"Just the way you were looking at those clothes. Doing that little thing... feeling the cloth with your two fingers going in little circles like that." I was staring right into her eyes and babbling away with this nonsense. *Man-o-man...*

"Really?"

Holding solid eye contact now, I edged forward into her space again.

"It's just that, I could tell that you really had..." **I lowered my voice,** "discerning taste", I nearly growled.

"Oooooh, big word." Her mouth sounded dry.

"I guess you just caught me admiring, sorry..." a little wink and smile. "Hey it brightens a guy's day to run into a woman with style," I added quickly.

"These are flannel robes I'm over here looking at. Still like my style?"

"Alright, flannel... all fluffy and sexy, nice." I said, using my best leading man voice.

She laughed. "Nice try!" She was digging this flirt. *Hey if this isn't a Go signal then what the hell is?*

"So... what's her favorite color?"

"Whose color?"

"Your sister."

"Right! Ah, red. I think. Or maybe pink or something. I don't know. You decide."

"You want me to decide what your sister's favorite color is?"

"Sure. I trust your impeccable judgement in this matter."

"I see. You're going to let a perfect strange pick out a gift for your sister?"

"You're already better at this than me. I would've never imagined that something like color could be important."

Sharon sighed and rolled her eyes, picking up on the flirt. I think. *Shift out of joke mode. Say something more profound now.* "I have a feeling **destiny** could be at work here," I said. **Remember to make an appeal to her possible high quotient for Self-Transcendence and all things mystical, fateful, etc.**

"Destiny?"

"Sure. Chance encounters can be the most important moment in a person's life." *Such a philosopher...*

"Really?" Sharon was twisting back and forth nervously on one foot ever so slightly. So damn cute. She seemed entranced by all this playing around – I could tell that I had a connection. I let her watch me take a deep breath – let her see my excitement and some of my anxiety as well.

"Well... isn't this something..." I just about whispered. *My voice was beginning to fail. Emotions are running high now...*

"What?"

"***This***," I smiled knowingly. *There. I revealed the hit. As if she didn't know this already.*

She looked away briefly, but then back just as fast. "I suppose it is."

"I'm wondering... if it's possible..." *let her hang, let her hang...* **Split the question...**

Her eyes widened. "What?"

"If it's possible to get to know you a little better. You seem really friendly and, like you'd be fun to get to know..." *Enough. Shut the fuck up...* **Wait for her to speak next. Don't crack!** Seconds, minutes... *hours* seemed to crawl by.

"I guess. Sure, that would be cool," her voice held just the slightest quiver.

"How about I meet you at Mickey's for lunch tomorrow, I'll treat you to the best plate of Buffalo Wings on earth. What do you say?"

She looked at me with that cute little sideways glance that women have been driving men crazy with for centuries. "I'd like that."

Without waiting for her to think about it too long, I dug out my wallet and laid a freelance writer *Me Card* on her. "Is there a number I can get a hold of you at, to set up the time?" I had her write her number on the back of a second card and kept it. *Unbelievable*!

"You write?" she wondered.

"For Internet clients," I said with some authority, offering no further explanation. **Let her guess, keep some mystery.** "You know where Mickey's is?"

"On Hertel street."

"How about I meet you there at noon tomorrow?"

"Alright. Sounds like a plan."

"Cool."

"So... what about your sister's sundress?" she raised an eyebrow. *That* jig was up. *Don't hang around. Not like I'm out shopping with her or something...*

"I think maybe I changed my mind. I'll pop over to Media Play and grab a couple of CD's for her instead."

"Awww, and we were having so much fun in the girl store."

"Your right. This has been fun," I reached out and shook her hand, turning it very gradually so that *her* hand was above my own just the way a knight poses with a damsel before kissing it. I loosened my grip but waited for her break contact first. She looked at me with a mixture of curiosity and... something else. It took her an extra few seconds to release my hand. **(This is the handshake trick, described in my first book *Without Embarrassment).***

"I'll be looking forward to seeing you tomorrow, Sharon." Imagine if..."

"What?"

"I don't know. Me and my crazy destiny again, never mind. Look, it's been great meeting you like this. Very exciting. I'll look forward to seeing you tomorrow." **Sometimes if you end with an incomplete half-comment, you can get a woman thinking about you for a long time after you're gone.**

"Bye Mike." It gave me a thrill to hear her use my name, but I was careful not to show any sign of it. *Don't be giddy, don't be stupid. She was so beautiful I wanted to hug her as if she were my girl already. Not yet, but soon.*

I turned and left the 4-5-6 girlie store and headed for Media Play, but I didn't stick around there very long. In fact, I was headed home soon because I didn't want her to see me again until we met on our get-together tomorrow. **Mystery!**

There was a spring in my step as I crossed the parking lot that afternoon. And a 7-digit dream written in stardust sparkling in my pocket!

* * *

Naturally, this kind of thrilling escalation of a pull tab will only go down this smooth if the girl picks up the flirt and runs with it. But that must never stop you from doing pull-tabs anyway *just to see what happens.* And how else are you ever going to know if you can click with a particular girl unless you get up in her grill and give her a chance to see who you are? How many mismatched couples do you see walking around out there? How do you think they found each other?

Time to get "New Age" on you a little now... this deal doesn't work by having you chase after women – that's a scarcity mentality. Think of it like this instead: you have to open yourself up to **accepting the abundance** of lovely women surrounding you. You must allow yourself to become immersed in their universe of love...

Heyyyy, let's spark up a blunt and go stare at the lava lamp for awhile!

Seriously, there's no lower risk way to sort through bunches of women with such expediency than by pull tabbing, where you only go as far as the signals take you. For instance, after giving Sharon the 'black sheep' line in the above story, if she'd just pointed to some rack across the store and walked away, that would have been a clear No-Go read and that would've been the end of it. ***I'm either not her type or she's not on the market or whatever.*** Take your pick. No harm no foul because there was no actual hit involved, just a test for potential. If there's a cleaner way to determine where you stand with any woman without laying your ego on the chopping block or using imaginary mind reading powers, I don't know what that could possibly look like.

Pull tabbing allows you to trade-in your dreams, desires and idle wonderings for *hard data.*

Men often tell me they can actually meet women easily enough – but that those women soon get bored with them and stop answering their calls and e-mails before long, and they don't understand why. A large part of the answer lies in the way that you **start off with her.** It's tough to develop any passion with a woman after the fact *if there was none there to begin with.* This is why techniques such as pull-tabbing where you actually meet women ***face-to-face*** are superior to all these remote methods like online matchmaking or blind dating where chemistry is a big unanswered question and lack of it usually kills the deal... sometimes at first glance.

Plus, if you take the time to go through the process of establishing a connection with a lively flirt *from the very first moment the two of you meet,* it will make the continued advancement of romantic action on future dates seem **natural and appropriate.** That's because your very first actions *demonstrated your interest in her as a Man.* And it doesn't require black magic to accomplish this feat either – just a few shared laughs and a warm buzz can often be enough to do the trick. They spell it like this: C-H-E-M-I-S-T-R-Y.

With my pull-tabbing method, if you start off with a chick *at all* it's almost always with a tickle of this **elusive chemistry** that women lust for – and this alone can give you 1000% better odds to run a seduction right through to its completion because *the woman is inclined to give you a complete chance.* And man, that makes an enormous difference! Perhaps this is the single most important point to take away from this entire section on meeting women: because of its' **step-staged delivery,** pull tabbing is a way to move forward with only those women

who are at least somewhat interested in you *right from the very start.*

This one critical change can make the entire game fun for you rather than mega-frustrating. You shouldn't need to have to dredge up the motivation to do this stuff once you come to view it as fun. And there-in lies the true power behind this method: the fact that it will become **emotionally self-sustaining** for you before long. That means you can embrace pull-tabbing as a *lifestyle* and put the "pick-up" moon missions to bed forever.

Section Summary:

Having *any* kind of plan to approach and talk to women is better than no plan at all, because...

A Blank Mind = Fear = Hesitation = *A Lost Opportunity!*

In descending order of importance, here are what men and women are generally looking for in terms of attraction:

1 – Healthy genetics
2 – Stable personality
3 – Positive deep memory match

During the courtship process, both sexes seek "markers" for these physical and emotional characteristics in the people whom they choose to mate with, employing as many of their senses as possible. Whenever we encounter exceptional **facial symmetry** in someone for instance, we instantly recognize it as a marker for healthy genes (good stock) even if that recognition is wholly subliminal and unconscious. Quick-witted humor, the so-called "sense of humor" women love to wax poetic about is an obvious and immediately visible **marker of intelligence –** which is why women claim this to be a prized quality in the men they find attractive.

The only part of any social encounter you can grade is that part which you control, namely, **your own performance.** If you give it your classiest shot, then you have nothing to be ashamed of.

The most effective way to deliver an opening comment is in a **playfully casual way** that makes it sound as if a **random thought** just popped into your head. Demonstrate your intrigue with **steady eye contact** and possibly a quick touch as well, but always in a classy way on the arm or maybe with just a lingering handshake. Humor should follow the lines of an **observation with an absurd twist** about your surroundings or yourself – never anything cruel or put-downish about her that she's supposed to "get".

Seize whatever possible social opportunities come your way by **learning to say *Yes!*** to an invitation for anything.

Pull tabbing can be divided into three parts which escalate in intensity as the web of attraction is drawn tighter. This 3 part structure is helpful because following it prevents you from freezing up or driving the conversation into a pointless ditch:

1) Execute casual contact to **get a quick readout** of what she thinks of you (pull tab)...

2) If there's any interest, begin to subtly **communicate that you dig her** as a man does (reveal the hit)...

3) Arrange some means to **establish future contact** under a potentially romantic pretense (card sharking)...

Meet her eyes, smile, hold eye contact. **Meet, smile, hold...** *boom, boom, boom...* this non-verbal opening volley has to happen in a single smooth motion about two seconds after you first catch a glimpse of her. *Everything hinges on this instant of positive recognition!*

The attitude you want to project can best be described as **guileless** – open and accepting and "in the moment". ***Non-judgmental!***

Whenever pull-tabbing, try to get a **read on a woman's mood and sync-up** with it – whatever that might seem to be at the moment... upbeat or pensive, chatty / reserved – wide-eyed / slo eyed – flirty / serious.

Anyone can benefit from the phenomenon of **openly admitting their fear**

directly to the person who's making them nervous. *This simple action can short-circuit your anxiety instantly.* Just keep such an admission casual and classy, and immediately move on – don't keep embellishing or wallowing in it. This is done only for the benefit of your own unconscious mind, not her.

Sophistication around women can be demonstrated with the simple body-language trick of **keeping your peripheral movements slow and poised...** almost *cat-like.*

To hell with complimenting... make a **Cool Observation** **&** **Warm Comment** instead by using the following format:

A **Cool Observation** (about her style / look / manner)

+

A **Warm Comment** about it.

Remember that's a *comment*, not a sappy compliment. Scan around for something that looks unusual or remarkable about her, make sure it's something positive, and then make a *warm comment* about it.

Work the word **feeling** into your conversation somewhere to insinuate that you're sharing some kind of *'sixth sense'* moment with her, and use solid "Who are you?"-style eye contact (see page 103):

"I just had a feeling that..."

"we worked on the same floor..."
"you were from my old neighborhood..."
"I would see a cool necklace like that somewhere today..."

When asking for her number, **split the question** like this: *"Look, I know this might seem a little off the wall for me to be asking you..."* At this point, pause as if you're uncertain how to finish the sentence. The key to this technique is to **hang the question in the air** and leave it there until she grabs for it. Then, ask the second half of the question.

Have a **standard thing to do** rattling around in the back of your mind so you won't draw a blank if you get a chance to take her somewhere right *NOW*.

You should always be prepared with two things upon your person at all times:

1) a custom-made **"Me Card",** and
2) a stubby **pencil** (about 2" long).

The idea behind the *Me Card* is to create a communication tool that is uniquely enticing to women because it gives you a chance to show off your stuff in a way that gives you: 1) an instant boost of **credibility**, and 2) an automatic cool and exciting ***thing to do on a first date!*** There are two main ideas to consider insofar as properly formatting your Me Card: 1) Introduce some **hobby or skill** that you're good at, and 2) present it in a way that suggests **you *teach* it.** You don't just participate in this sport or hobby – you give private lessons or are a personal instructor of some kind. Work this idea into an **action date** somehow.

Four important things to understand about Bars and Clubs:

1) You always have to **open strong** with a dramatic, playful flirt.
2) You need to possess excellent **non-verbal communication** skills.
3) **Watch her eyes!** The eyes tell where you stand with her, and they tell it *immediately*.
4) Everything is **time-compressed** in the Nightclub Universe. One-night stands are a better shot than collecting phone numbers.

If you go through the processes of establishing a connection with a lively flirt from the very first moment you meet a woman, it will make the continued advancement of the romantic action on future dates seem natural and appropriate. This *elimination of pretense* from the very beginning **diminishes awkwardness on a first date** since your possible romantic attraction to her is already well established and assumed by then. No wondering if I should kiss her or hold her close...

Because of it's **step-staged delivery,** pull tabbing is a way to meet only those women who show some interest in you *right from the very start.* This single critical change can make the game fun for you rather than an exercise in pulling teeth.

Part 4: Dating Her

When I wrote my first book *Without Embarrassment*, I focused mainly on the most exasperating problem that men typically have with women... how to meet them. More specifically, how to overcome their own fear of making fools of themselves so they could *take the action necessary* to meet them! I've now expanded on the subject still further in the previous section of this book I believe where I tried to load you up with even more strategies and ideas to help you out. But I've changed my mind somewhat that meeting women alone isn't quite the bull's-eye that I once thought it was. Here's why...

Wading through waves of e-mail sent in by hundreds of readers during the past three years, I've slowly come to think that maybe it's the *dating* portion of the seduction game that gives guys more trouble. I here the same sad story of how they can meet women just fine, but after one or two dates can no longer even get her to return their calls. The worse part is that none of these women seem interested in instructing these poor slobs as to why they got the boot. This leaves them positioned to make the exact same mistake – whatever it was – *all over again!* This amounts to double the frustration for a lot of guys, as it cancels out the otherwise great success they have actually *meeting* women. It's like a football team that marches up and down the field, but keeps turning the ball over on the opponent's 5 yard line and never actually scoring any points.

If a woman is refusing to return your calls it means she wants to break away from you but doesn't know how. Or I should say, she doesn't have the courage and *honor* (remember the female lack of honor?) to be straight up with you. Then she'd have to actually explain her feelings to you and that's a problem – because she either doesn't understand why she didn't like you (lack of chemistry probably) or, more likely, doesn't give enough of a shit to even bother. Once women emotionally disconnect you're just a bag of old garbage to them that needs to be kicked to the curb. Women view men as sentimentally-challenged retards anyway and so they justify their callus actions as probably having caused no harm anyway since, well... there's nothing inside that empty skull of yours to harm!

Personally, dating itself never presented that big of a problem for me. When I was struggling with this whole issue of hooking up with women, *meeting* them was the problem. Maybe I'm in the minority, I don't know. I also don't know if what I have to share on this topic is all that earth-shattering, but I'll do my best to try to pull everything I've learned over the years into a valuable experience for you in this section of the book. I'll see if I can't distill out what I've been doing and present it to you in a way that you can adopt to your own situation. Your basic personality will dictate just how comfortable you may be with some of this stuff and therefore how much of it you'll be able to use. Hey when it comes to self-help guidance, what else is new?

I'm something of a kooky, humorous bastard when you wind me up and turn me loose – though you might never have imagined so if you'd seen me standing around frozen in fear as a young man in the bars and clubs afraid to talk with any of the girls. A Jekyll & Hyde sort of guy if there ever was one (split-personality Gemini!). But... once I've got the pretense of the date finally established and – *ding-dong* – finally show up at her door, I'm usually okay.

In that spirit, here are some of the things I've learned along the way that might assist you in your own dating efforts.

The Dreaded First Phone Call

Unless you made a date for a casual get-together right when you first met, you'll have to contact your new friend to set everything up – and that means you'll have to get on the phone and call her. This first call can be a big landmine sometimes because women like to bait guys along in lengthy gab sessions for the express purpose of getting him to slip-up and reveal something about himself that you would rather she didn't know. So you have to be careful about what you say during this first chat and be cognizant that ***you*** must be the one to direct the conversation where you'd like it to go. Don't surrender this responsibility and let her do it or you may not enjoy the results. I hear from a lot of guys who complain to me they can get phone numbers like crazy, but when they make the call for some reason the girl's demeanor has changed and they get rushed off the phone. When they try calling back again the chick will either blow them off entirely or even refuse to take the call.

Here's an example of what I'm talking about. This is an exchange I had with one of my readers who expressed a common frustration:

Mike,

I am reading your book *Without Embarrassment* for the second time now, and I have a question for you. How do you handle the flakey bitch? Ya know... you work to get the phone number, you talk and she seems to dig you, she wants to meet next week... her schedule is clear. Everything seems good. Then you call next week and get some shitty unenthusiastic response, and she never calls you back.

I find that many women seem willing to pull this kind of shit without a care -- is this just happening to me... or what the fuck?

Barry

My response:

Hey Barry,

When you make that first call, spend some time "re-selling" yourself. This is important because the first impression you made when you got her number, no matter how good it may've been at the time, has probably begun to fade a little. Getting a first date is really a duel operation that requires ***two*** good first impressions – and the *second* one happens when you make that initial phone call. Get her excited a bit – tease, use some innuendo, be somewhat mysterious and hard to figure out, get her laughing... ***remind her of why she should be excited to want to see you again!***

The best time to ask for the date is at the peak of these good feelings!

A woman will make her decision whether or not to hook up with you based on these combined impressions. If the second one falls flat, there's a good chance she's basically going to reject you. But women, being the cowards they usually are, rarely blow you off directly face-to-face. They just starve you of further contact by

playing the “screening calls – deleting e-mail” game in the hope that you'll just give up and go away.

Anytime that you get torpedoed in this fashion *you know you failed to re-sell yourself adequately on that first call*. ***In the early stages of courtship, everything is all about creating the anticipation of future passion.***

The behavior of women can often seem maddening to men, but the guys’ actions can also play a factor as well. What we need is to take a careful look at the dynamics involved with *each* partner. For instance, much of the tendency women have to act capriciously derives from the way in which the man comes into possession of her phone number in the first place. Some guys take a scattergun approach to meeting women that involves getting numbers anywhere and everywhere that they can. No qualifiers, no real sense of connection. Just “give me your number” and I’ll go away for now. There are two motivating ideas here, fear control and dumb luck. Guys attempt to bulldoze their fear of rejection by developing a frenzied pattern of action which they train themselves to repeat almost robotically whenever they come into range of any cute girl.

Essentially they say little more than *“Hi, I think you look really awesome, could I get your number and take you out next week?”* No attempt at any sort of connection, no modifying of their approach based upon the girl’s character or mood or the situation. Just give me the number so I can run back to my room and beat off. They do this because they know that if they stray too far away from this direct, hammerhead approach they might get caught up in an actual *conversation* that threatens to reveal just how shallow and socially awkward they really are. What they plan on *doing* with this contact information is not something I believe they let themselves dwell on too much – they’re just happy to get ***The Number.*** They won... they’ve *scored!* Collecting numbers for guys like this represents *action*... they’re doing something, taking steps to change their life.

There’s also this idea of “playing the numbers” where if you can just manage to put yourself in front of a large enough number of women some of them will eventually pan out for you. There is some truth to this approach of course – meeting a person that you can really click with involves some luck. But there’s a right and a wrong way to go about this without killing yourself emotionally (and financially!). If you’ve been running pull tabs as a lifestyle routine like I described in the previous section, you’re at least screening for some kind of initial interest and connection *first*, and I think this gives you a better

chance in the long run. You might have to go through 5, 10 or maybe at most 20 girls to really find a gem that you hit it off with, whereas using a “non-connecting” type of hit-and-run approach could put that number somewhere up in the 100's! Plus, you need to have an occasional success in order to stay motivated. We all have different tolerance levels for pain, but none of us can face too much rejection before we finally throw in the towel and figure that a soulmate just isn’t in the cards for us. That’s why I’ve tried to develop a system that will produce some encouraging moments along the way to keep you on the playing field.

Here’s what happens between getting a girl’s number and that first phone call: they *think*. They have fears – they wonder if they did the right thing, wonder if they haven’t lost their mind by giving out their number to a guy they just met on the street or in a bar. They have regrets. All of this stuff builds up like a brick wall growing out of the ground. So here’s the deal, and it’s a “good-news / bad-news” sort of thing. The good news is that you overcame your fear, made a connection, got a number and possibly a commitment to get together with some hot chick in the near future. Now the bad news...

Due to this steady “rot of regret” going on in her head since then, you haven’t accomplished a goddamn thing... ***yet***.

So during this first phone call you must convince her *all over again* that she’s fortunate to have a great guy like you taking an interest in her. You must ***re-sell yourself.*** Anything else doesn’t get it done. You must project good strength and confidence in both your **voice** and the **flow** of your conversation. For an example of how ***not*** to do it, here’s how an unplanned, unstructured, unguided conversation might go:

“Hello?” cute girl says.
“Hi, how’s it goin’?”
“Who is this?”
“It’s me, Mike?”
“Mike?”
“Yeah you know, we met Tuesday over at the pumpkin festival. By the chicken cages. Remember how bad they smelled?”
“Oh yeah, right.”
“So... how’s it goin’?”
“Not bad. How’s yourself?”
“Okay”

"Cool."

"Yeah, so like I was wonderin' if you wanted to do something."

"Like what?"

"I dunno. What would you like to do?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I was thinkin' we could go over to Ebenezer Park and hang out by the waterfall. It's pretty cool. And there's a place right over there where we can get tacos or a hamburger..."

You get the idea, pointless and ill-prepared. It gets her thinking *"...was I nuts to give this joker my phone number? How am I going to get rid of him?".* Once that thought crosses her mind, you're pretty much floating belly up. You need to begin the re-sales job right out of the gate and never let up – that's the best way to keep the odds in your favor.

I'm not a big fan of using **texting or e-mail** to make this critical first follow-up contact incidentally, although I realize these technologies have hopelessly swept up the world and there's no stopping them now. Call me old-fashioned but I think it's just far too difficult to get the proper sort of *connecting-emotion* to project through typed words, unless you're a very good writer. And even then if you get too poetic on her she'll probably just think you copied it from a book! Talking to her "voice-to-voice" is always the preferred way. Of course, if you were only able to get an e-mail or Myspace username in the first place then that's what you'll have to work with, but remember that it's a poor substitute and that's why you should always try for a phone number.

Whether using the phone or messaging, be careful not to get into a big "self-reveal", as you'll end up shooting yourself in the foot by letting her in on something too personal that you didn't want her to know about yet. Some women will try and bait you along with a smoke screen of chatter to see if you'll slip up and expose something negative about yourself – that you're short tempered, jealous, already married, yada-yada. Something to use as an excuse to get rid of you right away without having to go through the drudgery of a formal date.

So try to talk about only the *best stuff about yourself* and your exciting life. Remember, it's a re-sales job that you're still doing at this point, even in text-chat. You only want to tell the prospective customer all the good stuff about what he's about to buy, right? You want to *hide* the fact there's been collision work on the rear left fender, know what I mean? This is not disingenuous (unless you're a

maniac serial killer trolling for a victim) – you're just presenting an attractive side of yourself. This is perfectly normal... we all want a prospective mate to see us in the best light possible. Women drop tons of cash on hair, make-up and clothes to accomplish the same thing that a man can do with his *words*. Seduction is a ***mirage*** don't forget – a dream for both of you to get lost within.

> *Women drop tons of cash on hair, make-up and clothes to accomplish the same thing that a man can do with his words.*

Here's the **three big concepts** to keep in mind when making this critical first phone call:

1) Re-sell Yourself to be that guy she wants to see *again*...
2) Get Her Laughing and thinking ***Fun Thoughts*** about you, then...
3) Strike when the Iron is Hot! And ask for a *specific* date!

Let's expand on these ideas now.

Re-selling Yourself

When it comes to this first real conversation, keep in minds that ***you*** need to be the one who takes **command of the conversation** right from the very start, because if you let her do it there's no telling where she will lead you. So understand your responsibility to be the **guide**. This doesn't mean you must blab away like a fool, only that you maintain a firm idea of what points you want to get across.

Make sure you have all the details of what you would like to do with her worked out in advance and written down when you call. However, if *she* suggests something different or seems enthusiastic about doing a certain thing than by all means dump out of your plan and go with hers – you can count on the date going better and her being in a sweeter mood if the date centers around something she wants to do. Stay flexible and embrace her input and ideas, and speak with a *smile* while you're talking. This imparts a brightness to your voice that is very subliminal in nature. She will quickly sync up with your mood, and if you can get

her spirits elevated she's likely to consider you in a better light... more funny, more interesting and exciting.

Whatever you do, don't act like one of these anal-retentive types that gets everything worked out in advance and then gets pissed off and starts pouting when she makes a counter suggestion of something she would rather do instead. Brother... *relax*. Keep this thing in perspective – ***she's not your girlfriend that you can order around!*** You want to make the customer happy.

"But I bought these tickets for the hockey game Friday night, and I though you would like to go with me... I dropped almost a $100 bucks for them..." you whine. Bad move. Don't go crazy and buy tickets or making expensive arrangements for any pre-scheduled event assuming that you have the date in the bag. This is dumb and expensive and you're only setting yourself up for disappointment. She is under no obligation to say yes to anything, and a transparent manipulation like this will only piss her off. And then you'll both be pissed off *and you haven't even been out on a goddamn date yet!*

Hey, this phone call is going swimmingly, isn't it?

No. The way to play this is to ***lay back and welcome her input.*** This is all part of the vibe you want to project for yourself after all... you are powerful and in control of things and know what you want, but are gentlemanly enough to defer to her wishes. The powerful man exhibiting graciousness to the weaker damsel!

> "I bought these tickets for the hockey game Friday night, and I though you would like to go with me..."
>
> "I don't really like hockey. Could we something else?"
>
> "Sure, what do you have in mind?"
>
> "There's this little place over on Catalina Street called the Blue Lagoon that's supposed to have awesome seafood..."
>
> "Say no more, sounds good. We could go there on Saturday. I can just go to the game Friday with my

brother Tom..."

See that? Nothing bothers you – it's all good!

Get Her Laughing

We discussed in the last section how women look for a sense of humor as a marker of an intelligent, quick-witted mind. Humor is more than that though, it's a gauge people use to determine the general likability of someone. Neurotic guys never seem to smile or laugh do they? Nothing's funny to them except when someone trips and smashes open their skull. Some stupid ass hurt himself?... ha-ha, now *that's* funny. I concur with women in this sense, I can always spot a crackpot by the 24/7 scowl on his face. Thinking up new places to find new victims to chloroform is serious business. No time for clowning around.

As part of the job of re-selling yourself on the phone, you need to remind her of the fun-loving personality you bring to the table, so mix in a few jokes here and there during the course of the conversation. (But please... NO formal jokes that start out like... *"...so this pollack, a gorilla and a priest go into a bar...", y*ou know what I'm saying?). Humor is a delicate thing that you've got to hit just right on several fronts: slant, content, and *timing* are especially important. Girls are tickled by a ***clever wit*** more than anything else. Everything about the use of humor needs to be understated and as subtle as possible. There should be no bald attempts to manufacture a laugh when one isn't there because lame stabs always come across as the work of a guy who's trying way too hard. It's the oddball observation, the casually understated delivery... and especially the *patience* to wait for the **perfect moment** to spring a gag that gets the job done. These are the elements behind humor that works to paint a charming and uplifting picture of yourself.

You never want to seem like a guy who's *trying* to be funny, but rather that you're a *naturally* funny guy. The more effortless your humor comes across, the more genuine and believable it will appear. Guys who are naturally funny never feel the need to pour it on thick either, which only demonstrates lack of confidence. If you're confident in your ability to project humor at all the right moments, you'll have no need to be "on" all the time. It's tough to coach humor in written text but I hope I've given you a sense of what your target should be.

Strike While the Iron is Hot

Now that you've re-established yourself as an interesting and fun guy, you're in a much safer position to ask for the date. I like to wait until I sense that I've brought all the good feelings and laughter to a peak, and *that's* the moment to act. You should have at least *two* things ready **and written down** in front of you on a note pad (so you don't forget any important details like times, directions, etc.). Have a primary thing you'd like to do, and a backup if she doesn't go for the first idea. Of course, you stand ready to receive any counter offers that she makes, right? As we'll discuss in a minute, you should try to steer her towards an "action" date if possible for that first date, but sometimes you have to take what you can get if she's really enthusiastic about doing something else. Go with her plans instead and stay flexible. You can always back burner the action date for next time, at this point the idea is just to keep her happy.

Once you get a 'yes' to a date and have all the various details figured out and written down, make a little bit more *flirty* chat with her ***AND THEN GET THE HELL OFF THE PHONE!*** *Do not horseshit around acting all giddy and stupid now that you've got a date like a 14 year old schoolboy!* You're a socially experienced guy and a Player remember – scoring dates is no big deal for a guy like you. So act like it. Be polite, be cool... and then *begone*!

I know I'm probably flying in the face of a rising new technological tide by even suggesting this, but I'm recommending that you resist the urge to fill in the time between this first call and the actual date by IM'ing or e-mailing or texting her with cutesy little messages during the interim. I think this continuing gibberish steps all over your male mystery and even makes you seem like a bit of a borderline kiss-ass if you're not careful. I don't care if it's the cool new thing to do, it's NOT cool in this particular situation – especially when you're just beginning to work a seduction. I have guys write me about this all the time and I can see how they are fucking the duck with this messaging crap and don't even seem to know it. Every time she sees some little pop-up message from you she knows that you're sitting around with nothing better to do than dream about her. This is not the behavior of the high status male, is it?

Think about it... if you're supposedly a busy HSM guy with an active business and social life then you should have little time for this sort of schoolboy shit, shouldn't you? All the excited daydreaming and fretful anticipation is ***her*** job remember, not yours. *She's* the one with emotional needs that sets her mind to

racing off in circles – whereas you are the confident dude always in control.

It's okay to *respond* to messages that she initiates of course, but don't be the first one to reach out like this. I think it makes you look like a puppy dog whining at her front door and I've had women tell me this. Maybe I'm off the deep end with this topic, I don't know. Use your own discretion if you think I'm wrong. Just don't piss and moan to me when after 5 or 6 of your cutey-tootey little Blackberry messages she texts back that she suddenly doesn't feel well and can't make the date tonight. After all your hard work to build an image, you don't want to risk flushing it away with an easy to avoid mistake like this. So I recommend you keep your cellphone in your pants for now.

Image, Investigation & Escalation

Alright then, you made your way through the minefield of the first call, re-boosted her first impression of you and now you're hooking up for a real date in person. This stuff can be stressful and perplexing to a lot of men, and one of the main reasons for that is that most guys don't have enough of a concrete plan firmed up in their mind ahead of time of what exactly they're supposed to do on the date in order to give them a feeling of being totally prepared for it. And men get stressed-out to the degree that they feel unprepared and out of control – so I believe that it helps to have a **design** in your head of what you're actually trying to accomplish, for the stress relief if nothing else. And I don't just mean some vague idea along the line of "I'd like to get laid". Of course that's the *ultimate* goal, but there are a lot of steps that have to happen before you get there... and they have to go down correctly or *pop* goes the seduction.

To begin, as just a general rule not specific to any particular date, whenever you're out and about with a woman that you're just getting to know there are 3 ideas that you want to keep in mind – *Image, Investigation and Escalation...*

1) Create an ***Image*** for yourself along the lines of an interesting theme and stick with it.

2) ***Investigate*** her thoughts and emotions surreptitiously by listening carefully for clues as to what her ultimate romance/sex fantasy might be. This is helpful data you'll need when you will finally bring the seduction to it's conclusion with the final killer date

and then later on in bed.

3) Continue to ***Escalate*** and press forward towards intimacy in a reasonable step-by-step manner with appropriate touching leading to the First Kiss and beyond. Don't let the fires grow cold.

Image

The image you may want to project about yourself can be anything that suits you... the High IQ guy, tough biker-motorhead guy, bright-eyed and amazed, artsy and sensitive, the travel & adventure bum, an adrenaline junkie, a weird science kid, reasonable and level-headed adult, the bar bum, fitness fan, sports nut, soulful lover boy, the hippie New Ager, etc. Or mix and match several to come up with something that excites you.

It's important to get clear and decide what this **Image** that you project to women will be like. Is it going to be something you change to match what you think a *particular* girl you are targeting would be fascinated by... or are you going to carve it in stone? When you take the time to do this in advance, it prevents you from coming across as wishy-washy and boring... which is one of the capital sins of dating.

Boredom is more of a problem with some women than you might imagine, and the magnitude of the issue goes up in relation to how "hot" the woman is or thinks she is. Hot chicks especially bore easily because of that nagging pressure they feel to do something special with their "hot chickness superpower" like we talked about before. Being a hot chick doesn't come with an owner's manual and many stress out trying to determine what the world wants from them. They're viewed by most men as trophies to be scored, fucked and disposed of, which doesn't help matters either. By extension, *you* also come under this umbrella of pressure by trying to get close to her life. Does her becoming associated with you somehow enhance the extraordinary quality of her life as seen by those who would judge her by these high standards, or diminish it instead?

What do you bring to the table?

A focused presentation of yourself, one that *mystifies* and delights and keeps her interested in you, is the key to keeping boredom at bay. It doesn't take much to be a little different. Few people actually try, and many are unthinkingly

content to fade away into the faceless mass of humanity. Don't let this be you. To design an image that you may want to put forth to the world, start by considering these questions:

1) What are the top three things you like to do with your time? (Mine are reading, writing and building stuff around the house) _____

2) Who is a favorite male actor that you respect for both the types of roles he plays and the way he handles himself in real life? _____

3) Why? What does he do that makes him seem cool? _____

You may come up with a "new you" from playing around with this line of thought. Stay true to whatever image might seem reasonable even if it seems a bit uncomfortable at first – give yourself time to grow into it. Also determine what appears appropriate for your current age before you settle on something permanently. Here are some guidelines:

18-24 You're a "with it" guy who's clued into the current popular culture in terms of style, dress and tech knowledge

25-30 You are on a hot career track and going places financially

31-37 You are beginning to accumulate some wealth, notoriety or power in your field of endeavor

38-45 You've got some success in life and a bit of experience with women that makes you comfortable around them – maybe even a divorce or two as well as other social "battle scars"

46-55 You have achieved a fair degree of competency in your lifes' work, whatever it may be, and have traveled and otherwise enjoyed the fruits of your successes and have developed some world-wisdom

56+ By now you've acquired a fair amount of sophistication about life and love and have hammered out a niche in life that you are proud of. You have the means to show her a good time and impress her with money and worldly experience.

Use this to gain a general understanding of where you *should* be at in life (even if you're not really there yet), and thus the level of competency that you'll want to project about yourself... your "vibe of maturity". Adjust your wardrobe to match your image so that it begins to feel more natural and becomes an everyday part of who you are. Deciding on an image is important and shouldn't be dismissed lightly. That's because you'll want to attract the type of girl who digs the kind of guy that you really are. Otherwise you'll eventually be faced with disappointing her when you are forced to reveal the "real you". Of course, within reason you can change your look on the fly depending on the situation. For instance, it would be alright to be a suit & tie guy during the workday because maybe your business demands a professional look, and to meet her for lunch wearing this persona. On your own time however, you might be more the biker-type so it would be okay to jump into this wholly different look when you come over on your Harley to pick her up on Sunday afternoon.

You might even want to play around with several different images and change things up now and then just to keep yourself interesting and her a bit off balance. There are no rules with this sort of thing other than to stay true to your heart and don't be boring. The only skill this technique requires is an ability to subtly *exaggerate* a few key aspects of yourself. Just pick out a couple of qualities and make them bolder or more pronounced. You don't have to go too crazy, just a taste. She should be sharp enough to pick it up.

As you get deeper into embracing your image, you may want to change the kind of vehicle you drive, your living situation or even the layout of your apartment to match your new style. A cowboy-type ought to live on a small spread of land with at least a modest free-standing house... not in a downtown high-rise apartment. It just doesn't seem right somehow. An artist's loft is cool for the writer-artist-musician type of dude... the intellectual-scholarly type should have a study with a big bookshelf home library... the travel & adventure guy will have lots of framed photos documenting his foreign escapades plastered over his walls... and so on. Your image is part of an overall theme that best describes who you are and what you're about. And remember, you don't have to go nuts with this stuff, just enough to intrigue.

Myself, I'm 52 now and like to play it classy. My goal is to achieve Oneness with the complete James Bond look someday... (Ha! Dream on... first I need to grow another 8 inches ;-(

Investigation

Like a grand chessmaster, striving to gather a sense of your opponent and anticipate his next move is paramount to your success. You want to be out-thinking him by one or two steps at any given moment. Translated in a romantic sense, this means that you'll want to understand a woman well enough to guess where her emotional hot buttons lie before you accidentally step on the wrong ones. Therefore, whenever you two spend time together, one of your "secret missions" is to stay tuned-in for clues that speak to the overall fantasy model she has about love and men in her mind and take note of them.

If you really **listen** closely, here and there you'll catch her getting excited when she talks about certain subjects or activities that seem cool or romantic to her. Take special note of these details and when you get home jot down a some notes on a yellow pad. This growing list should include anything and everything that you can glean from her *without* doing a lot of intense questioning. Don't interrogate your date constantly or you'll come off like an obsessive, impatient loser who wants to know right away if she has any disqualifiers so he can bail. Try not to be this cynical. Let her *bring* the information to you in her own way and on her own schedule, you just keep your radar ears open. It's okay to lead the conversation when it looks like she might be dancing around some issue that you would like her to further clarify, but do it subtly and casually. After spending maybe 5-10 hours with her out on dates, you should have built up a page-full of random items that describe all the things about life and love she holds some particular fondness for. You can then use this information to help yourself design a customized seduction for that particular woman.

This idea alone – and your actually having the *wits* to conceive of it in the first place – puts you light-years out in front of the pack of ordinary chumps floundering around aimlessly in the dating universe. *You are a Man with a Plan!*

Things that seem to intrigue her could be certain holidays or times of the week (birthdays, spring break, Friday fish fries, lazy Sunday afternoons), certain places (beach, jazz bistros, the zoo) or times of day (morning sex) or night (midnight dog walks), types of philosophy (astrology, politics), styles of indulgent trinkets like jewelry (silver with topaz) or bath oils (eucalyptus), houseplants or wall hangings (NOTE: women are not into electronic gadgets like most men are, they like decorative things with little or no functional purpose). She might have an affinity for puppies or Chinese tatoos, guys in long leather coats or men who do

volunteer work in their spare time. Whatever... a million possibilities. Like snowflakes, no two women will be alike in what mix of things about Life, Love and Men get them perked up. Your task is to keep your antenna tuned-in and figure out what as many of these things might be.

Now, instead of a standard dinner and movie, you maneuver her out to a little beachfront bar because she mentioned two dates ago that she used to love watching sunsets when her dad would take her fishing as a kid. This place has awesome Friday fillets or a killer shrimp plate (she mentioned her fondness for shrimp when you were texting each other last week)... and you sneak in a single white Tiger Lily under your coat (her favorite flower...) and have the waitress bring it to your table along with the food (for an extra tip, of course!).

Ever watch a pinball machine go nuts?... *ding, ding, ding* and it starts rolling up mountains of points? Well, that's the explosion of delight going off in her head right now – and those points are all racking up in *your* column brother! This is what it's all about man... ***intrigue***. How come *you're* so different than other guys, she's wondering? What's the deal with you anyway? She needs to know this real bad now...

See what's happened? You've elevated ordinary old "dating" to a new realm of **romantic fantasy** – a level she may've never personally experienced (but has definitely *dreamed* about from her teen years, you can be sure of that). What I'm trying to demonstrate is that doing something clever doesn't have to be a big elaborate deal with brass bands or an expensive "I LOVE YOU" banner being towed around the sky. Nothing of the sort. Once you understand a little about where her **emotional trigger buttons** lie, a custom romantic scenario will just about write itself.

> ***The fact that you invoke something special that only she would especially dig because it appeals to her particular tastes means that you have been listening to her and applying a degree of thoughtfulness to what you're doing – something that most guys are completely clueless about!***

Romantically thoughtful guys are so rare that it's like finding an albino woodchuck... you want to donate it to the zoo and let them display it!

The laughable part is that the whole big secret behind this "superpower" is merely an **ability to listen** and to know enough to keep a few notes. Sometimes these clues can be buried deep in conversations so they tend to be easily overlooked if you're not watching out for them. But unlike most guys, you're vigilant. The degree to which investigation and date customizing will work depends to some extent on how high she scores for the self-transcendent qualities like I talked about earlier. A woman who's more emotional or dreamy is more likely to give up choice tidbits that you can use. This is because her world is rich with imaginings. For instance, many of your conversations may include things like astrology or artistry or music and concerts – fertile ground for the romantic / fantasy ideas that you seek!

A more down-to-earth, serious type woman (low self-transcendence score) will likely spend less time talking about dreamy stuff and will thus offer slimmer pickin's for your spy work, but that's just how it goes. There are loads of different variables in the seduction game and no single strategy can account for them all. Some women will just be easier to set up for a romantic knockout punch than others. No big deal – not having a rich fantasy life may simply mean that it may take something less elaborate to impress her than the kooky hippie-type.

The really big payoff behind all this investigating happens when you determine ***what kind of sexual fantasy might be a real bell-ringer for her.*** It more than likely won't include any of the perverted shit you're thinking about right now (not yet, anyway), but rather some particular element which makes it exciting for *her specifically*. Maybe she would like things to start out with a shared sensuous bath, or possibly the thought of doing it in a hotel room in a nearby big city meshes up with some latent fantasy? Rose petals on the bed? Sounds silly, but you never know – so don't pre-reject anything. Remember that women think much differently than us. Stay alert whenever you're talking with her – something useful may bubble up to the surface when you least expect it.

Escalation

When it comes to the entire subject of dating and all the various debates that rage on about one aspect of it or another, I'm here to tell you that as far as you're concerned there is only one single overriding element that you absolutely *must* understand as a man, and that is the idea of **escalation.** There are a few things that will absolutely blow the deal when it comes to seducing a woman, and ***the number one transgression is a failure to escalate the intimacy.***

This escalation of passion doesn't have to be anything incredibly dramatic, but somehow she should be getting the sense that every time she sees you the "noose of intimacy" (granted, not a very nice analogy) has drawn just a little bit tighter around the two of you. Women don't mind waiting around for the train as long as they can see the headlight coming towards them in the distance. But if she doesn't get this feeling of growing closeness from you, I can almost guarantee that the seduction will soon grow stone cold.

You simply cannot afford to be timid here: *women will interpret your failure to escalate as a passive-aggressive form of* ***rejection.***

Guys will make the big mistake of thinking that the girl somehow *knows* they are shy, and that they just need some time to gather their courage. They DO NOT automatically know this – *they may think you don't dig them!* As a rule, women do not understand the anxieties of men because they think we are mindless lumps of hairy protoplasm driven by the nerve-impulses radiating from our drooling dicks. I kid you not my friend. Females have little sense of what drives men beyond pure sexual desire, and if they sense you're cooling off on them they just figure your cock has sent up some kind of signal to the effect of "forget it, she's not turning me on..." and so therefore you've lost interest in her. This is why escalating is important – it's a visible display of your growing desire that *she needs to see* in order to tamp down her own insecurities.

The early stages of a seduction are as flimsy as a soap bubble remember. Much hard work can be completely lost with the most seemingly inconsequential of mistakes. A semi-critical, throwaway remark about some minor aspect of her body, a cool peck on the cheek when she was ready for a real kiss... or maybe even a kiss that fails to *linger* long enough. Any or all of these can sink you depending on what she *secretly* holds to be a meaningful type of behavior on your part. So it's necessary to strike a balance (there's that word again) between being too timid and cautious, and being an insensitive barbarian.

Escalating the intimacy level in your budding relationship is crucial – as is being constantly aware of when you're about to go too far by taking things for granted too soon. This is part of the refined romantic sense that every seducer must eventually develop for himself.

So in Review...

Pour over the following checklist thoroughly before every date:

1) Does my look and attitude support the ***theme or image*** that I'm trying to establish for myself?

2) How do I plan to ***escalate*** the intimacy and passion with her this evening? What's the plan?... close dancing, lot's of touching, frequent hand holding, the first kiss, a deeper soul-kiss plus some petting... what?

3) Am I in a ***playful and fun*** mood and ready to ***flirt*** with her throughout the course of the evening?

4) Am I ready to keep my ***rabbit ears open*** for any clues to help me tune into what she really finds sexy and enticing about a man?

Dating is not rocket science and I'm not trying to turn it into that, I just want you to have some rudimentary **plan in your head** instead of stumbling into these encounters on a wing and a prayer. This is how you remain ahead of the curve and give yourself the best chance to succeed. Seduction by its very definition suggests a pre-conceived series of actions. We're not trying to be sneaky rats, just rational guys wrapping our clever minds around a complex problem.

The Three-Date Master Seduction

Alright then, let the seduction begin...

I read somewhere that the average American male achieves first sex with a woman after 5.5 dates. In Europe it take's 4.5 dates to make it to the sack, and in Sweden about 4.0 – keeping the fantasy of easy Nordic women alive I suppose. I'm going to lay out a plan for you that will attempt to get this ***down to 3.0,*** which is a significant acceleration from these averages. But I certainly can't make any iron guarantees. A lot of your success will depend on the personality that you're dealing with and just how fast the click of chemistry happens between the two of you (or doesn't). Infinite variables equals infinite possibilities – and never more

so than when you're dealing with a collision of the two most complex systems in the known Universe... human minds.

This is especially so when it comes to dating because the mixture of emotions and preconceptions that both parties bring to the table can be highly unpredictable. For instance, I remember dating this one girl who was very bright... you could just see the gears turning behind her eyes. But she was so reserved I quickly discovered that it was almost impossible to get a firm read on her. She was the type that you had to *pull* every word out of like bad teeth, and it was really tough to keep a conversation going. This was before I realized that women such as this sometimes respond to **physical touch** better than words, and today I would've handled her much differently. Simply because a woman is non-talkative doesn't necessarily mean she's a prude or that she doesn't like you, but I didn't know this at the time and so I stopped calling because it was just too exhausting to keep bouncing unappreciated words off of her. I also wondered what kind of relationship you could have with a girl so highly internalized. Unfortunately, I never found out. These are the types of personal failures upon which my books are built, incidentally.

The point is that women can have many of the same hangups about dating that we men have, including **a fear of success –** which can manifest itself in all sorts of self-sabotaging behaviors. Sometimes she panics and tries to de-rail everything... stops returning your calls, starts acting argumentative and bitchy for no apparent reason, etc. This is when you *really* need to be strong because as men we have a tendency to feel that when we are performing correctly we will get the result that we expect, but this is not always the case with women. Women are not like computer applications or machinery... they are fickle and irrational and are prone to changing the rules in the middle of the game if it suits them. So stay ready for anything and try not to lay the blame for everything that goes wrong on your own shoulders. Doing so will gradually crush your confidence into dust and make it impossible for you to face the long term task of seduction, a process that takes some patience.

The idea behind the ***Three Date Master Seduction*** is to compress the time involved in this entire process by designing each of the dates to cater to a separate need and create a unique emotional state that pulls the two of you closer together, until you ultimately collide in bed. For instance, instead of dinner and a movie, the first date works better if it involves some kind of *movement and activity* because **physicality** prompts the release of endorphins and stimulates

good feelings. Against this biochemical backdrop it's easier to create states in her that will make you seem more attractive. You will look better, brighter, more masculine and even sexier to a woman when she's pumped up doing something active like dancing or chasing you down a ski slope! And in this game of love remember that *perception is reality.* There is no other reality amidst the emotional storms of courtship except those that ***you*** manufacture for her, deliberately or inadvertently.

The Three Date Master Seduction is designed to accomplish this goal – first with **action**, then **emotional connection**, and finally with **sexuality**. And because the closeness evolves in a way that seems rationale and proper to her female mind, she has a tendency to slide right into lockstep with your designs. There's lots of talk about "hypnotizing" women into doing much of this sort of stuff against their will. Well, you don't need to snake-charm with a flurry of fancy words. Just the fact that you're a 'man with an apparent plan' can intrigue her enough to want to take the ride all the way to the end just to see where it goes.

Think of all of your careful attentions as a *gift* that you the Man, bestows upon her. And try to deliver it with some degree of confidence to maximize the impact it has on her.

Beware the Pyre of Self-Destruction

Of course there can be countless other issues – many of them lying in wait *within your own head* – that stand between your dreams and a successful conclusion to all your romantic efforts. Judging from the slant of a large volume of my e-mail, many guys are deep into the self-sabotage thing and don't even seem to know it. And they like to use their relationships with women as a primary instrument of self-torture because this is where the pain can apparently be made to hurt the most. When some guys start getting too close to the finish line they like to screw the pooch somehow, usually by picking a fight over nothing (such as something stupid like politics or a similar insufferable topic that *matters not a bit to the seduction!)* or by doing something otherwise obnoxious to deliberately piss her off.

You can see this sort of thing in action on some of these TV dating shows where the two blind daters start trying to "one-up" each other with their sharp-witted little quips, until they finally end up arguing non-stop for the remainder of the date. I've seen women get so mad they're punching and throwing their shoes

at the dude by the end of the program! Of course the "date" ends up a total bust, but it's all great entertainment for the viewers. This certainly isn't the way you want things to unfold in real life. These blind date shows are actually instructive because they illustrate how just a few ill-placed remarks here and there can quickly snowball out of control and blow everything all to hell in the blink of an eye. It doesn't take much to pop the bubble of seduction remember – she's not your girl yet and therefore has little incentive to suffer your nasty shit. Even a bit of bullheadedness on your part can get her to completely shut down on you, and then it's game over when that happens.

So check your motives and make sure that this twisted desire to self-destruct within sight of the goal line isn't the source of many of your dating problems!

Men can also develop a great deal of latent anger towards women as a result of the accumulated slights they've suffered during their quest for romance, so you might want to do a **head check** on yourself and see if a pattern hasn't developed that may signal a problem. It sets itself up as a push-pull dilemma in your mind: social pressures *pull* you towards the world of dating as something that you "should be doing", but other elements in your own consciousness are *pushing* you away. Probably to avoid further pain and disappointment. It is within this crucible that all our hidden motivations are forged.

Once you've got these cobwebs cleared out you should be able to throw yourself into this stuff with enthusiasm. And try not to get so wrapped up worrying about the minutiae of technique that you forget to have **fun** along the way! This stuff can be maddening, triumphant, bewildering, exhilarating and sometimes even crushing. But it is rarely ever dull. So prepare yourself for what likely will become a most delightful cascade of the unpredictable.

Date #1 – The Action Date

One of the worst experiences of my pathetic early social life was the notorious "duck date". I took this girl that I was dying to hump on a first date to a fancy restaurant. There, I ordered the most expensive thing I could find on the menu, which happened to be something called *oranged duck*. Man, I was going to impress the hell out of this chick with my brazen willingness to throw away money in her direction! Her legs were sure to fly open later that night! This was going to be so cool...

So here I am, the debonair cultured guy munching down this greasy fuckin' orange duck (tough as rawhide and no white meat to be found anywhere) thinking that I was "in like Flynn". Needless to say, after swiftly recovering from having nearly shit my pants when discovering the bill to be in *triple* figures, it was back to her place and my just reward. Not so. My dreams of sliding into her molten hot pussy remained forever locked in fantasyland, for – once at the threshold of her front door (I didn't even make it into the house!) – I was given the summary kiss of death... *the cheek peck!* That's right, I had been instantly dismissed as ***a nice guy.*** A loser! And that was the end of my little "seduction".

But I was confused, what the hell had I done wrong? Wasn't this the way to impress the seriousness of my amorous intentions upon a woman? Was I not an honorable suitor playing the game of love as it was prescribed to be played?

Maybe in 1875 when men merely needed to perform well-understood romantic signaling behaviors by rote which the Victorian women of that day graciously accepted, but in 1975? Not a chance, and the women today are even more cynical and difficult to impress. No, I'd unwittingly played the part of a complete asshole on that date, which I will elaborate upon in a moment. But before I go there, let me tell you about a First date that actually *worked for me,* and now acts as the basis for my action date theory. I used to scuba dive quite a bit when I was younger. Nothing too amazing, just some sport diving in the nearby lakes and flooded quarries around the area. A girl I'd had my eye on for quite some time got to talking with me about it one day (she was a waitress at a local diner I used to frequent for breakfast). She seemed interested in learning how difficult it was to put on all that heavy junk and go swimming with the fishies. So we made plans to go to a nearby quarry near Lake Erie and I would show her how it's done.

For me, that afternoon was spent delightfully strapping her bikinied little bod into some scuba gear and taking her out for a demo dive. Just some shallow stuff down to about 15 feet so as not to scare her. Those quarries can get pretty dark and cold even in the summertime. Well, she absolutely loved it and we had a great time. ***Even better, I had cleverly positioned myself as the "expert" at some cool skill!*** If you didn't make a big genetic splash in the looks department, then you have to let her see you doing something that you are competent at, remember? *Competency compensates for average physical attractiveness, and I had become her amazing underwater adventure man... ha!*

Afterwards we loaded the equipment in the car and drove five minutes to a nearby lakefront beach bar where we grabbed a plate of clams, some corn on the cob and a few beers. We found a spot in the sand and watched the sun go down. It got cool, the two of us snuggled and made out... and that was the start of a terrific 4 year relationship. And it all began with the absolute best first date that I'd ever had, a date that was hardly even planned when I think back on it. *But it easily could have been, and that's the key!*

I firmly believe that this "scuba-training 'lesson' + clams and beach party" date worked so superbly because that day ***we had fun without any man-woman heavy romantic pressure on us.*** I demonstrated myself to be a fun guy to hang out with *first,* and then a possible lover in addition to that. Not only did this action plan work great for me in that particular instance, but I've had friends tell me similar stories... that they always scored big with a chick when they took her out for a motorcycle ride, dancing, dirt biking, rollerblading, snowmobiling or skiing in the winter, etc... as their **first date** instead of doing the tired old dinner-and-movie thing. Remember those Me Cards I showed you how to print up in the previous section? ***There's the basis for your action date right there!*** Got several different action-type hobbies (hey, even *golf* counts)? Then make up cards for **all of them** and find out which ones seem to be the most enticing to the type of women you usually meet. Customize yourself!

I think that being in physical motion paints you in a sexy light because it's *masculine* to be doing things and taking charge and showing off your skills at something you're good at – whereas sitting around and talking is rather low energy and possibly even too "wimpy-intellectual" for a lot of women. It just doesn't fly as well, because many women still hold onto the time-honored fantasy of being *thrilled* by a man and swept away by him. I'm convinced the action date is the best first date theme there can be because action literally gets her juiced-up – and many chicks will end up transferring this high energy back towards the closest guy around.

Oh, that would be ***you!***

Action = Passion

Here's the major problem with heavy romance-style dates... they ***assume a level of intimacy that doesn't yet exist.*** In the old Victorian days it may've been delightful to court women in this way, but not any more. I think most women

view the too-soon romance date as manipulative and cliche – the idea that if you ply a girl with enough expensive wine and chow you'll get laid. Seduction and romance now demand an entirely new approach from what worked in your parent's day. There's too much cynicism spread around so that even if your motives are pure (in the sense that they are genuine) they are still highly suspect. Too many thousands of hours of watching soap operas and movies have convinced women that men are conniving bastards with only one thing on their mind and that they are not to be trusted.

I asked several women I know about what they feel is wrong with this sort of standard romance dating deal straight out of the box, and their answers all fell along the line of "How can a guy take me out and pretend to be all sorts of in love by treating me to a lovey-dovey big dinner date?... when he doesn't even ***know*** me yet!"

Ah-ha... and therein my friend lies the answer: *he doesn't even know me yet*. Because no emotional connection has been established, it isn't "legal" in her mind for you to be pouring on the romantic charm full volume...***yet***. It may be appropriate to do so very soon, but only after a base of mutual attraction has first been effected. How to bring about this attraction is the key to everything. The first step is to demonstrate that you can be a **fun guy** to hang out with – *then* you can expand this to position yourself as a hot guy to *fuck* as well.

So if you stick with the theme of action and physical movement you'll do much better because, if you're anything like me, you are far more at ease *doing* something rather than yakking about it. ***Too much talking too soon = danger of saying something stupid and sinking yourself!*** Been there, done that.

Now let's have a look at how to avoid a few common first date mistakes.

First Visual Impression

If your social life's been in solitary confinement for more than a few years, or you're the kind of guy who only shops for clothes when his pants, socks and shirts finally disintegrate into a cloud of organic dust, it likely means that everything you own is far out of date and way behind the current style. I'm talking about a wardrobe that screams *"guy who never dates women OR gets laid!"* The shitty sports windbreaker, ill-fitting jeans, the shirt you got two Christmas' ago that has no connection to your personal style or theme and doesn't fit well, etc. And

just because this stuff may be freshly laundered doesn't cut it either. Women have a weird relationship with clothing that most men have difficulty comprehending. *The clothes we wear are as important to them as a tight female ass is to us!* I've heard girls remark that they will take a guy and, *in their mind,* imagine him dressed in clothes that make him look hot! How bizarre is that? We men spend all our fantasy time *removing* the clothes from the women we know and imaging them naked, whereas *they* fantasize about dressing us up!

If there is a more clear example of how the female and male brains are **wired completely differently,** I don't know what it is!

So if you think it's okay to show up looking like you just rolled out of a fashion time capsule, it's not – you will go down in value in her eyes immediately. She probably won't be so bold as to call you on it, but the silent damage is done. This is so easy to fix, all I can say is ***just do it!*** Buy some popular men's magazines, check out the fashions and invest in at least one good currently stylish outfit for yourself. Spring a few bucks for a leather jacket as well. You can't go wrong with leather, women really dig it. Or, you can take the slick route and go for the snappy suit. (Of course, the date will have to be formal enough to warrant using it.) Always dress appropriate for whatever you're doing with her. You can go casual if you're taking her out sailing or surfing (remember those *Me Cards?*...).

As long as it's *appropriate* it's a plus for you rather than a negative. That's the big signal hidden in your appearance: *"I have a brain that's tuned into popular culture and it's working properly".* You want to look like you venture out of your bear cave once in a while.

Most men are unaware, incidentally, that *shoes* are a really big deal with women. Yes that's right, I said ***shoes***. I know, I know... there was a time when my own complete shoe collection consisted of a pair of dirty sneakers, black dress boots (the kind that go with dirty jeans) and clunky winter boots. That's it, done. Why women give a shit about the shoes you're wearing is beyond me, but they all universally seem to feel that they get some kind of highly important "read" about a guy from the kind of shoes he wears, *especially on a date.* Every woman I've talked to about this subject confirms this idea (although they can't seem to explain ***why***... only chick brains apparently understand this oddity of nature). So it would probably be a good investment to get yourself a happening pair of new kicks. I won't even presume to tell you what the current mens' shoe styles will be

whenever you happen to be reading this, which could be years from the time I'm writing it -- so you'll need to grab your sister or one of her girlfriends or some other girl you know and drag her down to the mall with you.

Have her take you around to the appropriate stores and dress you up in the coolest threads, then nab a couple of pairs of shoes and/or dress boots or whatever to go along with it. Chicks know about shoes and clothes and the hottest men's styles in the same way Einstein knew how to split atoms. Let her play "Ken doll" with you for the afternoon and take charge of things. Just make sure the girl helping you out is 1) single, and 2) the approximate same age as you. Someone who's out there on the playing field and aware of what's going on, in other words. You don't want your *mother* in on this mission or the old married broad from across the street who's sole experience at dressing men for the last ten years has been wrapping her henpecked husband in checkered clown shirts from the WalMart SuperSaver aisle. Know what I mean?

One caveat: try to keep your dress style consistent with the *image* you're trying to create for yourself like we talked about before. Stick with something you can feel comfortable walking around in, otherwise you'll get all self-conscious and your confidence will falter. Be who you are, just put some polish on it. If you nail the "clothes and shoes" test then you've at least scored high for first *visual* impression, which is an important part of the total seduction job.

And finally, keep the way you dress appropriate for the activities you'll be doing on your action date, just make it as stylish as possible. An Armani suit looks ridiculous on the golf course or ski slope.

Flowers and Candy?

Absolutely not! To some of you guys this might be obvious, but I get enough questions about this subject that I need to briefly address it here. Romantic gifts are strictly reserved for **after you've had sex with a woman** and here's why: it all has to do with ***power***. In the beginning of the relationship, the woman holds all the power because it is the man who is doing the courting. The man pursues and the woman is the prize being sought after, that's how the players line up. And the prize is always considered more valuable than the treasure hunter chasing after it, right? Even though you are in the supplicant position however, you must allow your disadvantage to show through in *only the smallest way possible.* You have to acquiesce to her because social convention

insists on it, but you must do it just enough to demonstrate your possible romantic interest and no further.

Guys think they can cajole their way into the puddy parlor with a cute little gift of roses on the first date, but gifts only work if the power issue is ***way*** in your favor. If you are a super-mighty-mega High Status Male, you can get away with any sort of graciousness because it comes across as magnanimous and altruistic. If the King courts the lowly peasant girl, she is flattered and overwhelmed by his attention. All his gestures seem magnified in their allure -- but it's not the gifts that get to her, it is the "alpha male power aura" of the King!... *"Poor little girl... I could dominate and mistreat you so easily, but look at what a gentle soul I am instead."* See that? The **powerful** HSM can make these sorts of gestures and not surrender any of his status, because the little peasant girl isn't swayed by the gift... she's dizzy from being in the presence of such a powerful Man. It's *him* and his aura, **not** the crummy gift, that overwhelms her.

On the other hand, ordinary poor working slobs like you n' me don't get this kind of pass when we choose to arrive bearing gifts. It makes us look like ass-kisses coming forward "hat in hand", and our stock begins to drop immediately! The ***only*** exception might be if you bring her something that *connects with a prior conversation the two of you had.* For instance, say you were talking on the phone or e-mailing each other prior to the date and you got to chatting about a new band that you both dig. Maybe you have their new CD. So you bring the CD with you and give it to her to listen to later on. You *lend* her your CD, you don't go out and buy one for her, understand?

This gesture can work because it's an extension of something that the two of you were already talking about. There was a prior connection already established *which you're reminding her of.* The crucial thing is how *cool* you play it (or fail to). ***You must make NO big deal about the gift*** – it's just a friendly ol' thing and so what. She puts the CD aside for later, and the two of you are out of there. Don't have her play a few cuts because you may be tempted to start *singing* for her or something!... (yeesh, just kill me now...) Make no further mention of this gift for the rest of the date, whatever points you did or didn't score are on the board now and that's that. Again, this is a special exception to the rule and ***only*** if it's appropriate because of some prior setup... and you *still* have to play it very cool to make it work right.

Bottom Line: If you show up at her door like Porky Pig blushing with a fistful of dandelions, you're dead. Understand me?

Setting Yourself Up for the Second Date

Now some of you might be thinking, "but if we pal around on this action date isn't there a danger she'll start thinking of me as her buddy instead of a potential lover? Isn't this whole thing a ticket straight to the friend zone?" Not necessarily, as long as you continue to do those things to **communicate non-verbally** that you view her as a hot chick and really dig her as a man would. It's all about your attitude towards her. Faithfully keep flirting and don't start treating her like your sister!

There will be no second date if you fail to connect with a woman emotionally on this first date. Keeping the activity level high can create excitement and a fun experience for her, but that experience will be incomplete if she doesn't feel the juice between the two of you. The way to make this happen is to keep her in an upbeat mood as much as possible and mix in a generous amount of touching and physical contact along the way. **Important note to Type-A's:** don't get so locked in on your performance if you're supposedly "teaching" something like sailing or snowboarding that you scold her or get pissed off at her. Cool as they may be, the activities we do on these dates are *background noise* to the main mission... which is to communicate our fascination with her as a person and desire for her feminine delights.

Non-stop physical action won't do the complete job of course, you'll ultimately have to talk your way into her heart and pants, but the action date attempts to avoid the dangers of putting yourself in a situation where *all* you do is talk. Here's the big secret of communicating in a way that intrigues instead of boring her to death: just give out little ***peeks*** about yourself. Your passions and goals, past relationships, family, etc. All that good stuff. Self-revelation should be done in dribs and drabs, almost a verbal strip-tease to some extent. Make her think that there's *something* about you that goes deeper than mere appearances. Drop little comments here and there hinting at your personal knowledge or expertise at some skill that she might find impressive... musical talent, business wheeler-dealer, past athletic achievements, whatever. The idea is to get her wondering just *who* you really are and what is the story with you?

When she does her postmortem of the date with a girlfriend on the phone the next day she ought to say something like, *"...there's just something about this guy that's really different..."* Women are made crazy by their curiosity about the men who find them attractive, nothing gets them more perked up. ***Successful mystification has now been achieved!*** The *last* thing you want to be is an open book exhaustively revealing everything about yourself so that there's no mystery left.

This is as bad as shooting off your load in your underwear while hurrying to get your pants off in her bedroom! Relax, make her wait for it.

The Perfect Ending

One of the stupidest things you can ever do at the end of a first date is to essentially ask the girl "how did I do?". *"Did you have fun with me? Do you like me? Do you think I'm cute?"* Yuk! You're begging her to give you a letter grade for your performance. ***Never do this!***

But... if you turn this around *and do it to her instead* you can score some major points. Don't ever ask "how did I do?" – instead, tell her that "baby ***you*** did great!"

At the close of the date there's a really great way to end things on a high note and set yourself up golden for the next time the two of you hook up. The idea is to give her a kind of "grade" of what you think about her, but don't use letters A,B,C or anything ridiculous like that. Always, however, make sure to use the word "***impressed***". Impressed. You say to her "you know what really *impresses* me about you?"... then you tell her something such as how 'easy it is to converse with her', how she 'slips so beautifully into the proper social role for the event you're attending'. Maybe how *brave* she is for riding along on the back of your snowmobile! Whatever. Use your head here and think up something appropriate based on the sense you have about her. As part of your *investigation* (remember that?) you should be taking note of what impresses you about her character – and have this stored in the old memory bank for the end of the evening. Then find a quiet place or moment where you can both focus on each other without distraction and say something like this:

(Take her hands in your own and face her, look straight into her eyes and hold solid eye contact)

*"You know what I find really **impressive** about you?"*

"What?"

"How naturally at-ease you seemed all evening long. It's very classy. I had a great time tonight just being seen out with you."

Now, that might sound like soap opera bullshit when you first read it, but go back and really *think* about those words again. Imagine if some girl said those exact same words *to you* instead? Close you eyes and run the fantasy, run the dialog. Ah, ha! Different, eh?

That's the very same kind of effect you can have on her. When you get right down to it, she's little more than a pile of quivering Ego just like you and me.

If you feel this sort of verbal transaction is too uncomfortable for a first date, then you've ***failed*** to do enough non-verbal emotional-connecting work! Have you been touching her and teasing her throughout the date? Why not?

You really know you've sparked up some serious juice if she's reluctant to let you say goodbye and keeps trying to forestall your departure. *She's high on the good vibes and wants to keep toking them all night long!* Give her an A+ and a Gold Star for the date. She was fun and exciting to hang with and it made ***you*** feel great! Most every woman will dig this ultimate compliment and reflect some of these warm feelings right back at you. That's your "in" to **escalate** and go for a great goodnight first kiss!

What If I Don't Like Her?

Hey, it happens. Sometimes these women are a drag when you get them out actually doing stuff... bitching and complaining about every little move you make, whining that it's too cold to ski, yada-yada. If she's a pain in the ass now, it will only get worse when she feels you've sunk in deep enough and that now you're her man. I say that at the first hint she's loaded with quirks you don't like, bail out. If you want to try and bang her anyway then now's the time to pull a bold move and **directly ask her to spend the night and fuck** since you don't give a shit if you get rejected at this point anyway, right? This is a risky move normally, but the pressure's off when you don't give a shit either way.

On the other hand, if you *like* her and it looks like the feeling's mutual, then you'll want to go no further than a passionate kiss and maybe a bit of lingering make-out, *but always leave her wanting more.* Draw away and break off the closeness while it's still smoldering. Remember, this is *seduction*, not speed banging! Trust me, it's better this way. This kind of heat creates the bridge to get you through the "thinking zone" that separates the first and second date – that period when she can somehow convince herself that you're not the guy for her. ***You want to make sure that there's enough emotion present to affect her judgement in your favor.*** Like I speculated in my earlier book, we fall in love when we're away from the object of our desire. *She needs to be thinking about you often during the interval between the first and second dates.* She sells herself on you in the quiet space of her thoughts.

If she comes out on the *next* date loaded with questions, then you know you've executed that first date successfully. She's seriously thinking about letting you go all the way and needs to know a lot more about you, and so here come the questions. Trust is a monster issue with women – she *must* feel that she can trust you or the whole thing is off, and so she needs data. Her focused interest in you is a great victory!

You've made a great first-date impression, now you've got to start passing her tests.

First Date Quick Review – 4 Main Things to Remember :

1) It's an Action Date!
2) Dress Appropriately and Stylishly
3) No Supplicating Gifts!
4) Give her an A+ Grade to get her Thinking and Dreaming...

Date #2 – The Connecting Date

The second date is the *talking date* that most men make the mistake of doing first. It can be a considerably more relaxed affair, as much of the nervousness and anxiety of that first date is now behind the both of you. Here is where you will use words and employ the fine art of conversation to strengthen what was hopefully a burgeoning bit of chemical connection buried in all the adrenaline and excitement of the first date. When is the best time to begin

opening up to a woman and start revealing bits and pieces of your past history and psychological makeup? ***When she becomes interested!*** Until then you are wasting your time and likely boring the shit out of her. The goal of the action date is to create a primal-level bond that speaks to deep instincts and unconscious thought patterns. This entire process acts as the set-up work, the basis of *developing her interest in us as men* so that she will be receptive to what we do next. Now when the two of you trade a few secrets and probe into each other's backgrounds, the delivery will be worth the effort! By that I mean the things that you will tell her will have far more *impact* because she's hearing it from a man that she's beginning to develop some feelings for.

Comfortable might be thought of as the theme for date number two, along with creating a lasting memory or two. This could occur because of the particular place that the two of you are at – somewhere out of the ordinary and memorable like an overlook restaurant at Niagara Falls, a nearby state park with some vista that's exceptional or whatever. Even just a quiet beach bar with a great band playing in the distance and a perfect view of the sunset can do the trick. Something imaginative that will stick in the memory long afterward. The setting doesn't have to be expensive or faraway, just *different*.

Keep an eye out for such places as you're out and about and **write them down** so you won't forget them. A lot of the specific information that you need to work the women in your particular city or town can be compiled and kept in a file... places, specific seasonal events, phone numbers to call for tickets, community events, bistros and nightclubs, etc. Why keep doing all this "thinking up" shit over and over again? Just keep a running file and compile a listing of all these places and events that you can refer to for ideas whenever you need them. Use your head and *plan* ahead.

This connecting date should NOT be something like a movie, where the two of you can't focus on each other. That's okay for the third date where *closeness* is the buzzword, but not yet. Make this one a **dinner date** in a quiet place where you can communicate without yelling over the din. Let her talk about herself as much as she wants while you listen (use your magnificent *listening* skills here...). Here and there try to do something that adds to the memorable aspects of the evening – in other words make sure it just isn't *all* about the self-revelatory stuff.

Also be careful not to get so comfortable you start gabbing about your disgusting illnesses and injuries, or about the fantastically stupid stunts you pulled in college. You don't want to deliberately paint yourself in a bad light just for the sake of making her laugh. It's okay to make her laugh, but not too much at your own expense! Know the difference between a bit of charming humor and the mistake of describing how you started your nuts on fire while trying to light the grill at the family picnic last year. Remember there's still a **line of male mystery** that mustn't be crossed just yet.

Testing, testing...

Along the way you will surely find yourself having to answer a few of her sneaky little "test" questions here and there. One of the big ones might be something along the line of: ***"how many women have you slept with?"*** (or more likely she'll say "dated", but you know what she really means...). She's trying to get a sense of how experienced of a guy you are *socially*, not necessarily sexually. Most women don't really care about your sexual-conquest scorecard unless they're uptight virgins or demanding nymphos, but they are often curious about your general experience with women. That's because inexperienced guys tend to be clingy and needy and jealous, and she might have done that drill already and isn't interested in babysitting another character development project. It also gives her a sense of how much of a "catch" you might be. Remember, every relationship you've had acts as a vote by some other women in your favor, and that's important to her because women love to snatch the hottest guys from each other. It's like a game with them. That's why if you happen to be on the *other* side of the glass with your sad puppy eyes pressed against the window you're likely to stay there for a long time. Puppies, they feel sorry for. Low Status Males get the boot.

But what if your own experience with the fairer sex is, shall we say, limited? Then use this simple formula:

YOUR CURRENT AGE MINUS 16 DIVIDED BY 2 =
NUMBER OF PAST SEXUAL PARTNERS

Have this number worked out for yourself **in advance** so you don't have to start scribbling on a napkin. What this formula suggests is that, during the sexually active portion of your existence (minus the first 16 years of your life), you had a unique sex partner approximately **every other year** or so. This level of

sexual activity seems “normal” I would guess, neither too ill-experienced or absurdly promiscuous. Apply this formula with these two caveats: adjust the numbers *downward* if a large portion of this time was spent married. Assume only one sex partner during the entire span of your married years (even if that wasn’t the case, it’s certainly none of *her* business). Secondly, our rate of acquiring unique lovers generally falls off in early middle age. So figure a new one every *five* years after the age of 35 or 40. Use your judgement. Here’s two examples to illustrate for you...

You’re currently 35, got married at 22, and were married for 13 years. How many lovers have you had in your life?.... **Answer : 4**

35 -16 = 19 (19 years of possible sexual activity)
19-13 = 6 (for 6 years of it you were single)
6/2 = 3 (3 unique lovers during that time)
3+1 = **4** (3 + your wife equals 4)

At 55 you were married briefly once for 4 years between the ages of 26 and 30. How many?.... **Answer : 12**

Split the formula into two parts for the younger and older portion of your life, using age 35 as the boundary:

35 -16 = 19 (years of **youthful** activity)
19 -4 = 15/2 = 7+1 = **8** (for the first 35 years of your life, the marriage is too short to affect the count very much. Maybe bump it down to 7 if you’re a stickler for accurate math work)

55 -35 = 20 (years of **reduced** activity)
20/5 = **4** (for the last 20 years when you began to slow down a little)
8 + 4 = **12** (Total)

Comprende, amigo? (Sorry if I gave you a headache with that...)

You might even want to trim each number down by one or two to adjust for an extended courtship period with your wife. Whatever. This is not an exact science so there’s no need to work your own number out to seven decimal places (like I know some of you uber-nerds will be sure to do...) Just a reasonable answer to get you off the hook of this possible test question without any damage. You may never need it, but like a good Boy Scout it’s nice to be prepared. Even

just having this number safely tucked away in your head can have a positive effect on your attitude. It eliminates any nagging anxiety you might have about this issue. It can be... *clarifying*.

Spark Her Up

Let's assume you're seeing the woman who is the object of your attention for the first time in several days since your action date. Maybe you talked together on the phone or e-mailed, but now you're hooking up in person again. The very first thing you want to do is change her state and get her feeling good about herself. Why? *Because you are there!* So the first order of business is still similar to that early phone call in that you have to ***re-sell*** yourself a little bit. Continue to tickle her emotions with lots of teasing and flirting behavior all throughout the date. Make her feel great about herself – remember the power of charisma! Never forget that seduction is a sales job with yourself as the product – and the first rule of selling is to get the prospect to *like* you before you can get him to open his wallet (or in this case I guess, her legs ;-).

The moment you first set eyes on her give her the flirtatious once-over and comment in an amazed tone of voice about how hot she looks: ***"Wow... look at you... I'm going to feel like a million bucks being seen out with you tonight."*** You might even take her by one hand, raise her arm up and give her a little twirl to playfully check her out from every angle like a cute little ballerina. This move never fails to surprise and delight and more importantly, kick her into an enchanted mood!

Remember she's probably been quite nervous ruminating about the date, fretting over all her supposed flaws... and what a pleasant relief it is now to see how *impressed* you are with her appearance (and **not afraid** to show it!) Now she can relax... you've broken the tension. *More importantly, your stock has just shot up like Google's IPO!* You dialed straight into her silent fears and knew just how to discharge them... what an amazing guy you are! What will the rest of the evening have in store for her? Male mystery comes in all shades and flavors... it isn't just about standing around looking cool remember. Sometimes it's all about being *classy*.

Finally, be careful not to repeat the **same** compliments again that evening. She gets it. You can continue to support this "smitten" sense that you have about her throughout the date, but try to do it **non-verbally** with your eyes. Go back

and review the “High Eyes” look on page 104 as an example of what I mean.

5 Critical Steps to Avoiding the “Friends Zone”

There’s a special set of behaviors which a man engages in when courting a woman that signals to her his genuine mating intentions. Failure to adopt these “signal behaviors” (or do exactly the opposite) fails to elicit any sense of romantic excitement in her. No heat, no chemistry. There are **five fundamental behaviors** which are especially critical to driving home the fact that you are interested in her in a sexual sense, and not merely an intellectual one. These help keep you from tumbling into the “friends” trap. Let’s have a look at these highly important actions right now.

1) Don’t Let Her Turn You into Her New Girlfriend

There are certain topics that she may try to bring up which you must **immediately stonewall** and simply refuse to engage her in. That’s because these subjects are best discussed with a **non-intimate friend** rather than a potential lover. *Whatever else you do, resist the temptation to allow her to start making **“chick chat”** with you like she would attempt with one of her girlfriends!*

One thing that’s off limits for instance, is you listening to her bitch about her ex-(or worse, *current!*) boyfriend or husband. This is not something that you, as her possible ***new*** boyfriend, want to know anything about. Let her go ahead and gab on the phone all she wants about that asshole to one of her girlfriends, *but not to you.* ***You are not her new gay buddy!*** Also make sure that she understands she is not free to confide in you things that paint *her* in a bad light as well, things such as gross personal habits, failed relationships, mundane medical problems and the like. **These are things that she wouldn’t discuss with a person with whom she was thinking of becoming intimate.** The fact that you won’t indulge in this naked attempt to lure you into the buddy-boy zone makes a statement about the direction that you intend to take things. It also demonstrates the kind of ***self-respect*** that separates the dominant male from his lesser counterparts... something that her primal instincts will pick up on immediately and file away in the PLUS column.

There’s no need to get nasty about this sort of thing either, just tell her something like, “I’d rather we didn’t discuss this particular topic if you don’t mind.” If she asks why not, tell her the truth that it’s something she can hash out with her

girlfriends and that you're not interested in hearing about old boyfriends and relationships, that you'd rather look ahead to the future. Then just gently **change the subject** and forget about it like it never came up. If this was another one of her tests, then you've passed it by gently establishing some boundaries with her and this should be enough. She'll get the hint. If she doesn't, then you need to consider what type of numbskull you might be dealing with. In effect you are saying to her, "hey, let's at least give this thing a chance and not start dropping depth charges into the water already!"

Other out-of-bounds topics would include things like chronic poor health or elaborate family feuds, anything that you would normally NOT want to talk about to anyone that you were trying to impress. ***Force her to play the game on a high level and keep everything in "romance mode".*** By this I mean the pretense of proper presentation that two potential lovers put on with each other, also known as *courting behavior*. Any attempt on her part to break this pretense and steer things inappropriately towards "buddy-buddy" type talk must be nipped in the bud. Act swiftly with a deft cleverness that guides the conversation in a new direction without making a big stink about it. This is a finesse play – not some hammer-headed undertaking designed to scold her or make a big scene that will only do worse damage. *Finesse*... where you keep your emotions out of the way and the **larger goals** always in mind.

The Final Verdict: anytime you reach the end of the evening and are *uncertain* whether or not it seems appropriate to kiss her goodnight or slap her on the back, then you know you've probably allowed whatever romantic pretense there was to slip away. Best to just shake hands, say goodbye and throw her number out when you get home.

2) Keep the Sexual Tension Up

The primary dynamic between men and women of reproductive age is sexual tension. Nature demands that this be so, but we humans often seem intent on burying our desires by using our higher mental capacities to hide our true feelings from each other. Fear is the culprit here of course... fear of being judged inadequate and then rejected... fear of violating some cultural invective that seeks to restrain the more "embarrassing" aspects of man-woman relations, especially in public. Always fear.

Lest we forget however, these primal urges and other “needs of the flesh” are designed to guide us towards behaviors that insure the survival of our species. Reducing them below our level of awareness so they don’t “bother” us leaves only the *higher intellect* in charge... and we all know what an over-judging, endless-excuse-manufacturing bastard he is! So these feelings need to be honored and never suppressed. The trick is to honor them in a way that doesn’t disgust or frighten.

Physical contact for instance can be *electric* if the tensions have been steadily building up between the two of you, and is a powerful tool of sexual provocation. So get into the habit of maintaining constant casual contact with a woman *right from the very first moments* or you may find that an awkward psychological barrier has grown between the two of you that will make it seem inappropriate to touch her after a while, and that will send things careening off into a ditch for sure. Closeness cannot just be switched on suddenly at the end of the night in a desperate grasp for passion if it hasn’t been gradually building up all along. If the table hasn’t been set by then it’s probably too late... so get ready for the cool “cheek-peck” dismissal.

3) Physical Motion = Sexual Heat

Get up off your ass and *dance,* god dammit!

Of course you already know by now that there’s a genuine connection between physical motion and passion, the heart will always win out over the head, *if you engage it.* How many women wake up the next morning and can’t believe they’re in bed with some guy they only just met last night? That’s because the dude got them **moving and energized** and provoked primal passions that she ultimately lost control over. By the time she applies reason, it’s too late... the boundaries of intimacy have already been broken. She may yet decide in the cold morning light that she’s made a big mistake and end up tossing the dude out the door, but hey... ;-)

Remember too that it will feel more comfortable to take her into your arms and make out with her if this move is merely a logical extension of the smoldering passions that have been building. ***Action creates this kind of energy.*** Even if it’s a relatively quiet date, seize any opportunity you can to get her moving out on the dance floor or doing something a bit physical. It doesn’t have to be a big deal – even a flash of romantic action can have a lasting effect and make a big

difference in how she feels about you by the end of the night. If nothing else, it will certainly keep you out of Friendsville.

4) Don't Be a Problem solver, Be a Problem Creator

This is one that I myself learned the hard way, and not until after having fucked the duck not once but *several* times. This land mine is actually easy to avoid because it's all about knowing what ***not*** to do. This backwards idea of being a source of problems rather than a problem "fixer" illustrates another one of the key differences that separates friends from lovers and male thinking from female. For the most part, our friends are a mainspring of comfort and aid to us, whereas the *intimates* in our lives are as likely to be a source of aggravation as they are of great joy and even ecstacy. The difference here is especially profound in the woman's case because the potential to create static or not is part of the basic criteria that she uses to decide into which category any particular guy fits.

Here's how it works: problem *solvers* get slotted into the ***friends*** category (a valuable asset coming moving time or when the sink clogs up), while problem *creators*... well, they may piss her off, but hey... is it getting hot in here or what?

See what's happening? The White Knight is cool but he creates no passion, no buzz. That dirty bastard Black Knight on the other hand, who stiffed her on that concert date she had her heart set on last Sunday, well... How many times have you listened to this kind of crap as you played the role of thoughtful, sympathetic friend? The dude treats her like shit but she sticks with him anyway. She loves it all for no logical reason. By now you ought to realize that logic plays little or no role in a woman's thinking when it comes to matters of the heart.

Therefore I am telling you at all costs to avoid the urge to become her "White Knight with a Toolbelt" by offering to assist with whatever everyday sort of problems she might be having, from fixing her car to helping her paint the living room (man did I ever screw up in this regard on several occasions, *sheesh*...). Instead, you should think about creating just a bit of what I call **Courting Stress**. Forget to return a call every now and then, be late for a date, etc. Just little stuff is all that's required, no need to start a nuclear war. Things rarely run smoothly when men and women are first going through the process of negotiating a courtship. There are always some bumps along the way, some hurt feelings, misunderstandings or whatever. And you know what?... ***women love it!***

This is one of the absurdities of the female mentality that many men just can't seem to fathom. *We* would like everything to work smooth and happily from "hi, howya doin" all the way to the bedroom, but women seem to thrive on relationship tumult and insanity. It must be some kind of signal to them that meaningful emotions are crackling through the air! Maybe it somehow satisfies their need to **spar** with a dude before allowing herself to be conquered by him? *That son-of-a-bitch did this and that to me, I can't believe what a prick he is... yada-yada.* By next Saturday night she's smoking his bone... while her nice guy buddy who's been such a helpful and comforting friend to her is home polishing his meat puppet with the leftover plumber's putty from the new faucet he installed for her (God, how these memories continue to torture me...)

So please understand the bizarre connection between turmoil, passion and niceness in the female noggin and try to stay on the correct side of the line, at least if you desire to end up between her legs rather than in her pocket.

5) Be Sexy Without Being a Pervert

Many guys have an intuition (and it is a correct one) that in order to get a woman thinking about them in a sexual way they have to keep reminding her of the fact that "I'm a man and you're a woman". The end game to all this dating and chatting around is to get busy with the horizontal bop, right baby? While this idea itself is dead-on, the way in which many guys *execute* it by using coarse, sexually overt language is often so clumsy that it gets the woman dreaming all right... about *his* execution! Here's what you need to remember:

Sex is always suggested with and in your ***eyes***... ***never with the use of your filthy tongue!*** By filthy tongue of course, I'm not talking about your Gene Simmons-like jawsnake... I'm talking about those filthy ***words*** that slide so easily from it!

Talking very dirty or overtly sexual at the early stages is a pretty high risk play unless she's sending "open for business" signals all over the place. If she is, then the hot talk could send her over the edge – but if she isn't then you may end up both turning her off by making yourself sound like a pervert. One important factor is something that I call **pre-heating,** a sense that she's already begun to entertain a few naughty ideas about the two of you. If there's no pre-heating going on with her yet then these types of sexy remarks will be mostly unwelcome. You should be able to tell if she's game for hot talk by the gleam in her eyes.

Or not. Yeah I know, another judgement call.

Speaking of using your own eyes in this play, here's how to do it: avoid talking about sex explicitly... instead, *think* about it. These internal thoughts will make themselves visible in your face somehow, however subtly. Allow her to intuit your erotic imaginings in your eyes. ***But be careful not to leer!*** The expression you want is a look of *knowing anticipation*, the sort of thing that's difficult to describe in print unfortunately. (Review "Lust Eyes" on page 104). You'll know you've nailed it when you glimpse the tantalizing look *in her own eyes* being reflected back at you.

Although there is a time and place for more direct sexual talk and this generally isn't it, there is ***one*** exception to this rule as I already mentioned, and that's where ***she*** starts it first. It could be a green light but BEWARE, this could also be a *test* to see if you will drop your charming facade and reveal the genuine drooling beast lying just beneath the surface. Lots of testing goes on during courtship of course, and the perv trap seems to be a standard one. Don't take the bait. She knows you're probably just another horny bastard like most men, but she's curious to see what sort of control you can exercise over your urges. The best way to handle sex talk I've found is to rachet it up in gradual increments and take note of her reaction – sort of like slowly boiling a frog one degree at a time.

* * *

If you can keep these five ideas in mind and execute them as necessary, at the very least you should avoid becoming her buddy-buddy eunuch-boy with a "date" to stop over next Saturday to fix her busted screen door. And that in itself for a lot of you guys can be a major step forward in your dating life.

Your Behaviors Create a Trance

Alright then, at this point you should still be glowing with positive vibrations left over from Action Date #1 as long as too much time hasn't passed since then. If it has, don't forget to **spark her up** again with a *classy, focused compliment* like you did at the onset of your first date with her. *Hell, give her another twirl!* In fact, it's a good idea to ***always*** spark a woman up when you first set eyes on her – at least until you've had sex for the very first time. Even then I would keep it

going for awhile. These special little moments that you create are **gold deposits** in her memory bank and trust me, *women remember everything!* You never know when something that you consider a nothing, throwaway move like opening a car door for her or something will score major points in her mind. Everyone is different in how they process reality, and this goes *double* for women.

> *Whereas the typical guy brain is like volatile RAM that clears itself back to all zeros when the power goes off, the female brain is always busy burning another long-lasting DVD of your latest antics!*

This spark-up deal should always be a somewhat reserved, *"I'm just really happy to see you again"* sort of action – don't let it de-volve into something all slobbery and kiss-ass. However, no matter what you may've read elsewhere, *compliments are not automatically subservient as long as you are* ***classy and genuine*** *with them* (and don't repeat them over and over too much). It's all in how you deliver the compliment with a solid HSM attitude which communicates the **underlying message**: ***"I am a powerful, accomplished Man, but gracious in your presence."*** Like that.

These types of actions can almost create a very subtle *trance* working in your favor. Watch her reaction carefully, observe how she responds to what you're doing and **adjust your moves** accordingly. If she's the more straight-laced and no-nonsense low TQ type, then you may wish to trim back a little. She's probably a fast study and 'gets it'. But don't think that eliminating these moves altogether is best, it is not. She still needs to have romantic signals sent her way, but do them subtly and without fanfare. They will make a greater impact on the more sensible-minded. If on the other hand she's more the starry-eyed-type and really just drinks it all up when you make a fuss over seeing her (High TQ), then it's safe to make a bigger deal over the spark-up.

Hypnotic Impressions

Let's take a step back and view the larger picture of what we are trying to

accomplish for a moment. During the human mating ritual, all the actions and movements of the male attempt to create a pattern that the female will recognize as something vitally important in her environment that she should pay attention to. That "something" of course is the fact that an opportunity to satisfy the primary biologic imperative of *reproduction* is at hand. Powerful instincts that reside deep within her unconscious mind compel her to respond with interest – even if her rational mind is telling her to ignore what's happening. It's important to understand that women cannot control the fact that these instincts will pop up – they are hardwired into their "old" brain. She may consciously decide to *fight* them for some reason (you're not her "type", etc.) but she cannot stop them from setting off alarm bells. ***You can control the appearance of this reaction in her with your behavior.***

In effect then, your behavior can be used as a tool for **hypnotic induction.** Now I know that the concept of hypnosis and this subject of "picking-up" women are linked at the hip and are somewhat controversial, but I'm not talking about using words and verbal patterns here *per se*. Rather, by doing a few significant things here and there throughout the course of the date it's possible to animate her mating instincts very gently, very subliminally. I've seen this work in amazing fashion especially with the Hi-TQ types who can end up staring at you longingly like Sparky waiting for his biscuit by the end of the night!

The triggering behaviors of which I speak are ordinary things such as frequent physical contact, snuggling, speaking in a *conspiratorial* voice, deep looks and lots of eye solid contact, casual kissing and just a general non-shyness about *enjoying* her as a woman. This behavior is the highest compliment you can pay a woman, but you actually have to ***do it*** with some degree of certainty and confidence.

For example, there may be moments when you have a chance to rachet up the closeness but instead of just hugging her, a better move is to *lure* her into your arms by presenting her with an inviting pose. Stand facing her with your *arms spread to either side of you* propped on some nearby structure. The perfect setup is a railing, or even better a <u>curved</u> railing like you sometimes find near a waterfront. Lean your back against it and rest your arms in a stretched-out, open position in either direction. This inviting open posture compels a woman into your warm grasp by calling out to her instinct to **seek protection** from a male. Hold steady eye contact and when she gets within a foot or so, gently close your arms around her and draw her to your body.

This creates a natural moment to slide into a makeout session!

Think about what you're doing as you manipulate her moods throughout the night. That calm, soft-talking, *seductive* speech pattern with controlled movements is designed to draw her into a romantic state. *If she starts getting frisky pick up her lead!* Always stand ready to toss your plans out the window anytime she suddenly starts getting hot and heavy – it's hard to predict when you might suddenly just *click-in* for her!

I guess I'm saying that you can't figure women. Big revelation, eh? Still, it seems that after you've performed a certain number of the correct moves most of them will eventually light up. That's been my personal experience anyway. There have been some crash-and-burn jobs too – you can't bat .1000 at this stuff because there are too many screwballs on the loose. These actions I'm describing will stir the pot in a way that makes things interesting though. The big uncertainty in all this is finding out where the "okay I'll do him" threshold point is located for any *particular* woman. Only *she* knows where it is – your job is to try and tease it out of her.

Non-Verbal Signs of Interest

As your "trance" unfolds you'll need to adjust what you're doing based on the feedback that she reflects back at you. *Body language* is the most genuine signal that you'll ever get from anyone, so you should cultivate an eye for it. Of course as we discussed earlier, when it comes to females showing signs of romantic interest there is only **one** best signal to know about and that's ***sustained eye contact.*** A woman simply will **not** hold eye contact for any length of time with a guy who turns her off, plain and simple. Very primal mating signals are exchanged via eye contact, so women are careful about how they use it. Therefore you can be sure whatever she's saying with her eyes is significant.

There are *two* good indications to watch for. One is where she will ***slightly widen her eyes as if she's surprised to see you*** (this is a very good one!). The other is the turning of the eyes **downward**, which is the classic signal of female submission in the presence of a powerful male. If she *refuses* to meet your eye while you are trying to engage her she is chilling you out. If this is a first meet pull-tab type of situation you probably don't have much of a shot. If you're out on a date with her, then you're *failing to connect* and you'd better change course fast before you slip into the "no chemistry – just friends" zone.

I hate to plunk a Simple-Simon list of body language “signs and signals” on you because human mating behavior isn’t always so cut-and-dried as this sort of list may suggest, but I realize that guys of all ages will read this book and some of you don’t have a lot of social experience, so this stuff may be helpful. Just keep in mind it’s a good idea to avoid placing too much weight on any *single* signal. It usually takes a cluster of signs to get a good read. Like so:

Hey, I'm Interested...	***No Sale!***
Solid eye contact or repeated glances your way	Tight Lips
	Fleeting or No eye contact
‘Slits’ her eyes at you (sexy!)	Displays wedding ring
Posture is relaxed	Posture is stiff
Preens and adjusts hair	No concern for appearance
Faces her body toward you	Sagged shoulders
Tilts head to be cute	
Licks her lips	

First Conversations – Signals that tell you how you’re doing....

Keep Talking baby...	**Keep on Walking!**
Alert and bright-eyed	Tapping restlessly
Flashes her palms	Shows back of hand
Dangles a shoe	Leans away from you
Touches you frequently	Never touches you
Loosens collar or clothing	Tightens clothing
Leans forward into your personal space	

And so on and so forth. Incidentally, more than a few women have told me that guys whom they were signaling to make a move on them had blown their chance by going for a dumb pick-up line instead of just coming forward and saying ‘hello’ – simply responding to her call without leaning on a lot of goofy tricks, which shows a lack of confidence. So try not to be too clever and out-think yourself – a good opportunity can quickly turn to smoke simply because you don’t believe it’s possible that a particular girl could be interested in you. Have some faith.

One final point before moving on: how to handle *her* shyness. Deal gently with any possible shyness you may detect in your date the same way in which you would want someone to handle yours... by ***NOT pointing it out!*** Don't make any direct note of her reserved behavior, directly asking her why she seems so quiet or anything of that sort. Shy people may be secret attention whores, but they *hate* having their shyness pointed out to them! It's like casually mentioning that someone's nose is big and ugly. What the hell can they say about that?

The way to put shy people at ease is to draw them into the moment and help them stay psychologically invisible in your presence. If you make the shy feel comfortable, they will open up and learn to enjoy your company... and eventually become endeared to you. *More trancing in action!* This is an easy way to score points with shy girls, and don't be surprised if they thank you by spreading their wings. Sometimes these shy girls can go completely nuts when they decide to open up sexually to some guy.

Try to keep *this* bull's-eye pointed at yourself!

Date #3 – The Romance Date

Fear is the lock, and laughter
the key to your heart
Suite: Judy Blue Eyes
Crosby, Stills & Nash, 1969

No Fear in the Red zone

The ball is inside the 20 at the doorstep of your opponent's goal line. Just as in the game of football, the field becomes "squeezed" in this so-called Red Zone... events becoming time-compressed on the shortened playing field. In the charged atmosphere of the third date, things also begin to take on a little different flavor. Some degree of chemistry and emotional connection should have been established by now, and so the next phase of the seduction pays honor to the primary dynamic that defines every man-woman encounter... ***sexual tension.***

While it may take 4-5 dates on average for the typical guy to get laid, you're not this typical guy any more. By following the plan laid out for you so far and working to establish both an adrenaline-juiced ***and*** emotional connection on

those first two dates, you've set yourself up nicely to take things into the sexual realm now. This is the payoff to dating *with a purpose* and having a goal in mind for each date.

My one essential rule for this third date has always been to keep the evening as **private as possible.** This is not going to be like that action date you had a week ago. No big crowds or loud events to create a distracting background. You will seek to create a focus on *each other* rather than the surrounding excitement. This date should be mellow and relaxing, preferably located in your apartment. There should be an ***assumed closeness*** between you by now with lots of touching and longing looks going on throughout the night as the passion steadily grows. If you're going to enjoy a restaurant instead, then it would be a good time to spring for an upscale one (beware the oranged duck!). If you're going to invest a few bucks in a seduction then doing it on the *third* date rather that trying to impress some chick who couldn't care less on a first date is a much smarter play. Look for a setting that creates a fantasy atmosphere that she can get caught up in. Quiet and cozy with a lounge like a jazz bar or something of the sort. She should be right on the edge of letting go with you sexually, and this is the perfect way to gently encourage her along.

There must be absolutely NO conflict whatsoever on this date! No "Blind Date"-style nitpicking or seeing who can be the most stubborn about choosing the wine or any bullshit like that. *This is a magical night that will end in your first lovemaking if things go well, so make it memorable.* Avoid all contentious topics of any sort – politics, religion or anything where **personal opinions** are required to keep the conversation popping. Instead, allow yourselves to dream about future (non-sexual) things that you'll soon be doing together, places you would like to visit or experience as a couple, etc. Fun stuff only!

Keep a lid on any and all **judgmental crap** this evening as well – it will only spawn bad feelings that lead to a complete breakdown of everything you've been working towards. *Everything she does tonight is fine with you*... you catch all problems in your soft hands and make them disappear! It's important to resist putting forward a **half-assed effort** at this stage when you're getting close, simply because you think that will make it easier to excuse any failure afterwards. *Fuck all that self-sabotaging horseshit...* it's time to drive hard now and put the ball in the fucking end zone! Keep your head straight. No fear!

You need to possess a steely determination to see this thing through to the conclusion you desire, and that could mean ***embracing your most selfish, darker instincts.*** If you're one of these people-pleasing nice guys who doesn't want to hurt anyone's feelings ***you will fail.*** Not enough push. You have to become the kind of selfish prick that you probably *hate*... the guy who gets what he wants because that's all he cares about and to hell with everyone else! You know him, you hate him. *And now you have to become him!*

I'm not telling you to act like some kind of asshole or to start putting her down (neg hitting), I mean you have to quietly refuse to let **your** fear or **her** resistance throw you off track. She could be uncertain of exactly how she would like to see things to go down, so it's got to be *your* job to keep the passionate momentum moving along on this date. Your job. This is why I insist you need to be somewhat *selfish*. I know this kind of goofed-up thinking isn't a problem for all of you guys reading this, but for many of you it is so I'm trying to hammer it out of your skull right now!

Start thinking of your masculine attention as a ***gift***. That's right, you're giving her a *gift*... a gift of yourself, of your desire and of your eventual love. If you can manage to *re-frame* everything you're doing in this magnanimous way, it will give your unconscious mind a **green light** and will go a long way towards making all your actions seem natural. Remember how we talked about *modeling* the kind of emotions and attitudes we want to see being reflected back towards us?

Everything flows from the controlling influence that you exert with the force of your Will, either positive or negative. If you choose the path of fear and tentativeness, she will pick up on this vibe and withdraw – thinking you're either not ready to make a move or that you don't like her. If you choose the path of *courage*, she will be swept up in your positive romantic energy and things will be well on their way towards a happy ending!

The key word here is *choice* – get clear on what's happening, understand your weaknesses and the intrinsic workings of your own mind, and then *choose to be powerful instead.* You must believe everything that's about to happen this evening to be your birthright as a Man – and that it will be a *gift* to her. Get your head wrapped around this idea, and let it power you forward.

Benevolent Manipulation

The general premise behind everything that we're trying to accomplish on this romance date can be summed up in two words: *psychological manipulation*. No, this is not some mind-control junk, I only mean that you need to **model** the kind of mood you desire *firmly enough* until she picks it up and follows your lead. Since there is nothing intrinsically sinister in any of this, it is benevolent. Keep both the **verbal** (flirting) and **non-verbal** (body language, touching) signals going strong all evening long. Show her how you want her to act, but *do it mostly with your own actions*. Conversation should be all about **fun topics** like her future plans and dreams, interesting experiences she's in the past. *Her stuff,* get it?

Never forget that all of this attention is your gift to her, right?

Home Sweet Home

This third date is exciting because there's a good chance you'll be getting laid if things go well, so you'll need to sweep the stage and polish the brightwork. And I don't just mean cleaning and polishing yourself, I mean getting your apartment ready *for love!* Yes, the absolute best location for this date is your place (if you can swing it) – but it likely needs a once over...

The four areas of concern are the **bedroom and bath**, and to a lesser extent the **living room and kitchen**. Needless to say you should shovel out the empty beer bottles, stale pizza boxes and assorted dead animals that may've gathered around the house. Run the garbage out to the nearest landfill and crack open a few windows while you're at it too.

The bedroom is key and should be clean, cozy and *enticing*. A masculine look is fine, dark cover spreads, etc. But fluff up a few extra pillows and seed them around. Your bedroom should seem inviting to her, a place where she wants to dive in and drink up your manly essence and stay the night all wrapped up and warm and contented. The bathroom should be well stocked with toilet paper and tissues and other consumables that women tend to need in mass quantities for some reason, and of course paper cups or clean glasses and soap. Put some bath oils or even just bubble bath nearby in case you can convince her to start things out with a nice, sensuous hot bath. A few candles at the ready will help set the mood. Also, make sure you have lots of big fluffy towels all laid out and ready where she can see them. Chicks love to wrap up in towels in a man's

apartment. Make sure all of this presents an inviting visual for her when she first steps into the bathroom.

If any of this seems incomprehensible to you and you're beginning to feel woozy at just the thought of doing housework, at least get in there with your Haz-Mat suit and chisel the impacted fecal matter off the rim of the throne, wouldja? Then spray some industrial-strength disinfectant around liberally. The sink, tub and head should all be impeccably clean if nothing else. Also, be sure to hide any embarrassing medications (Cialis, Viagra, Zoloft, Vicadin, Paxil, GHB) or ointments (Preparation-H, Rogaine, Fleet Enema Kit) that you don't want her to find in your medicine cabinet. Women are snoopy in this regard.

As for the **living area**... make sure that the couch or love seat is clear of debris and made to look inviting with a few cozy pillows, etc. Have some soft background music standing by and loaded into your stereo. You might be doing lots of making out here before heading to the bedroom, so it should support this activity comfortably. The **kitchen** should be stocked with some snacks, ice cream, something chocolate -- and maybe a couple chilled bottles of wine (Chablis and Zinfidel are sure bet favorites) and / or a classy beer like Corona or Heineken. No paper cups... spring for some real glasses made of real glass. And please, do the goddamn dishes. There is no greater buzzkill than to find yourself standing awestuck and nauseated before a putrefying pile of 2 week old, spaghetti-encrusted plates in someone's shitty friggin' apartment. If you find they are beyond even something as drastic as *sandblasting* due to the long term effects of Jurassic-like fossilization, throw the fuckers out and put a new set on your mom's Christmas list for yourself! Sheesh.

And finally, if your present living situation is such (parents, sub-human roommates, free-roaming pet tarantulas, etc.) that you *cannot* bring her back there no matter what, then call around your nearby no-tell hotels and check out the vacancy and room rates. You might have to do the old "Mr. Smith" check-in deal. Whatever. ***Just make sure that you're prepared with a plan and enough cash in your wallet to make "where to do it?" a non-issue for yourself.***

And fer christsakes, not in the back seat of your car! How sleazy and low class is *that*, especially if you're more than 19 years old?

Whatever you end up doing, do **NOT** anticipate going over to her place. She may offer and that's cool but do not count on it. You're just adding another unknown X-factor into the mix that could end up putting a blade into an otherwise textbook seduction. Make sure you have all the accommodations worked out and ready to go, whatever your plan is. ***This is totally your responsibility!*** As an added benefit, doing all this prep work will make the upcoming date seem *real* to you and pump up your subconscious expectations of success. Denying yourself this kind of positive juice can be a motivation killer, especially if all of this is new to you.

Preparation is the antidote to self-sabotage – so always make preparing the environment part of your pre-romance date ritual.

If You Can Cook... Do It!

If you can cook a meal at your place, then by all means do it! I've found this to be the number one way to impress women. There's something about a man cooking that just knocks them on their ass. I've heard them refer to it as cute, thrilling, seductive... even *amazing*. But they mostly all agree that it's *sexy* in some way. Don't ask me, I'm just delivering the mail here. And if you don't know how to boil water, then my suggestion to you my friend is ***learn***. Get some cookbooks. Really, you only need to know how to make maybe 4 or 5 meals.

The key is that they should each be a little unique, not just the same sort of thing you can get at any restaurant. For instance, don't just broil up some "fish". How boring is that? Make her some *"grilled salmon with cucumber dill salad".* Don't just make chicken, whip up some *chicken fajitas*. How about an *eggplant tureen* for the non-meat eater? ***Always be sure to lay the big fancy name on her, it's impressive!*** You think I know any of this stuff by heart? Ha... I'm reading if from a cookbook right now! This stuff is simple, you only need to go shopping the day before and grab all the stuff you'll need. Naturally, try all these dishes out on yourself *first* before subjecting other humans to your cooking efforts. You don't want a manslaughter charge hanging over your head.

Besides, your first try won't be perfect anyway, so it's a good idea to practice each one.

It would also be a good idea if your "5 dinners" spanned the main entree groups to please every taste... something centered around a steak, a fish, chicken and a pasta dish. Maybe even a *non-meat* deal just in case you run across a cute little vegan (really, how many guys could she expect to be able to make her a *vegan* dinner? You're headed completely off the charts suggesting something like this... and in a very good way!).

Working from your home lair gives you a chance to show off your apartment a little, perhaps impress her with trophies (placed discreetly of course), the new widescreen HDTV, your musical (or other cool hobby) tools of the trade, etc. You can tailor the environment just the way you want it with the lighting and background music, coziness and creature comforts, special treats in the fridge and so on. And most important of all... you can have *wine*... lots of wine!

This elixir has been the lubricant of love for centuries, so be sure to have a complete sampling of all the types women like to drink (Chardonnay, Chablis, Zinfandel) chilled and ready to pour. Make sure you buy the wine that comes with a **cork** and not the cheap twist-off, "wine-o" cap. The decantering with the corkscrew affords you a chance to act sophisticated. You might not like wine but it's likely that she does, and women can get light-headed pretty quick on the stuff. So bottoms up dude! Of course, you'll run into the occasional stiff who won't drink anything stronger than Pepsi. In that case you'll just have to get by without the advantage of any adult lubrication. I'm personally bored by women like this – but to each his own, so adjust your game accordingly and proceed.

Back to the cooking... (hey, all Great Chefs are *men*, remember that!). Invite her over, crack open some *vino* and get to work on one of your favorite dishes. The really hard chopping, sauce brewing and other messy stuff should be done in advance, so you'll just be doing the fun stuff like adding the ingredients together and toking up all the delicious smells. And don't get all anal-retentive and become one of those "got-to-be-done-just-so" assholes either... *let her help out and join in on the fun!* **Instruct her without lecturing** (especially if you're older than her, don't lecture her like a wizened old ass. Try to remember that you're not her dad!).

Remember **you're *seducing*,** not teaching class. It's okay if things clump together out of order – you're the master chef anyway, right? So just quietly *fix it* while remaining always of good cheer (aided by the flowing good spirits!). Also, make sure you don't whip up something that's **sloppy and slurpy** to eat either like spaghetti or greasy ribs. You'll both want to keep your composure while dining, so keep the meal limited to something that can be cut up into small bit-sized pieces. This isn't the time for your killer impression of Bluto in *Animal House* making like a festering pimple.

Some of you guys may be a bit leery about showing off cooking skills, as you might feel it looks too domestic, and you're now declaring me to be a big homo. Nonsense – women love guys who can cook. Be completely committed to showing off your culinary skills whether you just learned them or are an old timer. Embrace it and be proud! The benevolent manipulation doesn't get any more delicious.

Negotiating Closeness

At some point after the meal or the entertainment you need to maneuver her into a situation where you can begin to close the gap of intimacy. This is why I recommend whipping up a dinner at your place... you can easily toss in a DVD and move the party to the couch. And don't forget to drag the drinks along too. You can see why I said that **privacy** is the major consideration on this date because the idea is to cross the line with her sexually, and this is a tough move to make in public.

The moment of first sex forms a line in the sand between men and women. It is an action bristling with power issues... the "relationship" power flipping over to the man soon after this pivotal event. This flip-over isn't a sure thing of course. Sometimes depending on the personalities involved the woman continues to dominate, but she can never be sure of that. That makes it still something of a risk for her – and therefore one of the things she needs to fit into the calculus of her final decision to have sex or not. Does she wish to cede this power right now and allow both herself and her emotions to become vulnerable to your whims?

First sex anxiety for *men* is usually related to worries about performance. With women however, it's more about the consequences afterward. How will things be different between the two of you once she gives it up? She is laying her feelings out on the table, and her sense of your deeper intentions is critical. The

woman you're working may've been burned before by guys looking to get laid and flee the scene. This means you could face the 'ol *"I think we should wait..."* deal as a test of your commitment, so prepare yourself. Whatever you do, ***don't get mad!*** At no point during the initial attempt a man makes to bed a woman does he reserve any right to get angry at her refusal. The only exception might be if she were really leading you on with lots of big time teasing and then suddenly pulled the rug out from under you, but how often does that actually happen? Only once in my experience, and I turned that into a game that eventually had *her* begging for it (ha!... a taste of her own medicine).

What I'm saying is that women generally possess some sense of fairness in this regard, although the occasional man-hater out there might be looking to take you for a ride. It all depends on if you've given her any real reason to disrespect you during the run-up to this moment. Pricks and wimps draw this kind of treatment from women. Still, females hold the right to say *'no'* inviolate – and you won't get anywhere either *begging or threatening,* so you should avoid either of those extremes as you'll only sink deeper into oblivion.

As a man, you've got to view this whole pre-sex cha-cha as an elaborate game and see any attempts to derail everything as challenges that she creates within the context of this game. It all depends on who wants to "win" their desired outcome worse, you or her. You must only keep up the steady (but not obnoxious) pressure – allowing her to pause things (always view these momentum stops as temporary) in order to catch her breath and re-gain her nerve. Then you gently begin to press forward again. Back-off and re-trench, no big deal. Slide back into making out or whatever stage you were at, and draw her deeper into your trance. I've found that if a chick pulls a full-stop the first time you get hot and heavy with her – and you accept it without malice in the "spirit of the game" – then the ***next*** opportunity that you have with her you will get laid. (So I guess it's a *four* date deal then after all, oh well...)

Once the physical stuff is underway you need to really expand the experience for her with your ***words***. Now's the point where you start to slip in the dirty talk and watch how she reacts. Some women go completely nuts when they hear a guy 'dirty talking' them. I've had a few of them come right in their pants for me. It's amazing how orgasm for women is all *mental*. They just need to have the proper electrical storm going on in their heads and *wham-o* they can switch over into sexual hyperdrive in an instant. I wish I could tell you that placing yourself into that zone can be accomplished with a series of mechanical steps

that you can just memorize 1-2-3, but that would be bullshit. You just have to continue to perform these time-honored physical-emotional actions while adjusting to her "stop-go" signals along the way. If you play her game like a good sport, you'll get there. She simply needs to complete this ritual to her own satisfaction – a ritual that probably goes back to before when humans could even speak to one another. (Ugh-ugh... get out the club!)

Remember that your voice forms an important "power tool" of seduction. Almost more importantly than your words however is the **pacing and tonality** in which you deliver them. Inflection carries with it a deeper level of communication than language itself, and people have developed a keen sense of the feelings and desires that lie beneath someone's words. The man / woman sexual dynamic is especially energized by the subtleties of inflection. Therefore you always want to maintain a **low, alluring, sexy tone** in your voice during much of the evening. *This should be a different sexier you tonight than she's seen before!* Keep up this light, teasing, sexy, flirting banter all night long and especially now. Just a little bit here and there, like turning slowly on a tiny screw to wind a watchspring... *click... click.*

There comes that perfect point where your passions are both about as agitated as they can get with clothes on, and that's the time to make the jump to nudity. Here's a tip based on something I've observed with near 100% accuracy -- *when you hear her voice **crack**,* you know you've set the hook and it's time to begin reeling her in. This signal is involuntary almost to the point of it being embarrassing to her, but it's never failed me! You know she's feeling the sexual tension to the point where it's beginning to have a physical effect on her. Her nervous system is moving towards DefCon 5!

That's when your own desire must come boiling out in words... something along the line of, *"I can't stand it any more, I need to feel you so badly. Let's get these clothes off!"*. Or maybe, *"I just have to taste every square inch of your body right now, I can't take it any more..."*. This sudden switch to dirty talk, this shock, **PLUS** the admission that she's now driven you to the outer limits of self-control, are vitally important. ***All women recognize this to be their decision point for crossing over into physical intimacy.*** Here's how you make this work for yourself: allow the woman to take you up to your absolute limit at her own pace (and it can be an excruciating one) ***and then admit that she's won!*** There's something about having her sense that you're about to lose you masculine veneer that finally tells her brain enough is enough. You submit to her female

power at that moment and I would give you 5 to 1 odds that she's going to give it up right then and there. This has to be tried to be believed – so don't cheat yourself of the chance to see this magic at work for yourself.

One warning: if you lose your nerve at anytime during this final approach to landing, *you are dead.* Chicks will panic and withdraw if they even begin to sense that you are having second thoughts about going all the way, and they will beat you to the punch. You have to completely sell out here – to gamble big, and that means you'll end up with major blue balls if you lose, but that's the game we play. The worst part is that if you cave in to your fears now all could be lost – not only for tonight but possibly *forever*. You will likely find that she's gone "cold fish" next time you call. This is now a woman who feels that *she's* been rejected and has therefore emotionally disconnected from you. Game over. I've been down this shameful road as well. It's tragic and unnecessary.

Therefore, any tactic you can employ to compel her to have sex with you that night is fair game as far as I'm concerned... the soulful looks, the wicked teasing, take her dancing all around the edges of a nasty fantasy-trip. Getting her all laughing and ticklish... the thrill of first sex hanging unspoken in the air like a delightful pink elephant floating above your heads! All that good stuff of which the ride of life is made as sweet as it ever gets.

So do whatever it takes to get her to accept your gift! Keep the pressure on steady but not overbearing. Make sure she understands that you dig her as a Man and not a platonic buddy-boy.

If a woman gets the vibe that you are serious about going all the way with her *that night*, she will likely allow herself to submit, at least to some degree. Maybe only some head or a handy for now but hey, it's a start. And by using some of the tactics that you'll find in the following section you may be able to pull her farther down the road of lust than she'd planned on going, who knows? Some chicks have to start slow. But you make everything all right with your cheerful 'soft hands' that catch all problems like a feather, right?

Win a big chunk of her trust, tease with the unspoken promise of molten sex, have a private, relaxing place ready to accommodate your shared lust, and most importantly, put out strong signals that you are *serious*. Do all this and you've arranged everything as best you can to get the result that you desire. When it comes to women, some luck is always required – but you've now taken

your best shot – you've controlled those things that are within your control, and now she has to decide to play along or not. And that's always her final call.

Section Summary:

Here's an Overview of the 3 Date Master Seduction

1) Create an **Image** for yourself along the lines of your chosen theme.
2) **Investigate** by listening for clues to some *romance or sex fantasy* of hers that you can use later on in the seduction.
3) Press forward and **Escalate** towards intimacy in a steady and reasonable manner on each and every date.

On that **First Phone Call...**
Re-sell yourself all over again
Control her mood, get her laughing and thinking fun thoughts
Strike when the iron is hot!... ask for the date in a specific fashion.

Three things to go over before every date:
1) Is my dress and attitude ready to support my image?
2) How do I plan to escalate the intimacy and passion?
3) Am I in a playful and fun mood and ready to flirt?

All the ideas you'll ever need for places to go and things to do on dates can be drawn from a blend of two basic sources:

1) **A list of things that you would *like* to do, but never get around to actually doing** because you feel foolish doing them alone, or because they would be more fun if you had someone to share the experience with. Keep a yellow pad handy, and anytime something pops up that fits this category write it down for future reference. Then you can go over this list for ideas when you get a dating opportunity and you're ready to make that first call.

2) Something **consistent with the type of image** you are attempting to project about yourself, i.e., a biker rally if you're trying to come across as the tough guy, etc.

Date #1 – *The Action Date*

Primary Goal : ***Action = Passion!*** When she's jacked on adrenaline, you look more handsome and seem more powerful to her.
Secondary Goals : Connect with her primally, Establish your image.

You want to make the first date a fun thing that involves some kind of **physical action** so that the entire time isn't spent facing each other across a table endlessly yakking away. This is how you get into trouble with your big mouth... too much self-revelation too soon. It busts your male aura.

The way to produce a great finishing kick is to **give her an A+ and a Gold Star "grade" for the date.** She was fun and exciting and made you feel great just being seen out with her... what a classy move!

Date #2 – *The Connecting Date*

Primary Goal : Emotional Connection
Secondary Goals : Create a Lasting Memory

There should be absolutely **NO conflict** whatsoever on this date!

Staying out of the Friends Zone:

1) Don't Let Her Turn You into Her Girlfriend
2) Keep Up the Sexual Tension
3) Physical Motion = Sexual Heat
4) Don't Be a Problem solver, Be a Problem Creator
5) Be Sexy Without Being a Pervert

YOUR CURRENT AGE MINUS 16 DIVIDED BY 2 = NUMBER OF PAST SEXUAL PARTNERS (just in case she asks...)

Deal with any possible **shyness** you detect in her by NOT pointing it out... either by commenting about her character or how she seems to be behaving in a shy manner or anything of that sort. Shy people are secret attention whores but they chafe at having any attention focused on their shyness. *Their shyness is their shame.*

Date #3 – *The Romance Date*

Primary Goal : Make Sex Seem Inevitable
Secondary Goals : Romantic escalation; Assumed Closeness

Always remember that a woman's romantic world is defined by eye contact. **Deep longing looks** communicates that you hold her in special regard. The promise of hot sex should never be spoken of directly... instead, tease her with **wicked, sexy looks** from time to time.

Make sure she understands that you are serious about wanting to escalate things sexually. This is YOUR job!

If she senses that you are serious about going all the way that night, she will likely allow herself to submit to some degree. If she gets the *opposite* vibe however, that you aren't sure of what you're doing, she will pull a panic move and withdraw. Therefore you MUST NOT allow your fear to ruin you! You must possess a steely determination to see things through to their conclusion, and that may mean **embracing your most selfish, darker instincts.** Once you hit the Red Zone it has to be a steady drive for the goal line. Nothing else will get it done.

I only hope that I won't disappoint you,
When I'm down here
on my knees.

Sweet Surrender.
Is all that I have to do...

Sweet Surrender
Sarah McLachlan, 1997

Now it's time for the final stage of the seduction, the part that really seals the deal and completes the long enjoyable journey from indifferent strangers to intimate partners. The issue of sex and sexual tension is the 300 pound elephant in the room that men and women often pretend isn't there, but looms as the most powerful driving force behind most all of their interactions. This is especially true if they haven't actually *had* sex yet but are on a glideslope to do so very soon. At this point, you have to decide if you really want to go forward or not. You are playing with human emotions and people can get hurt bad.

Look, women can seem evil and teasing, heartless and cruel when you can't get close to one – they can even interfere with your ability to feel like a Man. Without one in your life your identity fails to complete a full circle somehow. This is the murky ground where a lot of dark emotions are given rise. Here's something I learned about women the hard way not once but *several* times... don't ever allow yourself to believe that you have any sort of genuine relationship with any girl before you actually *sleep* with her. Many of you are laughing now and probably thinking, "no shit Sherman... who would do that?" Well, my hand is in the air.

In our social isolation, it's easy to lose touch with certain aspects of "romantic reality" and, before long, even the slightest kindness can get distorted by your own obsessive need for affection and get blown all out of proportion. Some of you might know what I'm talking about, the rest can be thankful you don't. It was my emergence from that dark passage that prompted me to write my first book. Mainly it was the dilemma presented by the issue of friends vs. lovers... why do so many of the women that I lust for allow me to get no closer than a platonic friendship? The closer I get to a female friend, the more I want to fuck her. *So why isn't it the same with her?*

The answer as best I can figure is that women simply don't want to risk ruining what they consider to be a quality friend-style relationship with a guy by having sex with him. Ruin! So if they decide that you would make a better friend for them than a lover, *they don't push the issue.*

And that's why YOU have to!

This is a great example of the diametrically opposite thinking styles of men and women. It also hammers home why, if you haven't been getting laid lately, it may be because you've been failing to drive the ball hard enough in those last few yards. Only under the rarest of circumstances will a girl ever dig you so much that she'll take over the seduction and do this job for you. That girl is a home run in the sense that she will absorb much abuse and still remain sexually submissive to you – not that I am advocating that you abuse anyone. The powerful male can afford to play fair.

I can tell you right now that whenever I ***didn't*** push hard enough to get a girl into bed it never just magically happened for me. Some guys have this kind of magnetic finishing power with women, and some of us *do not.* Therefore I say that *you* as the male must be the one who must apply the driving force towards the bedroom at every step along the way or it just isn't going to happen.

Once lost, the momentum to have sex is very difficult to recapture, and in fact don't ask me how it's done because I've never personally pulled this particular trick off. Anytime I failed to push straight through the first couple of dates and try for sex, I always ended up stuck in a friends-only relationship with the girl from which I never recovered. All the sex I've ever had happened with women that I pushed hard for sex with early in the dating process (3rd to 5th date).

You as the Man must be the one to apply the driving force towards the bedroom at each and every step along the way.

Some of you guys might not have any problem once you're this deep into the process – maybe the *meeting* part is the most difficult for you and by the time you get this far you're already on cruise control. But I know that a lot of guys complain they can get dates but are unable to maneuver the girl into having sex much of the time. I think that's mainly because you lack the **knowledge or willpower** to keep the *steady pressure* going... because you're more concerned about not 'scaring' her or 'hurting' her or you're otherwise trying so hard to come across as a gentleman that you forget all about the *man* part!

It's why I keep hammering away on this idea of learning to be ***selfish*** for a change rather than always being content to wear the role of the martyr and have people feeling sorry for you. The beautiful loser. The *jerk* is selfish, and that's why his batting average is better than yours. That's his big "secret". You need to put a stake in the heart of this self-defeating bullshit and get on with living your life. It's not an endless joyride you know – the clock ticks away.

The idea of sexually enchanting a woman is mostly one of gentle persuasion on your part, performed by leading her along a pathway of steps and stages that act to deepen the intimacy. Feed her thrills and absorb her fears. There are no 100% success guarantees, but I *can* guarantee that if you don't provide the impetus to keep things moving along she will interpret your reluctance to press for sex as a *rejection of her sexual charms,* and you will lose by default.

The Trance of Romance Revisited

In my previous book I talked about something called the *trance of romance*. It might be a good time for a review of this mysterious element of seduction right now, as it really begins coming into play when you make your final approach to sex. Keep in mind the idea that seduction is all about benevolent manipulation like I discussed earlier and that you must remain aware and focused on the big picture of what you're trying to accomplish.

The word *trance* is something of a loaded term regarding this subject because it invokes the idea that you're trying to compel a person into doing something against their Will. Nothing so sinister here. Romantic trance is mostly about allowing yourselves to be swept away by scary passions that you might ordinarily try to repress. It's your task to create this passionate "floodgate-opening" situation and guide her through it... using actions such as tender and then deeper kissing, massaging & fondling, slow stripping, playful biting, etc. *Model* what you want her to do! ***The trick is to use fewer and fewer words as the process advances, and more and more bolder action!*** Tactile sensations speak directly to her subconscious mind – whereas words can be a gamble late in the game. Again, personal experience.

Fears can arise when she starts feeling the hot breath of impending sex. She may conjure up all manner of lame protests – but never misinterpret these little speed-bumps as true rejection, they are merely playful posturing. A ritual the female feels compelled to force upon the excited and turgid male (*eeeuww*... I feel like I'm writing a cheap romance novel now...). Gently accept her invitation down the road of ecstacy and keeping pressing forward. Use clear judgement... back off when necessary, then resume your actions once she seems ready to advance the game further. This is the moment when the neurochemical high you are both chasing is about to consume you... *if you let it!*

One powerful way to put her fears at ease is to **assume responsibility** for everything that's about to occur. Women love blaming men for whatever happens to them one way or another, but this is a situation where you deliberately *want* her to blame you. ***When it comes to initiating that first episode of Sex, it's always got to be your fault.*** This means the role of big nasty instigator is always *yours*. She's looking for you to give her some kind of an excuse (which acts as implied *permission*) to do this deed, so she can justify the whole thing in her own mind tomorrow after the smoke has cleared. Therefore, ***you*** must be the bad guy... the one who is to "blame" for all this vulgar seduction stuff helplessly luring her into the clutches of erotic congress! This web you weave creates your romantic trance.

When it comes to sex, it's always got to be YOUR fault. This means the role of big nasty instigator is always yours.

Custom Designed Sexual Seduction

A quick review the steps that have led us to this point: you've met the girl by projecting the sort of ***attractive vibe*** that makes you seem ***valuable*** and ***intriguing***... made contact and got some juice popping, got her number and ***re-sold*** yourself enough to get through that first phone call without stepping in a shit pile. You then went on that first ***action date*** and got some energy flowing... did the mellow second date and ***connected*** with her on a more emotional / mental level... set up the third date by creating the proper ***background and privacy environment*** to encourage warmth and intimacy with her... which bring us to the present moment.

You've spent some time relaxing together after sharing a meal, you're both vegging out in front of the TV, maybe getting a little high / drunk and hopefully making out and perhaps feeling her up a bit. You've been feeding off her signals, and taking full responsibility for pushing the ball forward. Maybe before we get too deep into this we should step back and take a look at the big picture for a moment. Remember, this isn't just about getting laid – it's about seduction and ultimately her *sexual enchantment*. Insofar as getting laid for this first time on date #3, which is merely the *beginning* of this whole process, it's really based a combination of 4 factors – three of which you can control to a large extent, and one that is impossible for any man to *ever* control the way he would like to:

1) The background environment
2) The mood you've established
3) Your behavior towards her
4) Her mood that she brings along to the date

As you can see, the first three factors are pretty much under your control. We've just talked about establishing a suitable background that's private and comfortable enough for sex to happen. You set the mood with the proper lighting, use of booze, cozy meal, etc. Or, some similar situation such as a mellow jazz bar in a hotel lounge with a room and a waterbed waiting for you upstairs. And of course, you are in charge of your own behavior and emotions this evening. Only her *mood* is impossible to manipulate, the mood that she happens to bring with her to the date. You can try all sorts of stuff to pull her up from a down or bitchy mood, but if her temperament is too strong and she fights you it's pretty much a busted deal. Hey, it happens. Just be careful not to turn yourself into a friggin'

clown while attempting to coerce her into an upbeat mood or even worse slip into any sort of whiny, begging behavior. Hold onto your dignity and live to fight another day!

In any case, by controlling those 3 factors as best you can you've maximized your chances of doing the horizontal bop. In principle it's that simple – though in practice it can be tricky because women are the ultimate x-factor and their behavior can careen off in some pretty weird directions. This is especially so when you add in the stress of having sex with a new guy. She's nervous, she's scared... and scared translates into nutty, irrational behavior in some women. So you have to cut her some slack and use those *soft hands* to absorb her kooky actions and quell them whenever necessary. You're a big sponge, you absorb everything she throws at you without getting flustered because you're a cool and collected HSM, right?

Getting her to yield to your long term desires means maneuvering her into a place where *she completely laps up everything that you're about* – your interests, plans for the future, sexual proclivities, personal dreams and goals. *Then* you know you have her heart and soul! You can manipulate her into this position ***by making yourself into the best lay that she's ever had –*** and the secret to that is ***customizing each experience*** for her by tuning yourself into what she seems to dig the most and then ***amplifying*** those things in your lovemaking.

Superlative sex for most women can be defined as sex that is **erotic** in a way that she *digs* rather than considers to be perverted. I've found that women are more about the total fantasy that's being created than just the excitement of getting naked with someone new. Remember all that investigating you were doing earlier... all that conversing and exchanging of life stories on that mellow second date? ***Use them now to design a knockout fantasy for her.*** A place, a situation, background props or maybe even a porno DVD if she seems like the type who could handle it without wigging out. Something with an actual *story* that draws her in slowly (I recommend a "couples" movie like almost anything from *Candida Royale...* rather than one of your own personal favorites like *Choke On My Load #7*). Leave it somewhere sort of half-hidden near the entertainment center where she can accidentally "stumble upon" it. *"It's an amazing sex-positive adventure, you'll enjoy it..."* This sneaky little trick works maybe half the time I've found... just make sure that it's *tasteful* porn only.

Or maybe she would dig a certain type of *background music* (this one's easy) or a certain food treat... yada, yada. You see, this doesn't have to be anything unbelievably spectacular or expensive, only *special* in the sense that it connects up with something that she's previously hinted at as being *hot*. Maybe she's never done it with a pair of heels on, or in a bathtub or Jacuzzi. Who knows? Well, *you do* if you've been teasing her with sexy conversation, ***and listening carefully for her Fantasy Clues!***

And trust me, you will score big points for seeming like a guy who *listens!*

This may seem like a lot of nit-picking, but I've found that the best sex always happens when you can make the whole thing ***custom special*** for her somehow. It can set the stage for that "servant / slave" mode some women switch into which turns them into complete sex machines. They soon want it as much as most guys do – with the exception that they only want it so badly from *their Man*. And that will soon be YOU with any luck! Incidentally, sexual enchantment is something that you ought to reserve only for the most "worthy" of women that you really need, not to just bag, but ***bond*** to. Use this stuff casually on every fatty Patty that you want to just bang-and-dump and you'll find them sleeping on your doorstep! So beware.

Her Sexual Enchantment

Alright then, however things have ultimately worked out insofar as the specifics of the date are concerned, the two of you should eventually find yourselves alone and cozily ensconced in some private setting. Your apartment is always best since you have controlled this environment and hopefully maximized its "seduction potential" ahead of time – otherwise you'll have to abort the process of getting her hot and bothered at just the moment she could be ready in order to transport yourselves to a more private locale. This is a bad deal because the time gap will likely *break the trance* and give her conscious mind enough time to take control and possibly throw up a wall of fear and resistance.

For instance, if you end up having to drive her back to your place you'd better make out with her at every red-light in order to keep the coals of lust from cooling off too much. Regardless, from this moment forward your goal should be her complete sexual enchantment... with the end result her becoming bonded to you heart and soul (if that's what *you* want).

Your Background Environment Checklist :

1) A darkened room mood-lit with a few candles or dimmed lighting

2) Food and/or booze is important because the satiated state that exists after a good meal supports sexual arousal. Your brain is pre-adjusted into a chemical "pleasure mode".

3) A cozy couch or love-seat for kissing, petting and the beginnings of sex play

4) Shut Each and Every Phone, Pager, Cellphone and Blackberry that You Can Find *OFF!!!*

I consider that last point to be extremely important as you can obviously see. ***Nothing can screw up your Trance of Romance faster than when some friggin' cellphone goes off at the perfectly wrong moment! Get rid of that thing!*** What's with this idea that we all have to be available to everyone 24/7 anyway? It's bullshit. Ninety-nine percent of phone calls are worthless yabbering. *Call me back or write me a fuckin' letter!* People have gone out of their minds with this eternal comm-bubble crap. One of the most crucial elements of this third date is *privacy,* right? Well, just because you're alone with a chick somewhere doesn't mean that you've achieved any privacy as long as some joker can butt into your action!

It's also very important to ***get her cellphone shut off*** as well. That's actually more critical to control because any call-in *she* gets will surely mess everything up (her dopey sister can't find the dog's new purple leash or some other stupid "catastrophe" that couldn't wait...). Sneak into her purse and quickly shut the ringer off while she's in the john if you have to. I'm sorry but those damn things are an absolute ***scourge*** when trying to hook up. They make it possible for every asshole and his brother to cock-block your carefully-crafted trance and destroy the mood that you've worked hard to create... faster than you can download a funny fart ring tone!

Okay, so once all the dining and chatting has run its course, it is time to begin that gentle drift into the movie / music / wine relaxation mode. From this point on you should talk very little. Smile ever so slightly and give her a light kiss on the lips, draw back and look into her eyes deeply and then move into more longer lasting and more passionate kisses. Make sure that you pay close, lingering attention to ***her ears and the nape of her neck,*** as these are very sensitive erogenous zones that can send potent chills of lust and horniness zipping all throughout her entire body. This is where the physical affects the emotional profoundly.

Once you have begun this magical transition from the verbal to the physical, *don't break the trance* by reminding her of anything ordinary that happens to be going on around you... commenting about something that's happening on the TV or whatever. This trance of romance is as fragile as a soap bubble remember... one stupid move and ****POP**** it's gone. ***Therefore, ignore all unimportant background factors (i.e., anything short of the house catching fire) once you have moved into the physical phase of the seduction!*** Nothing must exist but the two of you caught up in your frenzy of passion. It's a fantasy world that you've entered where your bodies are beginning to take charge now. Your brains are no longer used for thinking and communicating... they are used only to experience the processing of sensation, for *feeling*. This is the state that you must draw her into – but please understand that it remains an easily ruined state until you've both shed your clothes!

> Unlike men, sex is a **three step** process for her... she has to ***think*** about it first (teasing, flirting), ***feel it*** second (emotional connection) and then finally... get physical and ***Do It!***

Your words, few as they are, should be ***whispered seductively,*** *never spoken aloud in a normal tone of voice!* Raising your voice to a normal everyday volume, laughing loudly or turning the subject away from the emotional to something more mundane... *are all acts of "trance sabotage".* Trance sabotage is self-sabotage on open public display. ***Don't do it!... Refuse to cave into your anxieties at this crucial moment!***

I've found that women will offer the least amount of resistance to kissing or petting if it occurs as a *natural escalation* of frequent touching that's become casual throughout the night. Try not to surprise her with a pair of big scary lips

and a flickering tongue suddenly zooming in out of the clear blue without any set-up, is all I'm saying. Intimacy has build gradually *and logically* step-by-step to assure her acceptance. If you haven't been touching her very much up until this time then ***you are failing to set her up for sex.*** The trance of romance is *supported* by escalation – whereas it is shattered by ill-timed and awkward gropes at physicality.

In the end, how well any of your charms work will depend on how profoundly she's allowed herself to be drawn into the sensual moment that you've tried to create around her. You need to maintain a steadily escalating force that moves her along through kissing, petting, fingering, stripping, fucking... and feed off her reactions to gauge how hastily to proceed. She has to feel comfortable and secure enough to let sexual submission to occur. This might be where you have to remind yourself about that notion of ***selfishness*** I talked about earlier. Keep pushing for what YOU want – *confident that she wants it too!* You know that she has to put up her little "oh my..." charade to give herself the "I'm no slut" excuse the next morning, right? Right.

Understand that you have to ***model*** increasing passion for her and let her pick up on your lead. Employ little tricks like the **Pull Away** move. For instance: while kissing... pause, pull back and look at her with half-closed bedroom eyes for a few seconds. Wait until she says something like "what?" and then just lean back in and continue making out with her. Remember how eye contact defines her romantic universe?... Apply the "lust eyes" here as described on page 104. This *wordlessly* exposes your growing passion for her... spinning your web of enchantment and silently (silently!) inviting her to join you. This is how it's done... softly, magically with a respect for the fact that women need time to light up and move across the threshold into a sexy mood.

There are no hard and absolute rules here – some women will prefer to be "taken" and require a rougher, bolder approach. No luring them in, they want to be *dragged in* and made to submit to the alpha male! The type of approach to use on any *particular* woman will have to be a complete judgement call on your part, what can I tell you? If you get the sense that she digs a certain style (mellow & sweet; upbeat, dancing & sweating; a verbal psycho-drama, etc.) then give *that* route a shot and see where it takes you. Adjust accordingly. You need to be crafty as well as motivated to play this game to its' ultimate conclusion.

Blend whatever personality style you may've already established (tough guy, playful, sensitive man, etc.) into her fantasy. Be ***confident*** about everything you do and ***follow through with authority.*** If you need something to be genuinely confident about, try this: your actions to this point have already placed you in rarefied air in terms of how *different* you are than other guys she's dated. Being different scores points and rings bells! Male confidence can be breathtakingly seductive in it's own right – its unspoken power a force pulling her down deeper into your gravity well of passion. She *wants* to surrender – your job is to allow it to happen, to give permission.

First Sex

Let's assume that you've got her all hot and bothered now and it's time to go for the gold. Move your lips to her ears and down across her throat, lingering at the nape of her neck. Let your hands slowly wander across her chest as you kiss her. It may take you a few tries to actually get past this point but DO keep gently but persistently bearing forward. Use good judgement and do not automatically assume a little reluctance to be total rejection... remember it's just female posturing – pre-sex play she uses to tease the male to ready him for copulation (Nature at work in all her brilliance!). Use whatever mental tricks you must to stay motivated – ***your emotional drive is your power.*** Imagine her resistance as *futile* if you must! (lame Star Trek reference lost on anyone with a life, sorry...).

Whatever you do, *don't stop pushing and begin pouting!*

"Do you really like me? Are you just trying to get into my pants?" These are some of the meek protests she may float. The last of her inhibitions are about to come down. Tell her how your life changed since you met her, how it's all "so special in some strange way..." A quick kiss, perhaps a small bite, then move on. Think of her nervous system as an instrument. Play a tune! Do not speak any more than you must in order to deepen her enchantment.

When you sense the time is right, begin to remove her clothes. Don't ask her permission! *Never ask her permission for any of this!* ***Just do it*** and make her either **stop you** or **surrender.** If she wants to stop, then *pause* for a moment and back up a little... then resume your efforts. More gradually this time. If she gives you a firm and final "no" then you'll have to pull up or risk a date rape charge, and you certainly don't want *that*. So be careful – these are just more

judgement calls. My thinking here is that ultimately the woman acts as final arbiter of sex, *but that doesn't mean she wants me to stop trying!* Force her either to up the ante and get stern with you – or turn playful and begin her "surrendering" behavior. One signal here is not enough to act on, she needs to send you a *cluster*. Watch her body language for signs she's slipping subconsciously into reproductive mode. They won't lie!

Handle the entire courtship dance with good humor. Tickle her, get her laughing, pull some kind of change-up to break the tension. Just don't be a baby and give up at the first whiff of resistance! There's always going to be some resistance. Learn to ride it out and give it your best shot.

Tasting Every Square Inch

By the time we made it to the bedroom, half her clothes were already gone. A trail of shoes and jeans and frilly things tailed away behind us like sinful little crumbs. I could see her eyes gleaming as I joined in her nakedness. I began running my hands across her legs and flanks, marveling at her smoothness – exulting in her wonderful curves. I teased a nipple and made her giggle, rolling my hands across her breasts and over her shoulders, tracing the moist curves of he neck. I needed to drink her in with a sudden hunger that was scarcely containable.

Sliding up her gasping body, my eyes drew level with hers and regarded her in the threadbare glow leaking in from the adjacent living room. "...I can't stand it any more. I need to taste every square inch of you..." *Kissing her neck and then further down the length of her torso, it was as if I were starved to the point of delirium. She responded with a strangled moan that all but guaranteed her immanent surrender.*

Whew!... okay everybody, hands up on your desks where I can see them. What I'm trying to illustrate is a key element to any first sexual encounter – the importance of showing her you are a **hot talker** in bed. *Your goal is to seem sexy to her, but not in a way that she's likely to regard as pervy... and **talking** is the best way to do it!* Women are almost universally turned-on by men who talk them up while fucking. Outlandish sex tricks are not necessarily sexy to her, but your **emotional availability** is, and hot talking is a laser beacon for this quality.

Women are on the lookout for weird behavior in guys when they first become involved with them sexually. There are probably as many different flavors of this paranoia as there are women, but that doesn't make it any less real *or* any less of a problem for us. You might think you have a really cool idea about a pair of handcuffs and a bottle of baby oil, but you need to save that for the 3rd or later sexual episode with her. For now keep all the crazy stuff under your hat. First sex with her should be somewhat vanilla in a *physical* sense but made exciting for her in a very different way.

> **Main Feature of First Sex:** The single overriding theme guiding your first sexual experience with her is to be ***verbally expressive***... describe what you want to do, tell her how great she looks – that she's *exotic* in some unusual way. *Then coax her to scream loud and hard when she comes!*

Being emotionally open can be summed up like this: you must seem way into her body style, be enthusiastic, and *make noise!* Admire her curves and tell her she has an extremely fem body, or rave that she has gorgeous skin. While she's on her back, grab her legs by both ankles and spread them apart with a swift and certain movement – asserting your dominant role. It will trigger her instinct to submit. Because so few guys are confident enough to act in this way, you will come across as different and unique. Anything that separates you from the sheep-pack turns you into a fascinating animal requiring further study. This also sets you up for continuing sexual play, rather than a one night deal.

There's a very important turn of words in that fictional clip if you missed it, ***"...I need to taste every square inch of you..."*** *Making a near-loss-of-control admission of this magnitude can leave a woman breathless!* Far more than any world-class collection of twisty tongue techniques ever could.

More technique? Simple, just do a play-by-play by describing the things you're about to do to her *as you're doing them*: ***"Lie back with your arms up over your head like that... yeah, that's it, there you go... so long and lean, just gorgeous. I'm going to just slide the tip of my cock into you... I want you to feel every inch of it as it digs into your pussy..."*** This sort of willingness to *connect* makes sex with you ***thrilling for her!***

Setting Up Your Next Shot

Remember what I said before about great pool players focusing not only on the shot they're attempting to make but on their *next* shot as well? They worry about placing the cue ball into a position to make their next shot even as they're thinking about sinking the current one. In order to have truly *great* sex with a woman, you have to take the time and effort to set up your next sexual adventure with her while you're still hoppin' and boppin' around naked. Here's how:

1) After you've both had orgasms, the sex isn't over... She'll want to ***cuddle and chat!*** Accommodate this urge and make the experience *complete* enough for her to want to do it again with you as soon as possible. Women's brains are wired differently than our own – sex is a sedative for men whereas it seems to buzz women up... *and that means they want to* ***talk.*** This is where she wants to really see who you are on the other side of the sexual barrier that's just been crossed. It's an important moment, and honoring it runs up your score big time. Demonstrate how *easily* you can slide into this mode without her having to prod your reluctant ass along.

2) Stay lively, upbeat and *awake!* *She* gives the signal when it's alright to fall asleep. Let her quiet down and go *first*, then you follow. Rolling over, farting and mumbling 'goodnight' after you've done the nasty is for old married folks. You haven't reached that 8th level of Dante's hell yet, so why rush it?

3) Now is the time to reveal something deeply personal about yourself. Share ***one of your big dreams*** with her! Women are conveyed to a different spiritual plane once they've experienced a profoundly liberating orgasm, they are ripe now for all the connecting you want to do. Reveal just *one* dream for now, don't go overboard and vomit up the entire sad story of your life yet. She's in the mood to dig into you now, exhilarated to understand more of what you're about. ***This is when women really become interested in men... after they've fucked them!*** Sync up with this longing and you'll have taken a major step towards making her want to jump your bones again the moment she sets eyes on you!

First Sex Do's-and-Don't's

Having sex with a new lover for the first time can be one of the most exciting things anyone ever does in their life, but it's also pretty nerve-wracking.

People need to feel comfortable before they can completely let go and enjoy themselves in a way that we all fantasize great sex can allow us to do. This means that women will cut you more slack on that first lay than you might expect. Remember that she's probably more paranoid about your seeing her naked for the first time than she is busy judging your hairy ass! With this in mind, here's a few important points for you to keep in mind:

Don't...

1) *...Last too long,* Believe it or not, because of all the anticipation and build-up of sexual tension, she actually *expects* you to lose control. This means that all you PE (premature ejaculator) guys get a free pass for the first 1-3 sessions before she may begin to suspect you have a problem. In fact, if you last *too* long she might think you're one of these jokers who can't get his heat up for any chick who doesn't resemble an inflate-a-tits porno star. Tell her: *"I'm sorry baby, you're just so fuckin' hot, I couldn't last...".* Don't be ashamed to admit this – it's music to her ears because it further demonstrates your emotional openness and availability! As long as you make sure that she gets *her* nut during the deal there's no harm, no foul.

Don't...

2) *...Act like Steven Feelburg directing your latest porno movie...* even though you've "inspected" so many of them by now you probably could. So forget about the on-cue position changes or the contrived "hot talk" that mimics the ridiculous shit that passes for dialog in your favorite adult epic. Everything should be ***spontaneous*** once passions take control, and maybe even a little awkward at times as well. You want to pour on the hot talk of course, but use your own **genuine words** to thrill her like we talked about earlier, not this: *"baby I need to plunge my engorged baloney deep into your quivering hot roast beef!..." kind of s*tuff. Sheesh... makes me want to run over to the deli and grab a sandwich. Think we can we work some provalone in there somehow too?

Don't...

3) *...Beg her to participate in any really bizarre sexual shit right away.* I know you're dying to have her go straight up your ass with that 7 inch strap-on that you told the dude behind the counter at the adult toy store was for

your non-existent wife to use on her non-existent lesbian girlfriend during the non-existent threesome you were all planning on having this weekend, but... just keep a lowdown on that stuff for now, okay? Demonstrating the enormous breadth of your capacity for the erotically outlandish is not the kind of impression you want to make on your first tumble with a newbie. It takes *time* to lead a woman down this scary path of kink. You need to draw her into your weird-world gradually and with care (we'll talk about this later). Otherwise, you might just as well set up the old 8mm movie projector and start showing off your 'Helen and the Horse' movies.

But, Do...

1) *...Act amazed at how she looks with her clothes off !* Women are super-paranoid about letting any guy see them naked for the first time, unless they're club dancers or strippers who routinely get tons of slobbering feedback about how smokin' hot they are. Your wolf-like enthusiasm now becomes essential in getting her to abandon the last of her inhibitions. Showing off your barely-contained eagerness will do the trick – and when she finally comes back to earth who's the triumphant mook that's gonna be smiling back at her?

Do...

2) ...Tell her that something about her looks very Exotic... The key word here is *exotic* – remember this if you blank on everything else... ***Exotic.*** The actual point of focus could be just about anything... the trace of her jawline, the curve of her neck, the cut in the muscles of her leg, the feminine delicacy of her shoulder blades, even the way her pussy opens like a flower when she spreads her legs. I once told a girl that those two dimples next to the base of her spine (which all women have) were "exotic", and she offered up her back door before long! *Inflection and tonality* convey more than actual words here, so whenever you speak of her "exotic nature", use a sort of breathless, quivering voice to deepen the trance. Women go nuts for this! Use your head and be creative... this is where the bullshit ends and the whole thing starts to get fun!

Do...

3) *...Pull a "fag slip"* A what?... a *fag* slip? Okay, have you gone nancy boy on me now or what Mike? No, I'm actually very serious. Every now and then during the course of events in bed, I want you to become a super-sensitive guy

for about **1 to 3 minutes** and completely lose contact with your macho veneer. *Groan, talk, submit verbally in your best whimpering voice and offer to serve her without condition.* Offer to become her boy toy – tell her how insane she makes you. This is emotional openness taken to an extreme. A lot of guys are too insecure to drop their "manly" act and drink in the complete sensation of sex without some shame. *Don't you be one of them!* You don't want to come across in this semi-sissy way during the entire time of course, just make a temporary ***slip up***... see? That's all she needs to seem as if she's been suffused with goddess-like power. From this intoxicating place she can hardly know that you are drawing your lasso of seduction closed tightly!

Second Sex

She's feeling very vulnerable now that she's given it up to you. Her insecurities are at full power along with her paranoia about your intentions. She'll be watching for you to do something that suggests you're losing even the slightest bit of interest now that she's put out. At this point many women, fearing rejection, will try to beat you to the punch by shutting down on you first. *They do this by going cold on you.* That's why you have to take pains to show her that you are still enthralled. Keep your hands on her as much as possible, maintain the playful teasing and innuendo at a high level. After a certain amount of time she'll relax into things. ***This is where blossoming trust creates molten sex!***

Some of you guys may believe that women are less interested in sex than men, and therefore are basically a "tough sell". I say look at the biology: there are 4,000 nerve sensory points stationed in the penis and surrounding scrotum sac, about 70% of them located in the front tip, the so-called dorsal nerve. You know what a party this array of nerves can be when stimulated both from the "top and bottom"... by which I mean both physically *and* mentally. Now consider this: the clitoris and surrounding region of the vaginal mound contains somewhere around ***8,000 nerve buds!*** Twice as many. Most of these are focused in the clit but a big tangle creates the G-spot and a similar pleasurable response point in the anus that (most) men don't share. *There is simply no way that an animal with this kind of enhanced pleasure response doesn't crave frequent sexual stimulation...* she just needs to find the right guy to psychologically let go with! And that guy can be *you*.

With this in mind, the next step on our *second* sexual adventure is all about the use of ***elevated passion to really set the hook.*** She banged you once... but

the more sophisticated woman will be cautious about flipping head over heels for some dude after a single roll in the sack. Each time you have sex therefore, you should be thinking about **pushing the envelope** just a little farther, but in a way that matches up with her own unique tastes. Figure out what she seems to enjoy the most and then concentrate on those particular details, whether it's oral or fantasy or spontaneity or the building up of anticipation via the use of some sort of ritual or whatever. These little signals you get from her along the way comprise the raw material that you can use to make yourself stand out in her mind as that special guy who "gets it". Who knows how to handle a woman sexually. This is how you move beyond just being another one of her bang buddies to becoming someone she will one day care about deeply.

> **Main Feature of Second Sex: *She's been on your mind quite a bit... and it's been making you crazy!***
> This pent up passion is what drives you to just want to drink her up from stem to stern. It *stuns* her to see you completely sell out for her like this, it's an enormous compliment that –*clicks*– a switch in her head... sending her over the edge and discontinuing her normal reserve in favor of a new-found *slutiness* that she suddenly links to... ***you.***

Wow... quite an assertion to make considering the avalanche of contrary "play it cool – show no emotion" -type information out there. Well I beg to differ, there's a time to play it cool and a time to give it up, and I've seen this 'over the edge' deal operate with such amazing effectiveness time and again, that's why I'm laying it out for you without apology. Every author on this subject writes from his own unique experience base, and this one is mine. Here's how it works: once you've had sex with a woman I've found that what really sets her off is a demonstration of your growing **healthy obsession** with her (healthy, as opposed to *unhealthy* – which is the **fawning** (or stalking) variety that steals every last ounce of your male dignity away and drops you down the low status well).

Healthy obsession on the other hand, occurs when it seems obvious to her that you are *attempting to manage emotions within yourself* that are exciting, unusual and difficult for most men to control. Still, you just can't help feeling captivated by her – and as you struggle to maintain your HSM composure, little peeks of your growing infatuation are "leaking" out here and there. *Women absolutely lap this sort of thing up!* It's a heady reminder of the power they

command over men in this one arena of life! The trick to doing this correctly while preserving your male dignity in the process lies in the notion of *control*, the illusion that you are struggling to retain control but having a rough time of it. This is what makes your "obsession" a *healthy* rather than a desperate one. You're falling for her!

As an example of technique, when you see your girl again for the first time since you made love, she may attempt to downplay your new closeness and drum up some small talk or whatever. You'll have none of it. You will knock her socks off by ignoring all that, take her into your arms, kiss her passionately and say these exact words: ***"I absolutely have not been able to stop thinking about you"***. That's it. This proclaims the profound effect that she's been having on your mental state.

Again, it's okay to admit to feeling this way *now* after the reality of the two of you actually having had real sex. It is **NOT** okay to admit feeling this way ***before*** you have actually made it with her! To do so is to concede a childish, immature infatuation that speaks to a limited experience with women, not to mention a general scarcity of them in your life.

But things have changed now – barriers have been crossed and you have the green light to be more openly romantic. Women don't want to know that they've hooked up with some crumb bum that no other women want – they want a guy who seems like he has his *pick of the female population*. You have to walk a fine line here by demonstrating that she has gotten to you somewhat. But please don't do this in an open slobbering manner that is the hallmark of the low status male! Barely contained passion has you dancing awful closely to the edge of going off the deep end and making a fool of yourself. A cool, HSM sort of dude showing the first signs of cracking under her spell? It's the sort of thing that chick dreams are made of my friend.

The Optional Rose

You'll recall that I warned you against sending a woman flowers or any other sort of "Lance romance" -type gift at any point during the courtship process. In the old days of course, gifting was a classic signal of male romantic intentions, and while some women may still be old fashioned enough to accept this "quaint" gesture in the spirit in which it is offered, more than likely the modern woman will view it as a sign of romantic inexperience or ineptitude. That's because, offered

too soon, it appears to be coming from a position of *weakness* rather than one of power.

However, *after* you've had sex with her for the first time, this gesture suddenly regains its value. ***That's because Power has shifted in the relationship from the woman to the man once sex has occurred between them!*** She has given it up to you and made herself vulnerable to being hurt (a power she formerly possessed by virtue of her being able to *reject you* at any time up until that moment of coitus). Now you have the power to reject *her* since you have possibly gotten everything that you wanted (quick, one-time sex and out) and are ready to move on. This uncertainty creates all sorts of insecurity in her – making the offering of a simple romantic gesture like flowers a welcome relief to her. What a considerate guy!

The flowers themselves should be **white roses** or a small arrangement of wildflowers. ***Don't do red roses*** – red is either for deep "I love you" or "forgive me for I have sinned" attempts to buy back into her good graces. You are not in position B and you'd *better not* be in position A... it's too soon to be going off the deep end yet! White roses... and only a short arrangement of 3 or 4, not a dozen. This idea is **entirely optional** – if it just isn't your nature to do this sort of thing or if it flies against the kind of *theme* that you've been cultivating for yourself, then skip it. I just want to give you all available options so you can design a seduction to suit your own temperament.

Timing also needs to be considered. The best way to present flowers is to have them delivered at the office or to where she works if at all possible. She will be embarrassed of course, but secretly *loving* the fact that all the other single girls in the office (not to mention the miserable married hags) will be dripping with jealously and hatred. There are plenty of points to be scored all across the board here. The attached card should say "...can't stop thinking about you... –M–" Simple and to the point, and even a bit mysterious to boot.

Seduction in action, baby!

Passion Models the Response You Desire

The big idea seeming to underlie your actions now is this shift towards a barely contained *infatuation* on your part that you are struggling, and maybe somewhat failing, to control. The process involves deep looks, hands all over

and lots of kissing *right from the very moment* you step into her presence. She has to feel that you've been caught up in her charm and being driven crazy by it!

Of course you're probably thinking *"but this violates the prime directive of always playing it cool... she'll think I'm an ass-sucking desperado..."* Not necessarily. The trick is to strike an elegant balance between restraint and explosive emotion – you don't want to come across as a slobbering fool, and yet seeming *disinterested* can be just as bad. Playing the cool aloof guy has its' usefulness at various points along the course of the seduction game, but not here I believe. You've already sampled the goods once and are craving more, right? This is different than craving something *you haven't had yet.* The first is seen as longing and desire, whereas the second is based on simply wanting more of what you've already taken possession of. It's a big difference in her eyes.

So play it as cool as you like, but make sure your desire is somehow made obvious to her. If you did the flowers thing or maybe texted her with a few hot or suggestive-teasing-playful messages during the interval that you were apart, then you've already played your hand nicely in this regard. Build on this energy – don't pull back and let the flames go out (a big mistake I've made more than a few times). There is still more "sealing of the deal" left to go.

This second sexual encounter you have with a woman has to be all about opening her up in a figurative sense – of moving her to a place of comfort where she will feel a **freedom to release** both physically and spiritually in your presence. Your job is to use your imagination and whatever you know about her *in particular* (from all your investigating) ***to fashion an experience that will just blow her away.*** Use whatever tricks and props you think you must in order to work your magic here, the only goal is to make this next episode of sex something out of the ordinary for her. You don't need to be a genius or a porno athlete to do this. A shared bath with a bottle of wine or other choice intoxicant, a new CD release from her favorite band playing in the background, a tiny pink camisole you bought for her to strut around in (you saw it at the mall, you couldn't help but see *her* in it... then you actually went into the girlie store and bought it despite all your embarrassment!) See? You're out of control, she's making you nuts... *Think how this must be impacting her mind!*

One way that I've used myself to ramp-up the sexual electricity is simply to sit with my girl naked on the bed face-to-face in a cross-legged, lotus-style yoga posture. I watch how her eyes light up with perplexed eagerness as I guide and

maneuver her into this position. Don't tell her what you have in mind just yet, let her guess. Now move in closer, but only allow the tips of you fingers, and then perhaps just the tips of your noses, to actually touch. Try to match your breathing with hers and feel the tensions building to a break point. *Explain to her that the longer you can both hold out like this the better the sex will be!* Simple, easy, fun for her ***and not too weird.*** Little erotic mischiefs like this are thrilling to women because they demonstrate an active imagination which is free to roam around. Early on you should try to stick with simple little candy-ass ideas such as this which are fun but unthreatening.

Indrani Asana and Other Magical Mystery Tours

As a lover, you aren't always graded on hard you can slam her or even how long you can hold out, but ultimately, on your ***enthusiasm and tolerance for foreplay.*** *Creative foreplay is the Gold Standard when it comes to sexually enchanting women.* I've seen how easy it can be to send them spinning off into orgasmic heaven with a few simple moves that go just a little bit beyond the stale old humping-and-pumping routine. They always tell me that "no other guy had so many crazy ideas" when it came to pre-sex play. Whoopie... as if this is so hard to do. Becoming a "sex god" is just a matter of applying a few easily learned tricks that you can dig out of any of the million-and-one sex technique books crushing the bookshelves out there. If you read even *one* of these you'll move into an exclusive club that includes maybe 5% of the population, that's how few ever bother. Now you're an "expert"! How easy was that?

Look, people don't usually bother learning about sexual skills-type stuff until they are deep into an old, half-dead relationship where their sex has curdled away into utter boredom. That *you* would study and apply any sort of sensual creativity in your relationship *so soon* will be stunning to most women, and mark you as a man to be reckoned with. One certainly requiring further study!

For a few bucks, anyone can get tons of excellent ideas to spike up his lovemaking skills from any of these instructional *Kama Sutra* videos for instance. Where do you think I got that naked "nose-to-nose" thing that I just described for you a minute ago? Again, the standard sad performance of most men makes your job relatively easy here. You only need to surprise her with one or two cool techniques you've scored from some book or video and you're on the board. It doesn't take an abundance of gymnastic talent or a ten inch hog to make yourself

seem like a Porno King – your every action is amplified by the fact that you are in rarified air simply ***by doing any of this stuff at all.*** Pull enough sexual seductions of this sort in your own little corner of the world, *and* let the word get around, and you'll soon find the women lying down before you like reeds in a hurricane. Gossip travels like lightning never forget.

As an example of how rudimentary this stuff can be, here's a cool Tantric-style move that you can work into any lay without having to get all spiritual and guru-like on her (although maybe she would *enjoy* having such an element included too? A little burning incense in the background? What's her TQ anyway?) The move is called ***Indra Asana***. *Indra* was the king of the Hindu gods, Ruler of Thunder and Rain. This particular move was supposedly the favorite of his insatiable goddess wife, *Indrani*.

Indra Asana is a rather simple variation of the vanilla missionary position. Like so: once you've got her on her back, all you have to do is guide her legs up into a knees-in-the-chest posture. Take her feet (the stiletto heels will have to come off I'm afraid,) and gently tuck them under each of your armpits. Or you can just rest them on your chest. When a woman is rolled up into a little ball like this while you're penetrating her, her vaginal muscles are forced to tighten up which results in a blowout orgasm, for *both* of you. (So be careful if you're trying to control yourself.) It also opens up her clit and breasts to your skilled handiwork. Do this move silently without a lot of play-by-play yak – that will break the trance and diminish the experience for her. (Hot talk is still okay, but don't ever get into actually describing what you're doing like you're giving a classroom demonstration. This puts you square into the never-gets-laid, nerd zone!)

There are dozens of similar tricks to choose from. If you want to study *Kama Sutra* to a greater extent and add variations such as this to your playbook, some of the DVD's they sell at adult toy places like **BetterSex.com** or **ToolsforWellness.com** are a pretty good place to start looking. Some of this stuff requires elaborate props like a suspended swing, but most of it is just interesting and fun positions that a lot of people simply never consider trying. *You, however, are different.* And different is intriguing and exciting to women! I just toss in a kooky new technique here and there when I happen to think about it, but you may wish to make this entire thing a part of your very own "theme" that defines what you're all about. You design your own seductions the way you want them to go down remember.

Third Sex, The Infinite and Beyond

Go. Real. Slow.
You like it more and more,
Take it as it comes,
Specialize in having fun...

Take it Easy Baby
The Doors, 1966

Alright, by now the two of you are *fucking* – your relationship with her is a done deal in terms of having crossed the psychological barrier that separates friends from lovers. Beginning with the third sexual episode and those that follow, you will begin to introduce the first hints that *this* ride will be different than any other. Think *extraordinary and experimental.* Of course, I caution you not to force her into anything profoundly weird right away. A girl needs to be drawn down into the tar pits of your dirty little mind gradually. Take note of where her "freak-out point" appears to be, and be careful not to go clumsily charging over it. You want to maneuver her a bit closer every time as you build that all-important trust and quell her apprehensions.

> **Main Feature of Third Sex and Beyond: *Establish the Basis of Her Addiction to You!*** This is where you get to turn up the volume based on what you've learned from your study of her sexual likes and dislikes through your conversations and prior lovemaking – and use them to create an addictive/sexual bond with her.

I've basically broken down this process into three steps:

1) Determine Her Most Likely Sexual Weakness
2) Become Her "Drug" Based on that Weakness
3) Get Her Addicted to You

Let's see if I can explain how this works.

1) Find Her Most Likely Sexual Weakness

The first step is to figure out what she really digs about sex, what sort of cheap tricks send her into orgasmic orbit. How? *Experiment!* Maybe she likes to be **dirty-talked** and verbally coaxed towards orgasm? Perhaps she wants you to **control** her in some way? Or maybe she wants to **control a man**? Try all various different things with her, spank her ass, tickle her, take pictures, do it outside in the park, try some watersports in the shower, swap positions frequently, etc. Use your porno powers here. Some of this stuff will probably turn her off but there's always *something* that really sends a woman red-lining off the meter, and your job is to find out what that is and then play it like a fiddle.

If she refuses to go much beyond plain vanilla missionary-style sex then you may have run across a chick with low sex drive, or one who simply doesn't place sex high up on her list of priorities. Rather than being pissed about it, count your blessings! ***It's crucial to uncover this kind of important knowledge about woman as soon as possible so you can decide if you want to stick around with her for the long haul.*** Trying to turn someone this far gone into your more open-minded, erotically-experimental direction can be an impossible chore. Some girls just suck at sex, they're boring and there's not much you can do about it. It's also tough to convert a moralistic sexual prude and I would advise against that impossible mission as well. You need a clear picture of what you're dealing with so you can make any future big decisions like *marriage* with your eyes wide open, and pushing to find her sexual limits and boundaries is an important element of that process.

2) Become Her "Drug" Based on that Weakness

Once you've identified something that really sets her off sexually, you need to "bone up" on that particular technique or fantasy role and become really good at delivering it. If she gets off on receiving oral sex for instance, your job is then to become the best tongue-meister she's ever encountered! Get some instructional tapes on cunnilingus (ex-porno star Nina Hartley makes an excellent series of sex instructional dvd's on every fetish out there) and school up. If you can't stand doing the sewer work yourself then buy some fuzzy buzzy gadget from a sex catalog like *Adam & Eve* (**adameve.com**) and surprise her with it. Zero in on her sexual "weakness" (what she seems to love most) with the idea of feeding her most secret carnal needs.

Regular sexual activity will eventually smoke out where her high water marks are located, both orgasmically and emotionally. Keep notes, silly as this may sound, and after you fill a few pages go back and review them. Sort out those things that she seems to like the most by "popularity". This all may seem very tedious when you're reading through it now, but such exercises can really help clarify your thinking. If all this investigating seems endless you can take heart that it's almost complete by now. Once you think you understand what her sexual weak points are and have decided how to capitalize on them, you are nearing the finish line. More importantly, you're also in the drivers' seat.

3) Get Her Addicted to You

This idea of getting a woman sexually addicted to you may sound crazy, but it's really not too difficult nor does it require any super-advanced sex skills to pull off. It's mostly about ***focus and direction and purpose*** as you'll see. One warning: be careful never to bust the illusion by announcing what you're doing. Don't say, "I'm going to make you addicted to me." For that matter never reveal that you're seducing her either. Once people begin to think they're being manipulated they will throw up massive resistance. Like a stage magician, a trick is only cool as long as you never reveal how it works. If you show the audience how the string runs up your sleeve they think 'oh, that trick was easy', then suddenly it sucks. A seduction can be poisoned in the same way.

Look, ninety-nine percent of people pretty much just wing it when it comes to sex – they know a few basic moves and make the rest up as they go along. The fact that you have 1) studied your prey and determined what really turns her on, and 2) are making an effort to satisfy her in that *specific* way makes you out as a totally different breed of cat. Develop an awareness of what trips her trigger, and then calibrate your actions to hit that trigger every time you have sex with her. Before long you'll be viewed as some kind of ***sex champion*** and really, you'll hardly have done anything all that different than most guys – you'll just be doing them with more *purpose and direction*.

A blend of physical and psychological tactics works wonders. Tell her all the sexy stuff she wants to hear... but never really expected to: tell an older woman that she's ***tight*** like a young chick. Tell a skinny girl her *long arms* make her look incredibly sexy like a statue in an art museum. Arms? How often do someone's arms get noticed or complimented on? Or maybe that you love the way her shoulder blades look like little angel wings? Thin girls often think they're

not very sexy because they don't have enough curves. Not to you though... you're enthralled by it... tell a young girl she has a ***sultriness*** about her that belies her real age, making her seem more like an experienced, middle-aged seductress.

Notice the pattern here? ***No one wants to be themselves!*** They all want to be younger or older or shaped differently or whatever... anything but plain old *them!* Think up new comments every time so it appears like you are unraveling her bit-by-bit like a delicate flower – each layer more thrilling to you than the last. And you are the *first guy* to actually see her as this fantasy creature that she'd dared never dream of being seen as. *But you can peer through the ordinary and see the extraordinary in her!* Egos being what they are, few women can resist this sort of lavish attention spilling forth from their new lovers... *it's intoxicating!*

Now... you are becoming her drug!

The Secret to Self-Control

One quick word of advice when it comes to managing your own sexual pleasure and performance... I would recommend that you avoid attempting to improve your ejaculatory control by using methods that seek to diminish the pleasurable sensations in your mind-body, such as by trying to distract yourself with a non-sexual mental task like sorting out baseball cards or something. ***Don't ever break your own Pleasure Trance!*** What the hell's the point of going through all this seduction stuff only to mess up your buzz when you finally get there? And besides, there's no need to ruin things in this fashion.

There are plenty of alternative methods like the **squeeze technique** that you can use to manage the timing of an orgasm. Whenever you feel that you're getting too close and you want to hold out longer, just squeeze and hold the tip of your penis for about 5 seconds, release and then continue stroking away. You'll feel a sharp semi-orgasmic jolt a few moments later that will discharge some of the accumulated nerve energy without causing an ejaculation – sort of like sparking off the charge in a capacitor a little bit at a time instead of all at once in one big pulse.

Don't want to stop and pull out? You can also accomplish the same thing "hands off" by learning how to **push closed** the valve in your body that controls the flow of semen. Your urine flow and semen flow systems use common

plumbing from the base of the penis on outward, and when you urinate there's a valve at the terminus of the channel which carries your semen. This valve closes shut while urinating in order to prevent any piss from backing up this passage and leaking into the prostate. Well, you can train yourself to use this valve a bit differently than nature intended. At the moment when you feel that you are about to come, you have to *push as if you're trying to* ***start*** *a flow of urine*, and a reflex will close this valve shut as it normally does. Don't try to pull or "suck" your jizz back in... ***push*** and hold. If you push hard enough you can actually experience a screaming orgasmic jolt blast through your body without ejaculating more than a few drops of semen... *a drygasm!* It's a real head trip that has to be experienced to be understood.

Admittedly this takes some practice and a load a willpower brought to bear at the critical moment in order to execute properly, but now at least you have a good excuse to practice something different when you're engaged in your favorite pastime ;-)

Regardless of whatever method you use, don't do any of this shit more than two or three times per session – otherwise you might not be able to ejaculate *at all* after a while, since your nervous system will become confused and shut everything down for a few hours. Besides, women are not impressed by these "marathon men" that can last forever (retarded ejaculation) because they get worn out physically and just want it over. Of course, you could always exhaust yourself *deliberately*... stop everything, get dressed, take her out for something to eat, then hop back in bed and finish the job a few hours later. It's what I call a Split Session. *How hot would that be for her, eh?* Always thinking, always doing stuff so much different than any other guy she's ever been with. *That's* why you're The Man who's making her head spin!

Helga the Horrible

Here's a funny but true story that illustrates just how things can take on a life of their own sometimes. This shows why it's important to keep on *pull-tabbing* and working multiple threads with women, because you just never know where they'll lead. While most of your efforts will end up under the bell curve in terms of acceptance or rejection (mild rejections, uninspiring hookups) some will go off into extremes on either end. By that I mean there might be a few nasty rejections that really rock your confidence, but for every crash-and-burn there will be an opposite play that goes straight off the charts in a *good* way.

Case in point: I'm at the gym working out and there's this woman who shows up like clockwork every Friday just about the time I'm finishing my cardio work. She wears this Euro-bob hairdo that seems kind of retro and I imagine that she might have a heavy foreign accent, so I take to calling her "Helga" in my mind. I have no idea what her real name is and don't really care, I just enjoy watching her do floor warm-ups in front of me. She's a workout freak, no chatting around with anyone during her precise routine, very focused. This health club is not a happy hunting ground for me actually, everyone seems caught up in their workouts and there's very little socializing going on. Yeah I swap a few words here and there, but I sense the disinterest so I don't really pull-tab all that much because there are easier situations to work in. And I'm there for the same reason anyway. (***Note:*** try joining your club's **yoga or pilates class** if you want to put yourself into an environment where there are more women than men, you're all in close proximity and things are semi-relaxed. Both are awesome workouts too, great for us Type-A's)

Anyway, Helga is what some guys might call a "butterface"... everything about her is gorgeous, *but her face*. Get it? She's got a lean hard body, great legs (and she's a little bit bow-legged too, which I dig ;-) and just seems nice and tight all around. Wears a bit of silver jewelry and yada, yada... like that. But her face is a bit busted, not horrible or anything, just kind of showing her age, big nose, etc. I'm certainly no prize either and hardly one to make these sorts of cruel judgements of anyone else, but I'm just trying to paint the picture for you.

Well, one Friday don't you know "Helga" grabs a machine next to mine and I finally do get to bat around a few words with her. Nothing much, just a few quick pleasantries and back to the grind. She seemed pretty cool, upbeat. And... no accent! (A perfect example why trying to **mind read** something about a chick before actually discovering what the deal is with her, and then *acting* on that fantasy "information" is a sure way to shoot yourself in the foot and make a complete fool of yourself. Don't dream, *investigate*!). I also got her real name, but don't want to reveal it here because you never know where this book will end up and I'm probably in enough trouble already, so I'll just continue to call her Helga for now.

A few weeks later (*weeks*), me and Helga ended up side-by-side on a pair of elliptical machines and got to talking some more. I don't know, there was a day when picking up a chick seemed like an impossible dream to me, but now maybe I do this stuff subconsciously or something without even thinking about it

because I guess I must've connected with her. Sometimes you can break them down without even trying... hell, *maybe that's the secret!* Anyway, after the workout, she mentioned that there was some kind of house party being thrown by some friends of hers and wondered if I wanted to go. I said sure. Always say ***yes*** to any social offer that you get. Try to almost make it a reflex. Even if you don't really dig the girl in question, she might have a friend you could hook up with. ***You must Network in order to be successful at meeting women, it's a rich source of new prospects!***

> "***Yes"*** opens the door to providence and puts you in Lady Luck's bulls-eye, whereas ***"No"*** is sure to keep things *exactly the same* in your life as they are right now.

So we traded numbers and I hooked up with her a few days later, and soon I found myself escorting mein little butterface to ze party!

Hey I'll tell you, this chick knew how to dress in a *stunning* way and she was not shy about showing off the awesome results of her zealous workouts. I'm telling you she looked smokin' hot! It was fun to show up with her even though I didn't know anyone there enough to impress. I was my usual gracious self though, and just made sure to do *one thing*: **make her look good in front of her friends.** (See my earlier book, *Without Embarrassment*). Women worry about being made to look like fools by the men they choose to hang around with, so I tried to make myself seem like a "catch" for her by mesmerizing her friends and co-workers with my baffling brilliance. (You know, the usual stuff for me ;-). I didn't have enough time to investigate this girl for any custom triggers, but this one is pretty universal and usually puts points on the board for you.

Long story short, by the end of the night we were both a little drunk and making out in her car (she drove, which I don't recommend because the more "dominant" party usually drives, but, well... maybe this *was* the proper division of labor as you'll soon see...). Back at her place we pick it up again and I've got her tight little bod all over me and I was soon tearing off ze clothes! Sometimes the stars just line up for you, but you've got to stay on the playing field and not disqualify yourself. For every deal that goes down like pulling teeth another will just drop into your lap, and Helga is an example of the later.

Now here's where it gets interesting. We played around and took turns giving each other a little oral amusement just to get things warmed up, and she

moaned that the flickering-tongue trick I was blasting her with reminded her of some vibrating gizmo that she owned. Hmmm, I thought to myself... *"toy chick"!* So I told her to fess-up show me her collection. Ha! I'd guessed right, she dug out an entire *shoebox* full of multi-colored contraptions that must've made my eyes bug open because it looked like she had enough battery-operated junk in there to open up her own adult porno store!

Helga spilled her toys onto the bed and showed me the vibrator in question, one of those hi-tech multi-functional willies with the little beaver or buzz-bee or whatever the hell that thing was attached halfway down shaft. It's purpose is to tickle the clit whilst the vibrator churns up pussy butter. However, as I prepare to go to work on her with this beaver-gizmo she surprises me by pulling me onto the bed and jumping on top of me cowgirl-style instead. We fucked like this until I started making noises like I was ready to finish, then she suddenly jumped off me and said, *"Let's make it last... use the vibrator on me!".* Okay I figure, so I flip her over and start to nail her with the beaver-gizmo just as I'd originally planned. Well, Helga was absolutely shot into orbit and about to cum in less than a minute, but then I recognized my opportunity for revenge and withdrew the beav just as she was about to blow off. *"Let's make it last,"* I laughed. She let out a howl of sexual frustration like a wolf and Helga's face grew all contorted and, well... *horrible*.

I dug my fingertips into her shivering body and ran them across her lean form, telling her that I was spreading the aborted orgasmic energy around like liquid electricity (I make this shit up as I go along...). Now she was making noises that didn't even sound human! How great is this?

Scoping out the pile of sex toys now scattered across the floor, I spotted one of those vibrating egg gizmos and got a spur-of-the-moment idea for my next crazy move (*escalation*!). I grabbed the egg and lubed it up, then slowly worked the device deep into her pussy. I'd noticed earlier that she actually had a treadmill parked in the corner. (Geez, what a workout freak! I knew then that I had an *obsessive personality* on the hook for sure.) So I made Helga get up off the bed and waddle across the room to her treadmill with the egg still stuffed inside of her. It was kind of comical because she was trailing a length of white wire out of her pussy leading to the remote control unit in my hand. It looked like I had her on a leash that was attached to her pussy! She switched on the treadmill and set it to a brisk walk as I instructed while I set the egg on to a low vibration setting. Her eyes grew savage with passion while I gave her orders to

keep walking while I played with the speed control. Back and forth I zoomed the dials while she struggled to hold her balance. Man, this chick loved sex games – I would later discover that Helga liked taking turns between playing submissive and dominant roles.

Soon she was blowing her rocks so hard that she nearly collapsed onto the treadmill! I actually had to grab a hold of her as she came because her knees buckled. Helga was like a wild animal now – her eyes were all crazy and she was leering at me like I was a piece of meat to devour! Sheesh!

She called me frequently after that night of erotic mayhem and I have to admit that the sex was smokin' hot for quite a while. ***I became her drug*** by molding myself into the agent of her fetish, and she was a willing addict. All this because of a *single lucky guess* that got her to pull out that hidden toybox that first evening. I "got" her. *Intuition, hunches, inspirations...* these are seductive instruments sharpened on the whetstone of experience. That's why I say that the more you stay in the game the more *good fortune* will balance out all the bad breaks, dud dates and other assorted disappointments of your dating life. So you must have faith and keep fighting.

Me and Helga lasted for several months until she got into some strange tease and denial shit that became just too much for me after a while. The moral of this story though is simply that it doesn't always take the ability to move mountains to steer a woman into the throes of sexual rapture and addiction, *because some of them are already 90% of there by the time you discover them!*

Unlike guys however, women are very good at keeping their sexual desires and fetishes camouflaged. Only when you finally step across the line separating stranger from lover do they suddenly drop the "Miss nice" veneer. I mean, just look at what happened here... there were no 3 dates, no action date, no big deal building of rapport and trust in this particular case. These events all improve your chances of success across the wide spectrum of women because they match up nicely with the average female temperament and courting expectations, *but that doesn't mean you can't fall into a deal like I did with Helga where the process is short-circuited and you just basically cut to the chase.*

Women can be judgmental and difficult to please in many aspects, but often *not* in a sexual one. Unless they're former porno stars, most women have a pretty vanilla base of experience and are rather easily impressed with any sort of

effort on your part to be creative or even outlandish. This is one area where you can actually park many of your insecurities – your sexual performance certainly has much more latitude than the actual *act of* trying to meet a woman does, that's for sure.

All you have to do is show them that you are serious about playing the game, *and not afraid to take it all the way to its conclusion,* and the walls can come tumbling down mighty fast. How do you think this thing works in ordinary life? People all over the world in hundreds of different cultures *stumble* through this process – not only is there no science involved, there's hardly any *training* to be found either! As long as you can hit a high note here and there early on in the relationship, it can be enough to lay-up a lasting impression that can carry you for an entire lifetime.

So shoot for perfection if you like, but realize that – in the sexual arena anyway – you can fall short and still find that she's yours for the taking.

Defining the Perfect Sexual Partner

At some point along your journey of life you should get clear on exactly what you are looking for in terms of the perfect women, *for you.* Not necessarily the society standard or common archetype in terms of looks, etc. *Your*, Ms. Hottie. I've always felt that sex, emotional fulfillment and things of that nature are private issues that are unique to the individual. It's best to keep your own counsel on these matters and take the well-intentioned advice of others with a grain of salt. What do *you* want from a relationship in a sexual sense? Frequent, madcap, pseudo-dangerous adventures?... passionate sex only after long build-ups of anticipation and mutual teasing?... mellow closeness that doesn't always lead to intercourse? Whatever it may be, taking the time to ponder your own motives will unblock your thinking so that in a larger sense beyond mere dating and hooking up you will *know what you're looking for when you spot it* – at least in terms of the **character and temperament** of the woman that you seek as a partner.

One other factor to consider: there's something to be said about a particular body style that you might not initially care much for, *growing* on you once you begin to make an association between that body style and the personality of the girl inside of it! In other words, don't be so inflexible in your

thinking that you reject someone before they've had a chance to weave their complete spell around your heart. Once you've had sex with a woman a few times and allow yourself to become swept away *by other aspects of her sexual nature* beyond just her body morphology, ***that body will become associated in your unconscious mind with strong erotic feelings!*** You may then find yourself actually digging a body style that you would've never imagined from simply looking at pictures of women in porno or whatever. What those images lack are an **emotional connection** in your heart, and so therefore only the visually hottest type (to you) seem compelling. The reality of being with a real women however, serves up a far more comprehensive package that no porn image possibly can, and so can entice in ways that you may've never imagined.

What I'm saying is *keep an open mind* and give her time to grow on you. And don't automatically reject intriguing female personalities who seem interested in you simply because their body looks to be the wrong "type" for you at first glance. Learn to say "yes" and to explore all your opportunities with women. Strange things happen in this charged realm of human experience, and at the very least all your encounters are good practice and can help to keep your socializing skills sharp for when you really need them.

Alright then, now let's take a look at how people match up sexually by defining what I call the ***4 Grades of Sexual Compatibility***. These grades separate two or three different types of personality styles into a variety of mixed couples, and then attempts to predict what their sex lives will be like. See what you think of this:

Grade A – Two Child-like Adults

I believe that the absolute best sex occurs between two child-like adults, plain and simple. By child-like, I'm not talking about dysfunction idiots who can't hold a job or who like to pass their days as full time drug addicts. People like this are actually crummy at sex because they lack the intellectual prowess to be creative. I'm talking about men and women who can shed their "grown up" veneer along with their clothes and leave all the grim concerns of adult life locked outside the bedroom door each and every time they fuck. This is a tall order for a lot of people, especially those who've stocked up on responsibilities in every aspect of their life only to find they've become 'joy disabled' by all their self-imposed lifestyle burdens.

Who is this "child-like" chick? Emotionally open-minded... not afraid to be different or engage in silly role play now and then... can cut loose and get stoned, swap or swing with other couples, share a hot bath and a bottle of wine, make homemade porno videos with you, etc. In terms measured by her *lack of inhibition and willingness to experiment* she's what guys call a home run! For women like this, ***sex is important!*** You might be thinking, *"who the hell doesn't think sex is important?".* Are you kidding me? Look around you... a *lot* of people give other bullshit in their life *far* more priority than their sexual experience. Maybe it's necessary they do so, but sad nonetheless and it doesn't have to be like this.

Few people get boxed into this mindset by random events that they never saw coming – most have secretly embraced their anti-erotic life philosophy as a *choice* because some aspect of human sexuality distresses them. Too busy, too much other important shit going on, too tired, etc. All excuses. These individuals were frightened at some point in their past by some aspect of human sexuality, and their prudish attitude now serves as a means of managing the perceived danger that sex still holds for them. It's what psychologists call a coping strategy. If you enjoy something and it's ***important to you,*** you'll find a way to do it. Whereas if something scares you then you'll develop strategies to avoid that. This is essentially what you are dealing with whenever you encounter an asexual, low-sex-drive type of person. Most of the time it has nothing to do with biology or hormones or any of that shit, it's mental.

Anyway, if you can hook up with this elusive "Grade A"-type girl I predict that you will have a rockin' sex life. So if you encounter a chick who seems a bit too flighty, ditzy or immature for her age, *I say go for it!* This is the personality type that is easily talked into doing all that nasty fun stuff that you and me want to do in the sack! You may be driven nuts by her maddening antics *outside* the bedroom, but if you can learn to tolerate or at least make peace with her nutty behavior you will have a girlfriend (or a wife) that you don't have to spend hours begging to fuck in the hot tub, model a new pair of stiletto heels for you or give you a lap dance for your birthday. Don't be put off by women because they seem too immature or you feel they won't make good housekeepers or something. ***Fuck all that...*** make more money and get a maid and a nanny if she can't clean or cook. Do you want a new mommy to wipe your fat ass or a hot fuck? What is your priority in life sexually? Figure this out – or be miserable.

Grade B – Two adults with an Occasional Child-like Streak Running through Them

These are the kind of people who will go nuts *once in a while*, but are for the most part reserved in temperament. They will cut loose and take a chance on doing something out of character in order to keep things alive and fresh, but sex is somewhat down their life priority list a bit. This probably describes most people below the age of 40 who would consider themselves to have a good sex life. Though the frequency of sexual activity may be less than the Grade A couple and the depth of experimentation not quite as wild and crazy, people like this can have a lot of fun without too much negative drama getting in the way.

Compatibility is the secret ingredient that makes these first two levels work. *The fact that both partners are similar in their strength of desire is what insures their erotic experiences will be fun and satisfying.* That's why you need to keep searching until you find that great "sexual energy" match for yourself.

Grade C – One Child-like Plus One Semi-serious Adult

This situation has a chance to work if the more sexually spirited partner can pull the other one into his or her adventurous mindset, at least now and then. In other words, the freer spirit must have a strong allure over the stuffed shirt! The danger here is that the exact *opposite* is just as likely to occur, that the serious partner will assume the role of "older parent" over the more light-hearted one. This can snuff out the passion real fast when two people assume these dissimilar roles where one begins to feel responsible (almost like a parent) for the other one. Not in a healthy, concerned way, but in a way that is patronizing to the point of possibly being condescending.

Great sex can only occur between partners that are on a similar level in terms of emotional and intellectual temperament. If one partner starts to consider the other like a *child* whose life needs to be micro-managed at every turn, two things will happen, both of which are poison to your sexual relationship. The submissive partner begins to *resent* the more dominant partner the same way a teenager resents a domineering parent, while the serious partner begins to lose sexual interest in the weaker one. This happens because the "dominator" finds it increasingly difficult to see his or her lesser partner as an equal in terms of emotional-mental development. And we have strong internal inhibitors, both societal and personal, against having sex in a relationship where the power is

skewed too heavily in one individual's favor. It's why sex between adults and children is considered abhorrent in every human culture, and rightly so. To a lesser extent, this same type of dynamic slowly begins to coalesce in these sorts of relationships and this vague *creepiness factor* begins to nip away at the edges of the unconscious mind – until it finally becomes impossible for the dom to see the sub in a sexual way. And in this case I'm not talking about dom-sub in the usual sexy / kinky sense but in an *authoritative* one. Once this happens, the sex is pretty much dead.

This is a formula for eventual breakup as the more adventurous adult will chaff under the weight of the more serious, increasingly non-sexual partner and either cheat or do something else to finally destroy the relationship. A lot of married people find themselves locked in this sort of Mexican standoff. Some learn to accept this situation because it probably seems better than loneliness – but I say that if you're not having regular, enjoyable sex with someone that you're living with *then you're already alone.*

Better to be **passionately alone for real** than to exist in this joyless limbo.

Grade D – Two very Serious, very Responsible Adults

Grade "D" is the perfect score for this pairing. Sex life? What's that? These are the kind of people who are *way* too serious about the whole world in general to bother themselves with "kid stuff" like sex. They are often overloaded with all sorts of personal and/or social responsibilities that eat up most of their time and passion anyway. Couples like this (if they fuck at all) don't have the energy for anything beyond a little missionary-position sex once in a while. I suppose this might be an acceptable way to approach life for all the other 1001 aspects that it entails beyond sex, but it's certainly not the best deal for erotic fulfillment. I'm sure you know of people like this, particularly if you hang with the over 45-50 crowd.

In a nutshell here's the problem: these types of individuals cannot find a way to let go of their responsible personas *even in the bedroom* for fear of losing the all-important **respect** that they thrive on (which is more important to them than having fun with their bodies). Their sex is boring and infrequent because it's *threatening* to them in some way. Eventually they come to some mutual agreement to end all coitus completely by using a variety of excuses (too old, too tired, no privacy, I feel like shit, etc.). The real trouble is that sex has no priority

for people like this, and there's not much else to say about them other than it's too bad. It's doubtful any of them are reading this book.

Keep the Child in You Alive

Here's a big scoop of some of my own personal Life Philosophy for you: I believe that it is only our ability to shed our "responsible adult" personas and embrace the pleasure potential contained within our nervous systems ***without guilt*** that makes it possible to experience sex at its very highest level.

Sex is, after all, *play*. And who knows better about all things regarding play than the mind of a child? Kind of like our "Grade A" couple, right? This can be an especially difficult balancing act for many ***men*** to pull off however, because men also bear the burden of having to appear *macho* and even somewhat aloof in everything they do. Including, unfortunately, sex. I say unfortunately because – while the behaviors and attitudes of the HSM might be essential for *attracting* women – all this macho-man stuff is a two-edged sword in the sense that it can be detrimental to your ultimate *enjoyment* of the sex that comes into your life as a result. It forces you to remain limited to a **domineering posture,** and this restricts the free and complete expression of your own pleasure.

> *It is only the ability to shed our normal "responsible adult" personas and embrace the pleasure potential contained in our nervous systems without guilt that makes it possible to experience sex at its very highest level.*

Many men remain forever ill at ease with certain aspects of their sexuality, such as being verbally expressive beyond a certain degree or whatever. This sort of thing can just seem too uncomfortably *effeminate* to a lot of guys. Remember the so-called 'fag slip' that I coached you to go for earlier? Yeah, like that. These cultural restrictions can form a nasty straight-jacket that box-in both your performance and even your desire after a while. It's a creeping poison.

You can actually see this cultural contrast in action by comparing US and Euro-type porn films. I often like to note the difference between European and American men and the way in which the Euro's seem vastly more comfortable with their sexuality, at least as depicted in these movies. The Euro's seem to have more uninhibited fun because they give themselves ***permission to feel*** (with the exception of the uptight Brits... somehow I've got to get you guys to loosen up over there!... ;-). I've seen foreign movies where two guys are about to double-team some chick, and they *actually help each other get undressed!* I **defy you** to find me a mainstream (not bi) American porno flick where this sort of thing happens! Trust me, it doesn't. Two American dudes will both gladly shove their cocks into some trollop's chops for a double finish, but help your buddy strip off his briefs?... now *that's* stepping over some homo-erotic line that just doesn't get stepped over in these here parts!

Well I say it's time to break the male erotic freeze and consider a different role that's long been neglected by men. *Time to let the wolf howl in a higher key!* What I'm saying is that, to the degree that both you and your partner are able to step out from behind these restrictive culturally-imposed psychological masks and free yourselves *to feel as* ***humans*** *instead of as "men" and "women",* you will have taken a major step towards creating a ***matrix of total sexual satisfaction*** in your world. Grade A couples will fall right into this sensual alliance with little effort, while B, C and (almost certainly) D will have an increasingly more difficult time of it. This is all your call of course, but that's my advice.

Power Issues Can Fuck-up the Sex

Eventually, most relationships will reach a point where both partners begin to compete over who will dominate or "wear the pants" – and when the damage from *this* battle spills over into the bedroom, you can pretty much kiss all the hot sex goodbye. Sex in a relationship will only remain at a high level in terms of both frequency and quality until these sorts of power issues completely ruin everything. Competition for who's going to be the top dog will create resentments that leach away at all the good feelings that form the foundation of sensuality. After all, who wants to give someone that you're always mad at an orgasm? It's supposed to be a loving *gift!*

Man, I wish I could serve up a clean cut answer for this problem – I would bottle that baby and sell it to the *millions* of married couples who sleep in separate beds because they can't fuck their way through the alienation that has

grown between them. They stay together either for the sake of their kids or because they're afraid of change worse than they despise their dead n' gone sex life. The problem from a man's perspective is that if you feel that releasing yourself to act more sensual and loving towards your partner will involve some type of "un-manly" submission on your part, then you won't be able to play that game. Your misguided need to maintain "relationship authority" prevents it. Unfortunately, if you can't achieve full psychological release during sex you will end up frustrated on some level... even if the *physical* release was adequate. And so there's our dilemma.

I guess that like most everything else, ***awareness*** is your best friend and ultimately the means to finding some solution you can live with. If you are aware that these power issues are creeping into your relationship and beginning to have a negative effect on the quality of your sex, you should take **immediate steps** to confront the problem before it grows out of control. Nip it in the bud, and make sure she does the same. *Get all your grievances out on the table as soon as they crop up.* No stewing around – or her tactics are likely to devolve into passive-aggressive actions like "the silent treatment" and other nasty shit which will continue to be played out in the bedroom. If you have to, *let the dishes fly!* Better you both process your angry feelings together and discharge them in one big explosive mess than allow them to crystalize into these sorts of venomous, ongoing resentments.

But don't just argue for the sake of being bullheaded... ***resolve!*** Your goal should be **peace and tranquility** rather than just putting notches in your gunstock. Work out a compromise on whatever issues trouble the relationship as soon as they pop up – never let things fester into a prolonged pissing contest. ***Model*** compromise and reasonableness for her if you must (she may've been bred amidst an insane family of bickering maniacs!). *Show her how it's done.* If you make keeping the peace a priority, then you should easily be able to dump all your shit at the bedroom door every night... and remain secure, uninhibited and childlike in your approach to sex within those special walls. This is how outstanding long term relationship sex "happens".

If you make keeping the peace a priority, you can easily dump all your shit at the bedroom door every night – and remain

secure, uninhibited and childlike in your approach to sex within those special walls.

Shamelessness is the Key

Just as no vice really needs to be illegal since it comes complete with its own punishments, the virtues of a well-balanced erotic life contain their own innate payoffs as well. If I had to boil down everything that's truly crucial about human sexuality into a single core idea, it would be this: ***shamelessness.*** Your ability to experience sexual pleasure as a high-functioning human being is directly related to the amount of **shame** that you have or haven't had associated with your own personal sense of sexuality during the course of your emotional and social development.

Learning how to subdue or eradicate this shame is the key to everything good that wants to happen in your life.

By becoming shameless, I'm talking about pulling out all the stops and learning how to *luxuriate* in your pleasure potential. Shamelessness is all about giving yourself the freedom to ***get high*** on your own neurochemistry – devoid of moral restrictions other than the obvious of not hurting anyone else in the process. Shame is a powerful tool for human manipulation. It is used by nations and societies and parents and *cults* and anyone else who has an interest in managing the thinking and behavior of others, either groups or as individuals. The purveyors of shame fancy themselves as having stumbled on "The Way" and are going to twist you into sharing their views *for your own good.* What a joke.

Well, just make sure this joke is never played on you. You may live in a puritanical, guilt-driven culture (or household), but you don't have to share in its' group-think model. Steel yourself with the determination to break free of whatever form of psychological tyranny may've been unleashed upon you, ***and make a stand to become your own man.*** It is *you* who must ultimately decide how you're going to play this game called Life. Coming to terms with your guilt in matters sexual is surely a major part of it. So find yourself a cute little friend to play with and get busy creating the life that you desire for yourself – and to hell with the designs of others who have no interest in making your ride on this ball the best it can possibly be. That's your job anyway, so get clear and then make it happen for yourself.

Section Overview:

Rely on **touch** to communicate your escalating sexual desire – words should always be ***whispered seductively,*** *never spoken in a normal tone of voice.* A breathless tonality calls out to her soul, triggering processes that provoke instinctive mating urges in her.

Box-out all distractions once you have moved into the physical phase of the seduction. Here is the ideal environment:

1) A room 'mood lit' in some subdued, romantic fashion

2) Food and/or booze is important because the satisfied state that exists after a good meal supports sexual arousal. Your brain is pre-adjusted into a chemical "pleasure mode".

3) A cozy couch or love-seat for kissing, petting and the beginnings of sex play. A bed nearby... yours, hers or a hotel room.

4) Shut Every Phone, Pager, Cellphone and Blackberry in your vicinity *OFF!!!* You can't work without privacy, which can be hard to come by in this nutty modern world, so take deliberate steps to create a "shell of privacy" around the two of you.

Make ***yourself into the very best lay she's ever had!*** The secret is to ***customize each experience for her*** by staying tuned into what she seems to dig the most, and then ***focusing*** on those particular things during your lovemaking. It often doesn't take a lot here, even a little creativity puts you in a special class.

Main Feature of First Sex: The single overriding theme that should guide the first sexual experience you have with any woman is for you to be ***emotionally open*** with her. By this I mean you need to be ***verbally expressive*** and talk up a storm during the actual sex act... *no being quiet now!* Describe what you want to do to her, tell her how great she looks, that she's ***exotic*** in some way, how she makes you feel so incredible from moment by moment. *Then coach her to*

*scream **loud** when she comes!* This forces her to take up your "cause" of making yours an exceptional sexual relationship. You must **model** the passion that you desire, *leave nothing to chance!* Demonstrate how it's done.

Don't...

1) ...Last too long
2) ...Act like you're a director filming a porn movie
3) ...Ask her to participate in any bizarre sex act too soon

Do...

1) ...Act like you are amazed at how she looks with her clothes off!
2) ...Tell her that something about her body looks very **exotic** to you
3) ...Pull a **"fag slip"** every so often to reveal your emotional underbelly

Main Feature of Second Sex: *She's been on your mind a lot, and it's been making you crazy!* This pent up passion makes you want to *drink her up* when you set eyes upon her again for the first time since your last encounter. You are barely in control. It *stuns* her to see you completely sell out for her like this... it's an **enormous compliment** that –*clicks*– a switch in her head. Her reserve may well vanish in favor of a new-found *slutiness* that she links to ***you!***

Main Feature of Third Sex and Beyond: *Establish the Foundation of Her Addiction to You!* This is where you get to really turn up the volume and make your move towards the outer limits of sensation and fantasy.

1) Determine Her Most Likely Sexual Weakness
2) Become Her "Drug" Based upon that Weakness
3) Get Her Addicted to You

Defining your perfect sexual partner is all about **matching sex drives** and levels of erotic creativity. Try not to let relationship **power issues** mess up your sex life. Do this by getting problems out in the open right away and clearing them off the deck, rather than dragging them into the bedroom with you.

Make **Shamelessness** and the accepting of your **right to total erotic freedom of enjoyment** your own personal philosophy – and screw those that would stand in your way with their bullshit ideologies. You're in charge of your own life, so design it as you choose.

Conclusion

Well, I came across a child of God,
he was walking along the road,
and I asked him "where are you going?"
this he told me...

We are stardust,
We are golden,
We are billion-year old carbon,
and we've got to get ourselves
back to the garden

Woodstock
Crosby, Stills & Nash, 1969

Yeah... *woodstock baby!* Hooray for all us faded out old hippies. Our big old Boomer generation is pretty much burned down to a little roach now, but I say we still have a few tokes left in us! We have witnessed the most incredible changes in all of human history from the A-bomb to the Internet – saw populations rise and nations crumble... watched as men walked the moon, while others tried to terrorize us back to the Middle Ages. We've allowed ourselves to become swept up in a global interconnectivity that adjoins individuals to anyone and anywhere on the planet at their own whim.

Just think about that for a second... I'm not talking about governments and "master control centers" full of Big Brothers wearing grey uniforms in charge of all this technology, but *individuals*. What doomsday-promoting science fiction writer ever predicted our present state of affairs? None, that's who. It's all been a grand surprise – and the most amazing part has to be the ability to watch it unfold in our living rooms whilst completely safe and secure. Sometimes you just have to step back and take the whole amazing deal in and reflect on how lucky all of us are to be able to stand astride our mad, mad world and, like ancient Roman gods, observe without having to directly suffer most of its consequences.

If there's any downside to this intellectually rich but passively-involved lifestyle though, it's that it has allowed us to become ***too self-focused.*** Our own relatively minor problems eventually begin to seem imposing to us and even overwhelming, and this loss of perspective is to our own detriment.

The Clock Never Rests

That phase of life marked by late adolescence into early adulthood acts as a pattern mold which shapes the bulk of our lives – placing constraints on how much we can accomplish before our motivation runs out and we become frozen in our ways. *There's a danger of getting so caught up in our mental universe that we end up designing a "romance world" within our heads that we begin to prefer to reality.* I did just this sort of thing during the course of my own romantically mis-spent youth. Drinking games and pot parties marked my teen years, along with several major infatuations with a few of the cute girls from the neighborhood like I talked about at the very beginning of this book. Well, what I didn't tell you is that those infatuations turned out to be more detrimental to my emotional compass than I'd ever imagined, because when I finally *did* manage to score a couple of real girlfriends in my mid 20's to 30's, I discovered that something strange had happened: the fire had gone out.

It's true. By the time I actually had a real live girl to focus my love upon, I found that those intense passions and longings had simply gone away. Vanished. I felt no bitterness or brooding for them, just... nothing. I tell you this only to pass along the warning that there is some danger in delaying the gratification of these kinds of basic emotional needs for too long. My sample of 'one' sure suggests it anyway. I think the love-deprived mind forms a mental callus just as certain as digging ditches hardens the palms of your hands, and all those unused feelings slowly begin to wither away like dead branches after awhile. You may not even realize it's happening, until one day you have a genuine opportunity to finally unleash your pent-up feelings... only to find that they've abandoned you.

Where is that uber-high of love and happiness that made you want to sing songs about some girl you knew in high school? You know, the smokin' hottie who normally wouldn't give you the time of day but just happened to laugh at one of your dumb jokes in the cafeteria that afternoon? *Ecstacy!* Why can't I go running around spinning fantasies of non-existent love like I used to... founded on only a threadbare scenario like this? A whiff of distant hope could have me

walking on clouds for *days* back then! These feelings have a shelf life it turns out. So I would caution about settling into the false belief that you have an unlimited amount of time to get going or "catch up" on a long-neglected romantic life, because you don't. You must resolve to live your life the way in which life demands to be lived, otherwise you will do a great disservice to yourself.

Refresh Your Wonder Every Day

These "problems of clarity" rarely result from ignorance or poor upbringing so much as from a **closed mind.** I've always maintained that a closed mind isn't just predictable and boring, it's a completely *ineffective* outlook for making it through modern life any more. Just what exactly stays the same anymore that you can have a locked-down attitude about? Technology, pop-culture, the scientific workings of the universe, lifestyles, biology, the price of *anything*, political systems... what? So why should any of your ***assumptions*** about people especially remain static in the face of this ever-changing background? Well of course, they shouldn't.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to call this phenomenon a ***closed-off*** mind, since there usually can be found a time in everyone's life when new ideas flowed freely, and we basked in the thrill of daily discovery! But then something changed and all that was brought to a lurching halt. You somehow reached a point where you begin to think *"...hey, I've got it all figured out now, I know the score... so take your shit and shove it!"*

Stereotyping, one-dimensional thinking, being hyper-critical and overly skeptical of new ideas, believing that anything which lies beyond your usual circle of experience is a big lie, etc. The worst part is that people actually take pride in their self-repressed ignorance. They love it! They've waited for *years* to reach a point in their lives where they can strut around spouting off stupid opinions about everything under the sun with abject certainty. Why, *they've paid their dues!* They stuck it out, were burned and lived to tell about it. They've "been there, done that"... they're not kids anymore, they've been around the block, they weren't born yesterday. Hey, they've ***arrived!***

If any of this sounds like you, then I suggest you flush this shitty attitude straight down the toilet before it's too late. Because time flies. Each day of your life needs to entertain as much potential for new adventure as it can... every person you meet regarded as an intriguing new mystery to be solved rather than

an inconvenience or annoyance. There are **no** stereotypes in *your* world, no assumptions to be made about anything. That kind of thinking is the weakness of the lazy brain.

"What?... you mean I'm supposed to start over with a blank slate every time I encounter a new person and not apply what I know from my vast experience to figure them out in two seconds?"

I'm telling you that's exactly what you must do.

"Fuck all that, it's too much work!"

Really? I think it's too much work assuming that you already know every answer, too much work ignoring the wonder in the mundane, too much effort spent short-cutting instead of *considering*. I see it all around me, and I just don't get it.

For me, pull-tabbing and meeting interesting new women isn't some great "holy grail quest" – *it's just another facet of my unbridled interest in* ***everything*** *that surrounds me!* I look at the sweet curve of a sexy young thigh peeking through a sundress or a pump heel dangling off a cute little manicured foot with the same kind of joy I experienced when I glanced up one quiet night in February of 2004 and saw 5 planets – Venus, Mars, Saturn, Jupiter and the waxing crescent moon – all strung out like pearls along a great overhead arc in the sky. I could imagine myself stuck to the side of our spinning ball and actually feeling the gulf of vacuum separating us. What a magnificent time to be alive and be able to see such a thing ***and understand what it really is!*** Hundreds of years ago you could look at the very same spectacle and have no concept of what these strange objects actually *were*. How far away they were, what they were made of, what their surfaces looked like. Who could've imaged the oceans of Europa or the miles-high liquid nitrogen geysers of Triton? Other worlds, fantastic worlds all.

What I'm saying is that it doesn't have to be any different with any other aspect of your life... a wink from a cute girl, a morning birdsong, an astronomical vista... I am gifted every day to be – somehow, someway – standing here lucky enough to be drinking it all in. You might say this is just the way I am, but I tell you I had numerous chances along the way to fall into miserable lockstep with the rest of humanity and adopt their cynical, lazy attitudes. ***I had to work to keep all their mental poison off of me!*** I had to make a conscious decision ***not*** to

succumb to the popular characterization of what it meant to be an “ordinary” guy, to relentlessly confront the impulse to become jaded to all the wonder surrounding me. To refuse to measure my life by the things I *didn’t* possess... and then to sink into a moody depression over it. Hooking up with women becomes a ***chore*** in this state – and a somewhat pointless one at that. Were these girls going to somehow *save me* from my own cancerous thinking? Act as a temporary distraction from my simmering rage against the machine?

Yeah, yeah I know... you can’t just snuff out every bit of knowledge you’ve accumulated every morning and start all over again like its *Groundhog Day* – but in some ways this is actually a better way to encounter life. For instance, I’ve been driving a car for over 25 years, and by now I have a finely developed sense of when some other driver near me is about to do something stupid. I’m sure this sixth sense has kept me out of a few accidents over the years, and I certainly wouldn’t want to push the RESET button on all my driving experience and go back to driving like I’m 16 again. But I’m not talking about surrendering all your valuable life experience, which is impossible to do anyway... ***just those petrified attitudes and mental shortcuts that’ve grown like a callus across your brain!***

How to begin this process? Pick up a book and read about some subject or realm of imagination that you’ve never had any interest in before (perhaps a work of fiction?...). Go visit a place that you’ve always wanted to see like the Grand Canyon or the Pyramids. Get a new haircut, shave the beard, join a health club and get ripped. Look up an old friend, or drive to a nearby city and see if you can make a new one. Join a class – maybe one that travels together. Go find a casino and lose some money. Apply for a job in a field you’ve never considered. Ask questions about things you assume to be true already... about politics, science, cultural habits, religion, etc. Pretend that you just stepped off a flying saucer from a different planet and everything around you is ***new and amazing!***

By going out and re-examining everything about the world anew, you literally force yourself to drink up the wonder of being alive. Some of you guys will buy into this idea and some of you will laugh it off. Just be thankful you weren’t born some lowly slave 500 years ago when life was nothing more than a thankless struggle to get some food and avoid experiencing as much pain and fear as possible. Think about how much better we “moderns” have it today with our ability to travel the globe and entertain ourselves, *pretty much at will.* And all you have to do is reach out and take a piece of this amazing bounty for yourself.

Hell, maybe most of us *were* slaves once upon a time in a ***past life.*** Ninety-nine percent of all ancient humans were either enslaved or lived in such crushing poverty and social injustice that it might as well have *been* slavery. In that case, just think... ***this is the incarnation that you've been waiting for!*** Mankind finally got it all going with our fancy new science, technology and political systems (shit, this is probably the first time you've ever had indoor plumbing!). So try to have some goddamn fun this time around!

* * *

I'm thinking that one of the reasons you may've picked up a book like this in the first place is because you're feeling distressed about the way some aspect of your life has unfolded so far. Maybe it's not even about women – perhaps just some nagging sense of unrealized potential or something you can't even put a finger on. Sometimes an emptiness this vague can feel as if it's closing in from every angle.

Everyone's life is a series of **phases** that each last about 7-10 years, and then gradually melt away to be replaced by the next one. One of the most critical "life skills" that any person can possess is knowing how to successfully *complete the phase that they're currently in and move on*... because standing still or going back is an ***illusion***. Clinging to a past phase that contains unfinished business for us is a formula for becoming inappropriate as you age, and for eventual emptiness as well. Yeah you can pull it off for awhile – you can pretend to be 19 when your 25 and 25 when you're 35, but reality has a way of catching up and making a fool of you. At some point you will lose your appearance, your health, your hard-on... and ultimately all your motivation as well. I'm at the doorway to advanced middle age myself, peeking in over the threshold, and I don't like the smell. This is not going to be fun.

So what sort of reasonable long-term hopes should we entertain for our love lives? There's really only two general paths you can take I suppose: you can chose to go the traditional marriage / monogamy / kids route, or you can be a **serial player** in the sense that you hop from one relationship to the next without ever sinking deeps roots. The reason I believe this to be an either-or choice is that there simply isn't enough time in a typical life to do both. Think about it... if you get married around the age of 25, and have kids, then you're probably going

to be in it for at least 15 years. Most people will try to make a marriage work for the sake of their kids even if they flat out hate each other. The split comes after the pressure to explode reaches critical mass around the 15-20 year mark, once those kids are grown and becoming self-sufficient.

And now suddenly you're a free man. Maybe a guy looking to switch gears and play the field for awhile, or start hunting down a new wife immediately, or... who knows? Every person's life ride is as unique as a snowflake. *But the point is that you ain't 25 anymore!* Now you're in your 40's and the field is a whole lot different... lot's of man-hating re-treads waiting to tear your head off!

Or you can flip things around and go the other way entirely... play the field as a young man, zig-zagging your way through the clutches of those women who would like to bag you with a wedding ring. Deftly avoiding the responsibilities of husband and fatherhood for the thrill of the chase instead. That's cool, but too many guys think they can have it *both* ways: chase tail into their 40's and put off becoming responsible until their older, then settle down. But can you really? At what point does it become ridiculous to think about starting a family? You want to chase around a six year old in your mid-fifties? Good luck.

But hey, *maybe you do!* I have no definitive right or wrong answer here. All I'm saying is that at some point you may think that it's time to switch gears in some big way, and you may do so unaware of the unpleasant surprises lurking ahead... one of which is that there just isn't enough ***quality time in a lifetime*** to grant both of these paths complete justice. My own life will harbor many regrets in this sense, I can see that now... despite the fact that what was once an insurmountable problem for me is pretty much covered now. The damage wrought by my late entry into the game insures that I will never experience the full scope of what might've been. But hey, as they say in Russia, tough shit-ski (do they?).

The steady creep of time and the need to play through your Life Phases insures that you simply can't have it all – that a *choice* is inevitable. And where there is choice, there is always going to be some remorse for the path unchosen. Just make sure that ***you*** are ultimately the one doing the choosing, don't allow Fate or Fear to hold the steering wheel.

Because that's a certain way to end up regretting ***any*** choice.

* * *

I'm looking out my window right now wondering how to wrap this thing up, and I see my neighbor outside mowing his lawn. Actually it's not the person who lives there, that would be a pleasant middle-aged woman named Anna. It's her dad. He stops over to help out with the chores every now and then. He looks to be a frail guy somewhere in his late seventies or eighties. I'm nervously keeping an eye on him as I write this because, well, it's a big lawn and it's a very hot day out there, you know what I mean? It's weird though... my first impression is that I kind of resent the fact that he's doing something a little bit dangerous for a guy his age, *and forcing me to be responsible to watch out for him!*

But you know what? It just occurred to me that... *fuck me.* That's right, fuck me. I'm staring at a picture of *exactly* how I would like to be when *I'm* 80!... healthy enough to think I can push around a lawn mower, and decrepit-looking enough to make all the neighbors worry about it. Listening to a Yankees game on the radio with a half-finished cold one chilling on the porch step still waiting for me. Let 'em all watch and worry. Hell with 'em.

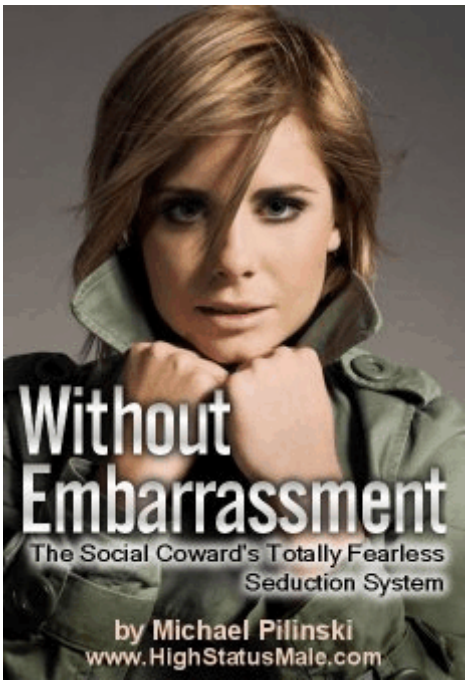
Moments like this get me to thinking about the final curtain. What's the deal with death anyway... is it a resetting of the clock of consciousness? A return to simple non-existence? Or is there more? Is your life simply an amazing but pitilessness affair played out before an unconscious universe? Or is it a great gift from another Being and another Dimension of Reality – one that defies detection from within our cosmic platform bound by the hardened laws of physics? We've pulled apart quarks and bosons and postulated on the time-bending effects of black holes, but no basis for the continuation of consciousness can be gleaned from the laws of biology as they've been gracious enough to reveal themselves to us. No solid answer for this ultimate question has yet come our way.

And yet, incredibly, isn't it this *very time limit* established by our eventual demise that makes life worth living? It seems to me that when the fat, greasy part of life has boiled away into the fire pit of history, all that's left is little more than the ashes of regret. I don't know if when I die I'll go away to some alternate reality or cease to exist as I once was... or who knows what.

All I know is that when I finally do drop dead on that lawn in the sweltering summer heat with the little birdies all happily singing around me, I hope to hell the

biggest regret I can think of in that last moment of consciousness is that cold beer still waiting for me... the last one that I never got to finish. And I'm going to do everything I can between now and then to make sure that it is. I hope that whoever you are – wherever in the world you are – you'll step up and join me in this grand and mysterious adventure.

Now go out there and change your life.



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